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MAR. 29, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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When the young wife knows half the truth (and half only) ...about feminine hygiene

WHERE does her information stop? Where does her *true* information stop and begin to be *mis*-information? It all depends upon her circle of friends, those to whom she has talked confidentially. And so many half-truths are passed around about feminine hygiene. So much advice given that is only half-way right. For the rest of the way it is entirely wrong and sometimes even dangerous.

Her advisers may know—and the young wife herself may know—the general attitude of doctors and trained nurses about the propriety of feminine hygiene from a health standpoint. They most certainly approve. They realize perfectly the advantages of complete surgical cleanliness. The safety of it. The feeling of daintiness and well-being so necessary to the woman of refinement.

But the medical profession also is keenly aware that many women are following a dangerous course in this practice. They are using poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid sold under trade names.

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MARCH 29,
1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
No. 13

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

KITTENS, GULLS, AND DUCKS

In the olden days man's relations with animals were much more important than they are now. Hunters and farmers came in closer contact with them than city folks do. But an atavistic strain keeps us all very much interested in animals.

The horse is going from the city, and, likewise, the dog—though it is still possible ever and anon to observe a big lady leading a little dog in a woolen vest along a cement sidewalk, and waiting periodically as she proceeds. A bit grotesque, is what we mean.

Leslie Thrasher had on the cover of Liberty a while ago a picture of a little boy pulling a little cat's tail, and we were astonished by the flood of protests we received, saying the picture would teach cruelty to children.

Here was an interesting sidelight on how minority opinion makes itself felt. For example, there were a number of round robins from schools, signed by every teacher and pledging all the signers never to read Liberty again. Each of these evidently was inspired by one enthusiast, who persuaded the others to sign; for teachers did not write individually save in a very few cases.

Well, we have always hitherto thought a cat's tail was made for one main purpose—for little boys to pull—and we still think so.

Further, we suspect that almost every little boy, after getting the idea from a Liberty cover and pulling a cat's tail once or twice, will be likely to decide not to do it any more of his own accord, without the need of parental correction. His distrust and also his respect for all cats, feline and human, will be augmented and he will have learned a lesson.

Madame Montessori teaches that children should learn cause and effect for themselves. They should find out by experience, she says, that a ball of a certain size will or will not go into a hole of a certain diameter.

If she doesn't provide one cat for each kindergarten she is missing a chance to give little children one lesson of cause and effect which they will never forget.

In our opinion the best animal stories ever written are Kipling's Just So Stories. The best of these, we think, is The Cat that Walked by Himself, and in that the conclusion was:

"From that day to this, Best Beloved, three proper Men out of five will always throw things at a Cat whenever they meet him. . . . But the Cat keeps his side of the bargain too. He will kill mice and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times . . . he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him."

So much for cats.

Now let us turn to birds.

We read in the papers recently that some society for the preservation of wild life (that is, until the hunting season opens) was advocating the destruction of sea gulls' eggs, we believe somewhere off the Aleutian Islands where gulls breed in enormous numbers. It was thought that if this destruction were carried on systematically by the Eskimos, in a short time there would be wide gaps in the gull ranks.

The reason for all this was that gulls are supposed to feed on wild ducks' eggs, and the society was trying to arrange for more ducks to shoot in the fall.

Well, we are not sentimental about ducks. We think they are here to be eaten by us, and if their killing in itself gives a great deal of pleasure to a man with a gun, that is better than if they have their necks twisted by a farm hand, who gets no particular kick out of it.

But of course the percentage of people that can shoot ducks is not large, and is becoming smaller. The hunters are mostly members of duck clubs, and these members get in only a few days' shooting a year at best. What with overhead, equipment, traveling expenses, food, drink, etc., the average hunter does well if he gets off for less than \$25 a duck. We admit he gets \$25 worth of fun per duck.

But on the other hand, consider the sea gull.

On the ground he looks awful. When he tries to talk he sounds awful. He is a scavenger; useful perhaps though not pleasant. But in the air we maintain he is the most graceful of living creatures. Other birds fly faster, but none so beautifully.

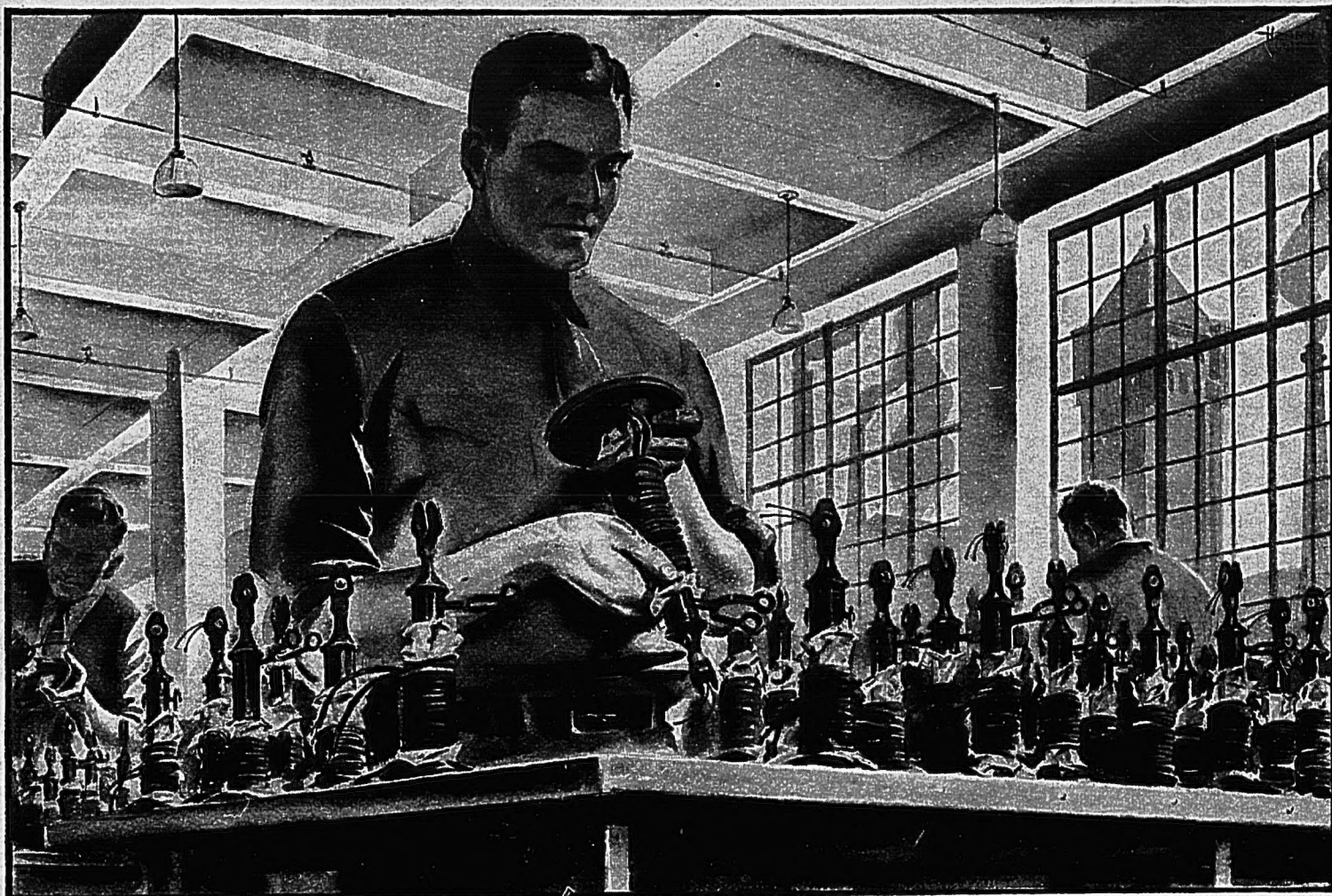
And we think the amount of happiness vouchsafed the gentlemen who shoot ducks now and then bears no comparison at all to the pleasure it gives millions of people to watch these graceful gulls. They make the antelope or Pavlova look like a truck-horse.

But what we started to talk about was those protests concerning the cat on our cover. They are so vicious in tone that they indicate a degree of tendermindedness approaching neurasthenia. All boys ought to learn early how to take a cat's tail or leave it alone. After they have learned how to take it, they will leave it alone.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher		



THE WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY SEARCHES THE WORLD FOR MATERIALS AND FASHIONS THEM INTO THE EQUIPMENT OF A NATION-WIDE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

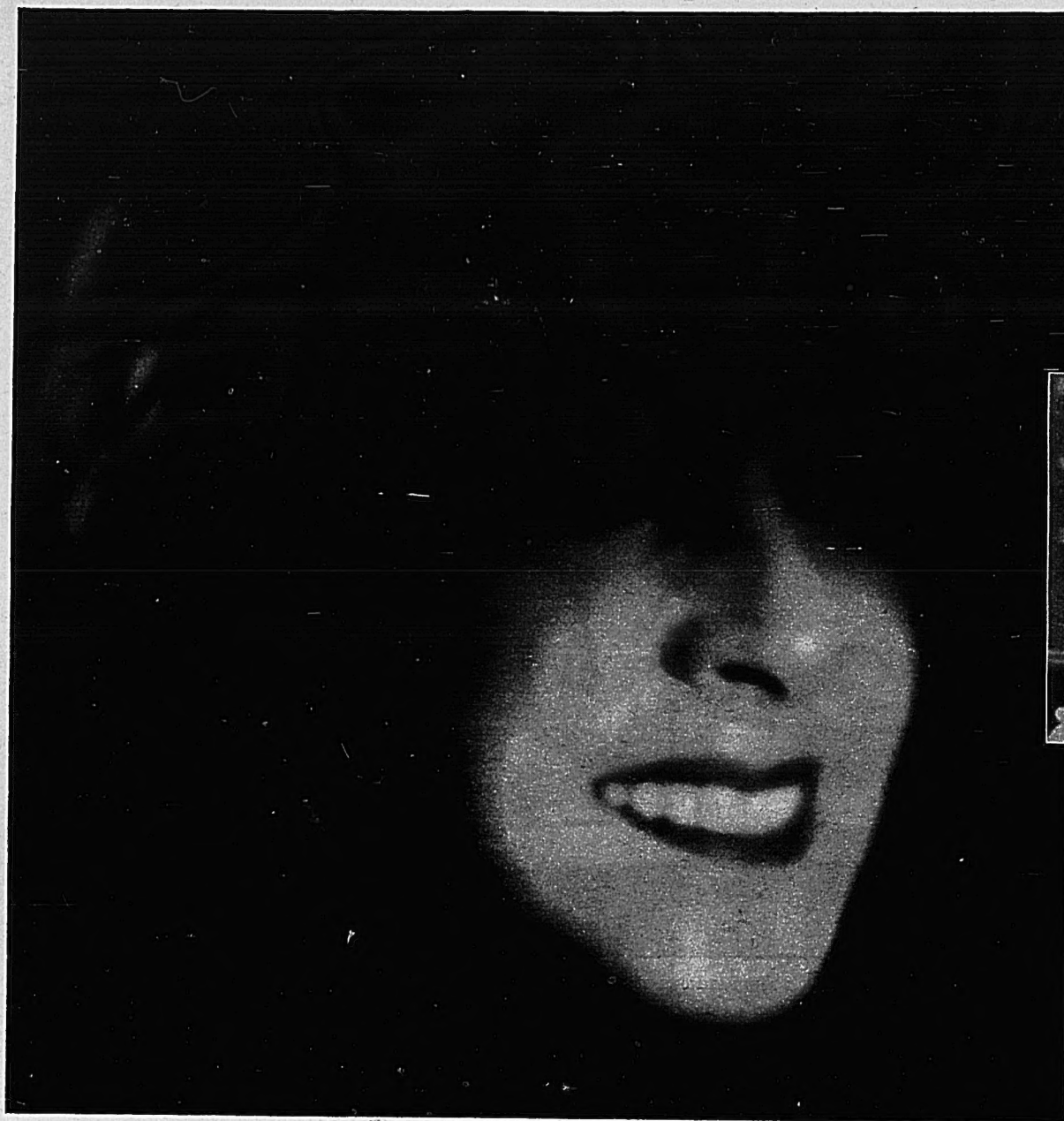
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Where Tooth Decay May Start

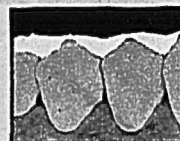
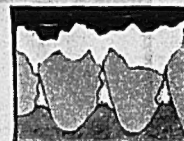


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



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DEBUTANTE

Silhouette of a

*The Story of
a Thrill Chaser*

By

ARTHUR T. MUNYAN



who says he began writing stories in a stenographer's notebook to shorten the commuting hour between New York and Bound Brook. That was after he had studied chemical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston and before he married and retired to Brooklyn Heights.

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE cool, hard surface of her youth held a warm radiance that always seemed astonishing. A glow as of firelight, that glanced on the tawny, silky wave of her hair, deepened her eyes' clear topaz, and touched her throat, the imperious pale triangle of her face, with an elusive warmth. It was strange that the glow could linger through four enervating seasons.

Ever since a time two years before her début she had danced and clowned, had done the things expected of her. All to the end that the press might daily record in agate that Miss Leila Tarrant had been among the débutantes attending. It had been fun for a while, but now her body was taut with the strain of it, her voice had the sweet huskiness of wood winds, and her heart was skeptical.

The trend of it all, she supposed, was marriage: Howard Pennington. A four years' round in a squirrel cage to achieve Howard? It seemed too much. It seemed, indeed, a pretty dodo method of going at an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The girl in blue slid two steps along the wall and turned through the door like a cat. Even then Leila did not realize what had happened.



[SILHOUETTE OF A DÉBUTANTE]
Continued from page seven

object much more likely to be reached by two drops of *Cette Heure ou Jamais*, one to each ear lobe. No, all the barging around doubtless had some ineffable good in itself. It helped Armenians, and kept working girls posted on what to wear.

So ran Leila's thoughts in rare moments of solitude. Today, coming in from the blue dusk of the bridle path, she threw off her linen coat and stood dreaming before her mirror, a straight figure in an Oxford shirt, jodhpurs, and low boots of cordovan. Unseeing, her eyes clouded with a flock of little hurries and duties. Bath and do nails! Torn bathing cap, damn! What time was it now? Dress! What dress? What was tonight? Dinner dance. "Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Hobart present their tiresome daughter, Sue, at a dinner d—" Had the frock come from Garon? If it hadn't—!! Had Howard telephoned? Well, what of it? Memo: ask mother about—something! About what? Ask mother about what? A fleeting mental picture of mother at her dressing table among the astringents.

"I could do with a cocktail!" Her mind, unhappy, took sudden flight down a vista of clear memory. . . . She was ten, gravely joining her father in a twilight ritual. Non-alcoholic, her one, of course, but beautiful, almost sinister with its gleam of lime or mint or grenadine or maraschino.

He would be in his study now, just having one! She would join him. And *ask* him—about—something!

IT was Charles Tarrant's habit to come home, dress, have a quick one, and depart for the evening. A mercurial soul, he lived freely to the utmost of his desires, which never were more vicious than an urbane wish to avoid his wife always, and especially at a bridge table. Nine o'clock found him at a show, a concert, fight, or at his club. He exercised at the Racquet, went to the Knickerbocker to sit and think, or the Union League to just sit.

At the door of his study Leila announced: "*Me!*"

The tall figure at the cellaret turned. "Well!" he exclaimed, exactly as he had used to do ten years ago. "A lady! The face," peering down his long nose, "is familiar, but names I never can remember . . ."

"Tarrant."

"Tarrant!" he cried. "Yes, yes. I know your father well, my dear. A splendid fellow!"

Leila chose a deep chair and let her heels sink wearily into the old imperial Bokhara. "Oh, God, I'm sunk, Charles! Make it two up, will you, darling? I need—"

"A gloom raiser? I see. Now, let me see . . ." He eyed her tentatively, considering something infantile.

"The genuine McCoy, if you don't mind, please!" she put in.

He nodded. "Right-o! The only thing is: if your mother should happen in—" Leila interrupted: "She won't, you know."

"I know," he agreed. "But if she should *happen* to happen in, just seize the first break in the conversation to tell her you're having lemonade, will you?"

She smiled mockingly; said: "Really, Charles! What kind of morals are you giving me?"

"Oh, this modern prejudice against lying!" he sighed. "I'd forgotten." He meticulously measured gin, Italian

vermouth, grenadine, with the juice of a lime and white of egg. A Clover Club. "Charles," she mused, "is a gentleman! Imagine bothering to drink decently! But he has no morals." Would it be worth while at all to tell him her real troubles?

"Your mother," he was saying, "chooses to believe you never take a cocktail. Why she should think, or should want to think, anything so preposterous is beyond me. But who are we to force the truth on her? Still, as you say, there's no need. If she comes in, set your glass behind that little Rodin. She never looks at the Rodin: it's Truth in another form, so to speak."

SHE half heard him, wondering: "Shall I *ask* him?" He was always tolerant and charming. "Anyways, I can *talk* to him without scissoring every third word. That's a relief." But did all his *laissez faire* really mean anything? Wasn't it simply a method of evading awkwardness? "I don't believe he'd ever take my part in a real argument with mother."

"You know," she remarked after a sip of pink opalescence, "I'm an awful scoop." Charles looked surprised to hear it. "Everybody I know," she appended, "is a scoop. We never do anything worth doing or say anything worth hearing. I'm fed up."

Her father's eyebrows were disturbed. He had already got the drift of the talk. "Interior decorating?" he asked dubiously.





The man's face had gone deathly pale. A spasm of pain crossed his features. He turned his head slowly, swaying on his feet.

"Anything at all," with a restive flick of her cigarette, "but *this*. Anything. Not that particularly."

"There are," he said vaguely, "other outlets for the working instinct. Matter of fact, work is never what it's cracked up to be. But, after all," he brightened, hoping to mislay the topic, "you'll be marrying. Now, young Pennington, I hear—"

"Darling, so do I! Plenty! He's mother's pet possibility. I'm sure he'd make a practic'y ideal ex-husband. But—"

Charles gasped: "My word!" Sometimes he wasn't

the least blasé. "What's wrong with the fellow?"

"Oh, anyone who's satisfied to just fool around—"

"He plays polo, doesn't he?"

"Polo? That's the horse, isn't it? I mean, the horse really does it, don't you think?"

Horse, indeed! Charles Tarrant blinked. Were young men with the stamina for polo as commonplace as Leila's tone implied? A hopeful sign! "He works, too. Or is that a rumor? Some bank job or other."

"Insurance," Leila said. "His father's chairman of the board. Howard's job's a push-over, of course. He doesn't work." She had been led away from her subject. "But I want to," she came back to it vehemently. "If I could even study—! Do something and see something come of it! Meet people who really live, and maybe marry a man who's alive."

"Ah," said Charles. "How does your mother look at it?"

"She doesn't look at it at all. She hasn't—yet."

"Well," said he cordially, "let me know what she—ah—says."

HE had suavely sidestepped the issue. "I might have known he would," she told herself. Anything but friction! "No hole in the line here." She set down her glass half emptied and rose.

"Thanks," she said wearily, "for the drink."

In her room again she bathed, and dressed languidly in the slim long gown of gold brocade from Garon's. Tonight's fête, her costume, Howard, the Ritz, filled her with apathy. She mused hopelessly on the chance of escape. "How shall I ever spring it on mother?"

Gradually, perhaps. Tentatively. Well . . . Leila found her mother dressed for the evening, compressed into a black gown so deeply décolleté as to be vaguely dismaying at close proximity. Her face wore an expression of mingled worry, hauteur, and importance.

"She's ah-ah about something," Leila ruminated. "I wonder what."

Mrs. Tarrant said: "Oh, there you are, dear. How nice you look! Turn around, I think there's a thread—Now, about these—" and for five minutes went ably and shrewdly through a sheaf of invitations.

She was a large woman whose face and coiffure seemed both to be made of the same plastic granite. Her chin

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SILHOUETTE OF A DÉBUTANTE]
Continued from page nine

had a way of quivering in ominous warning whenever she was aroused. Her wet, deep voice broke into an astounding treble at odd intervals. She could put you out of countenance with gray eyes which penetrated yet remained opaque.

Leila answered: "Yes, mother . . ." taking invitations as they were passed up over the powdered shoulder, and thought: "It's a system, that's all! I can't beat it. How can I tell her I want to shoot the whole works when she pretends the world will crack if I go to the wrong tea?"

She thought: "What a beast I am for *thinking!*"

Her mother suddenly spoke in a colder tone. "A person named di Benedetti telephoned. Asked for you."

She suppressed a start of surprise. "Did she?" carelessly.

"*He!* Who is he? Where did you meet him?"

(He's a terribly cultured young bootlegger, mother, or a gambler, or something. I met him in a speakeasy. One of the better speakeasies that are practic'ly night clubs.)

Aloud: "Meet him? Here and there, I suppose, mother. Where does one?"

"Wasn't there a Princesse di Benedetti last season?"

"I believe so."

"The title," said mother sternly, "is Second Empire, or whatever it's called. Quite meaningless. I'm merely warning you . . ." She sighed gustily and picked up a sheet of note paper.

Leila sighed, too, smiling faintly as the image of the actual di Benedetti rose in her mind. Linoleum cut of a lithe figure in evening dress at three A. M. against the dark glint of an Isotta-Fraschini. The head of an implacable young god. A spirit debonair and ruthless.

She didn't really know him. One didn't "meet" him. It was a débutante stunt, thrill, to be recognized by him. Di Benedetti moved immaculately in the hectic theatrical-social night life, an inviolable mystery. Ethically he was of the world of crime, technically he was not, because his iniquities were complex beyond the dreams of policemen. Nobody knew what his racket was.

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Tarrant, "that you and Howard, probably, could do your Degas number . . ."

THE note she held in her hand, then, was an invitation to take part in some benefit performance. Leila's mind snapped back to the moment. "My next turn in that Degas," she said, "will be the last of the events leading up to the crime. New York is sick of seeing me in a tarlatan, and a million people can't be wrong. You know, I think I shan't be in the lousy show at all."

She saw her mother start as if jabbed by a needle. Mrs. Tarrant stiffened, turned first her head, then bent forward to turn her body until she was able to stare up in quivering consternation at Leila. "My dear child!" in a controlled falsetto, "what *are* you saying?"

"Nothing, mother," nervously, "only—you know what I mean. I'm just rather fed up with these old gags, and I thought—"

"Well, I do not understand it!" said Mrs. Tarrant as if addressing unseen spirits. Then: "Child, do you realize that the Cripples' Benefit will be the most important event of the whole third week in April?"

Too late now for caution. Tonight or never. Follow through or give in! "Mother," spoke her defiant golden reflection in the glass, "I don't care if it's the wow of the year. Oh, mother, can't you understand?" she wailed. "I'm tired, tired, *tired!* I'm just sick of the whole dripping business!"

Her cry died away in awful silence. During the moment in which her mother rose majestically it seemed to Leila that she had at last precipitated a crisis. But in another instant she knew that she had only lost again.

Mrs. Tarrant's eyes dimmed with compassion. Her arms, large and bare, lifted droopingly. "My little girl! Mother knows," she said, and ran forward three or four little waddling steps. "My poor little girl. Mother knows it's hard. . . ."

Leila thought wildly: "I can't stand it! I can't!" Her body went rigid under the embrace.

Her generation was skeptical even of its emotions. Emotionalism turned Leila cold with a kind of panic. She couldn't help it! Sentiment was hokey; it was *out*; it was simply unnerving. Against the my-little-girl lead there was no defensive.

She kissed her mother's cheek with cold lips. "I know, darling," she said hurriedly. "It's all right. I—I was just having a crazy mood. Don't bother about what I said. It didn't mean a thing." She laughed recklessly. "Of course I'll be in the jolly old show. The—the Degas thing, don't you imagine? . . ."

"WELL," said Howard Pennington amiably, "you look like the wrath of God!"

"I know it. I feel like it." Howard in evening full dress getting into the limousine looked like a wolfhound, she thought. She clicked off the inside lights and sank back in the darkness. "Poor mother!" she sighed. "I gave her quite a turn."

"What have you done this time?"

"Told her I'd rather be drowned than do our Degas again."

"Who wouldn't?" he asked. "That number cackles! Say, we aren't very late. Want to take a turn through the park?"

"Yes. If we never get there it will be too soon."

"Darling!" he yawned. "When did you first begin to feel that way about me?"

Leila lay back against the cushions, relaxed, her eyes closed, and thought impersonally of di Benedetti. Pretty cool of him to have telephoned her home! His intercepted message merely expressed regret that she would not be able to lunch with him at one. Construed, it meant something else. He knew her movements; had means of knowing.

If she were to slip away from the affair tonight at one, his long Isotta would appear as if by magic at the side street marquee of the Ritz and whirl her off to meet him.

Di Benedetti, she admonished herself, was no person to fool with. Why risk it, then? Because—she answered her own question—she was bored. Years of boredom seemed tonight to stretch ahead of her. Boredom, she mused fantastically, has ruined more souls than liquor.

People read crime stuff and idealized criminals. The sentimentality of the tame times. It was that, probably. If she really knew what di Benedetti was, he would appear to be a common scoundrel. But she saw only his surface, as he saw only hers.

"How do you keep up this incessant chatter?" Howard asked after a time. "Never mind. You don't have to talk." She laughed lazily and spoke at random. "I had a cocktail with father today. He thinks you're a splendid young man. Do you work, by the way? He says there's a rumor around that you do. I did my best to quiet it." He commented bitterly: "You think a lot of me, don't you?"

Had she really hurt him? "Howard, dear!" she put in quickly. "Of course I think a lot of you. I—just thought—you and I—didn't have to be polite about it." They didn't, he retorted. "Howard!" she cried. "Don't be like that! Of course, I could mention any number of nice things about you if—" He cut in with a terse: "Don't bother! What good does it do? I could mention things not so nice about you. That doesn't help any, either!"

"Now what," she asked, puzzled, "did that crack mean?"

He turned on her furiously. "It means that you drive me mad. I wish to heaven I could get over you. I'd rather forget you than anything, but I can't. Why it had to be you, of all the soufflés Alaskas— But it is you, and I'm that way about you, that's all!"

"Well, this is news! Do you mean," she asked curiously, "that you want me?" That, he told her, was what he meant. "That you want me to marry you?" she re-





Leila lay back against the cushions, relaxed, her eyes closed, and thought impersonally of di Benedetti.

peated. "Naturally," said he. "What did you think I meant? Go into vaudeville with me?"

Outside, the park lamps ticked off silence in measured lengths with their rhythmic splashes of light. They fascinated her while her mind dwelt on his strange proposal. Presently she turned her head. "Well," she said, "all right."

"All right?" wailed Howard. "What's all right?"

"I'll marry you—if you want me to."

He was staring at her in the darkness. Then a lamp briefly illuminated his face, and what she saw there touched her: longing and unbelief. A questioning of any happiness. "Why don't you kiss me?" she suggested. "It might help, and—it's more or less customary, isn't it?"

He took her in his arms as if he thought she was Venetian glass.

As their lips met she brought her hand up to the long firm line of his jaw, pressed her face hard against his for a second afterward.

"Nice," she whispered. To herself she had seemed responsive.

"Nice!" he echoed. "There's passion for you!" he addressed a trio of celluloid tulips in a bracket vase. Leila whirled about to face him. "Now, wait a minute!" she ordered. "Did you ask me to love you? Certainly I didn't hear it if you did! You didn't

even act much interested in me. It was all how you felt." Howard reached contritely for her hand. "I know. I'm sorry, Leila . . ."

"I'd love you if I could," she told him in a low voice. "I will if I can. Unless, of course, you'd rather call it off." He stirred in quick alarm. "No! You know I want you any way there is. Maybe you'll change later, even if you don't love me."

"I don't know what love is," she said, half to herself. "I haven't any emotions left, and other people's don't arouse anything but a horrid curiosity. It's—frightening, Howard! Things that happen, even when I'm a part of them, don't touch me. I don't feel real to myself. I'm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SILHOUETTE OF A DÉBUTANTE]
Continued from page eleven

burned out! For a while I thought if I could go to work it might— But that's out, anyhow."

"It isn't you," he declared. "It's me. I'm just not—vital enough—to count with you." Thoughtfully, after a moment, he added: "The idea of work seems to be on your mind a lot. The one-lives-only-in-work notion. Would it make a difference, do you think, if you could believe I was doing something worth while?"

"No, Howard. There isn't any mark you have to come up to. Don't feel that way! You're quite good enough, and too good, for me as you are. But, of course," she added, "I'm awfully interested in anything you're doing and everything you are."

"Because," he went on, "the work I'm doing seems fairly responsible and—and important sometimes. You see . . ."

A damper night chill permeated the closed warmth of the car. They were passing through the ravine at the 110th Street end of the park, that strange brief touch of wilderness in the heart of Manhattan. Howard talked with a restrained enthusiasm new to her. It was an almost fantastic story that he told. She had been asleep, Leila reflected, even to the life about her. She had never known even Howard.

While she had been thinking that he played at holding a job, he had been engaged in the most extraordinary research . . .

Later, at the evening's affair, her mind went back to its familiar tricks. Everything was unreal: Howard's story, his proposal of marriage, her brief rebellion. She was at the Ritz at a dinner dance in a scene so familiar, a company so habitual, that her interest wearied and her mind daydreamed. She was a pastel shadow among shadows of pastel and black and white. She danced . . .

At one she slipped out to repair her make-up; and thence to the street where a foreign car that seemed to move on velvet tires glowed for an instant to receive her, and then bore her away shivering in its gloomy richness.

"I KNEW you'd come," said di Benedetti.

"Did you?" She smiled faintly. "You knew more than I did, then. Maybe you can tell me why I did."

"I wanted it so much. You've never known anybody who could want things so hard, so you didn't know how to disappoint me." He lifted her wrap from her shoulders to the back of her chair without making the act an opportunity to touch her, and came around to sit facing her at their round table.

"Perhaps," she mentioned, "you'd better not try my phone again. I'm engaged to Howard Pennington. He's sporting about anything I do, but mother wouldn't understand other men."

"The insurance chap?" he asked carelessly. She thought it odd he didn't say polo chap. Now he was inquiring: "Champagne?"

"Thanks, no. Just—anything. I don't drink—much. It—it's too aging."

"Oh, my!" he murmured cryptically to the waiter who brought, presently, claret lemonade. In the interval Leila

studied the place and her companion. What, she asked herself, was the significance of this di Benedetti? He was like an Athenian on a frieze: his profile had the same arrogant calm. His physical poise was of a sort more often the possession of women: as if his body knew its symmetry. People about him seemed weak-nerved and fidgeting, so absolute was his repose. A flick of his lashes could be like the crack of a whip. But his eyes, hazel and black-fringed, not crudely admiring, could seem to find an enchantment about her.

"Were you with that girl over there before I came?" she inquired.

"That broad?" he said, amused. "No. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. She—looked at us."

The place, with its amber lighting, was rather like a big veranda in late afternoon sunshine. Modernistic reed chairs with chromatic cushions sustained the effect,

as did the grass rugs and the tables of canary yellow reed. At one of these, between them and the door, the girl sat alone.

Perhaps she was a type. Her shoes were ornate; her street ensemble of sky-blue transparent velvet was cut very, very low in front; her features, while pretty, were so made up as to be rather expressionless. When she spoke to a waiter she used a voice suggesting Louisiana, and showed very white, even teeth. Very even except for little pointed eyeteeth, tiny and sharp as a kitten's.

Leila stirred, felt di Benedetti amusedly watching her take in her surroundings. "You're a mysterious thing!" he remarked.

She thought: I'll say I am. Leila Tarrant sitting here at this hour with this—bootlegger or whatever he is! What causes that, anyhow? She said, indifferently: "Am I?" and did not add "Why?"

On her left was a room with a glimpse of mahogany bar in it. The bar was not exciting: it had no shining pyramids of crystal, no bottles in strange shapes against the mirror. Just ordinary glass and ginger ale bottles. There were men in the room, but they were quiet, as if in a library, hushed.

Men-among-men momentarily made her smile. They were so very virile! Unmanly to order a drink in a natural way; it was done by a shrug, a monosyllable. Conversations were low, grave murmurings.

"WELL, so are you," she told di Benedetti. "What are you, I wonder? A sort of supercriminal? You don't mind my asking?"

He laughed softly. "What's a criminal? What's a crime?"

"I could answer it, I suppose, if I stopped to think."

"Think!" he invited. "Is buying a drink a crime? Don't kid me! Rumrunners," he mused, "highjackers, enforcement dicks. Which is which? You can say eeny-meeny-miny-mo. Is gambling wrong? But the Street just uses the industry of the country for a roulette wheel. I was a pilot in the war," he said, giving her the first glimpse of his past. "At Kelly Field. I saw kids bumped off by dozens in flaming coffins, while the War Department sank a billion in aviation without a new crate to show for it. Did they hang the crooks? Ixnay!" He smiled, shrugged.

"Oh!" she said. "Well . . ." These old subversive arguments, largely without truth.

"Nothing's straight," he concluded. "Or anything is. What's a racket and what isn't? God knows. You have one choice. You can be The Timid Soul—or the other fellow."

"Rackets," she caught him up. "You know, I've just heard of the strangest one! Arson and sabotage!"

His eyes blinked dreamily. He was far more interested in her, in her voice, than in her words. "Imagine!" he said indulgently. "Is there one of those, too? Who got that up?"

"They call him Rosenthal."

"But arson and—that other thing are against the law! Why don't they put this Rosenthal fellow in the pen?"

"It's hard to get at him, you see.

There may be no such person, or he may be a sort of gang. He's partly a legend."

"Pretty hard," he nodded, "to arrest a legend. How does this thing of his work?"

"Oh, I'm not sure. It's so mixed up. First of all, there's a labor union. Rosenthal controls it and—I guess he steals all the dues the workers pay in. And then he sells factory owners what he calls 'protection' against strikes and fires and sabotage."

"But that's impossible! He can't prevent fires and such things from happening."

"No, but he can make them happen. He has 'cats'—those are sabotage men—concealed in his union. And if a factory owner won't join the association the cats get orders to put emery in the machines, or burn the place down."

"Oh, oh, oh! I—see!"



He was overacting it. Intuitions, wild deductions from facts told her by Howard, were becoming certainties now. But she went on earnestly: "It's hard to get at him, though. Everything leads to a blank wall. There is a union. The protective association puts up an innocent front. Violence can't be connected with it, much less with Rosenthal."

"The fellow's a menace, isn't he!" There was almost open mockery in his eyes. "Well, no doubt he'll get it some day. Machine guns or—the other way."

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Why do you say that?" His self-derisive fatalism had genuinely shocked her.

"A natural finale, isn't it?" he asked.

"Logical? The man's successful. Then he goes silk hat. Delusions of grandeur." His eyes half sadly dwelt on her a moment. "At last the inevitable. He tries too much. There's a blow-off, somebody cracks. Pfui! His own guns get him, or somebody else's, or the dummies, or—"

"Yes, I suppose." She thought: Now what am I doing? Warning him? She said slowly: "Yes, there'd be that danger. Trying too many things. He has expert incendiaries—'bugs.' If he conspires with dishonest owners to burn down factories for the insur—"

She checked herself in the midst of the word, terror-stricken. This crazy game of innuendo she had been playing! It had got entirely out of her hands. Now, with the last half-uttered word, she had exposed Howard. Perhaps endangered him. Certainly given away his whole attack. Months of cautious criminal investigation gone for nothing!

Then she nearly screamed. Howard was standing in the door. His eyes were like the eyes of a cat in the dark. Blazing. In another second he was calm, almost bored in manner. Some fear that brought him must have been dispelled at sight of her talking quietly with di Benedetti. He sauntered over to their table.

"Hello, darling. Thought I might pick you up here. How are you, di Benedetti?"

Di Benedetti had risen, wearily debonair as ever. "What's your trouble, Pennington?"

"Nothing at all. Just—dropped in. You know . . . ?"

"I see. When do you leave for Europe, by the way?"

"I? Europe? No damned fear! I'm too busy right here. Where'd you get that idea?"

Di Benedetti shrugged. "Oh, I couldn't say. Too bad."

"Too bad I'm not going? Oh! . . . Later, no doubt . . ."

"We ought to travel while we're young—and able to. What's the proverb? 'See Paris or die'?"

"Oh, no, no. You have it all wrong."

Leila watched them in fascinated horror. This ghastly casual talk of theirs had some dreadful undercurrent. They stood, eye to eye, smiling, cold with enmity.

A WAITER respectfully approached the table. "Miss Tarrant? Telephone call for you. Shall I show you the way?"

But nobody would call her here! A trap of some kind! Yet in her excitement she could think of no way to evade it. Then Howard said: "Don't bother, dear. It's just a call I put in at the Ritz and forgot to cancel. Never mind," he addressed the waiter. "Just hang up."

She glanced at di Benedetti, and spoke in a voice controlled to a toneless pitch. "Howard, I think Mr. di Benedetti is going to shoot you through his pocket."

"I know." Howard nodded, not turning his head. "But not here, I think, if he can help it. Still—it makes me want a cigarette." He coolly bent forward and took one from the table.

Leila sent a wild glance about her. The place was nearly deserted. Besides waiters, owned by di Benedetti, there were three or four persons in the room, and they were unaware of what was going on, no help whatever.

With a smile of faint contempt di Benedetti held a flaring match to Howard's cigarette. "Light, Pennington? Keep that rod in your pocket!"

"There was just a chance . . ." Howard explained equably.

"Oh, hardly. The old army game."

With no plan or hope in her mind, simply unable to sit there listening to this, Leila jumped to her feet. Then a sharp sound twenty feet away made her turn her head involuntarily. It had been like the noise of a cigarette case snapping shut. The girl in blue velvet was standing. In her hand was a tiny gun with a queer attachment on its muzzle. A gray wisp of smoke hung in the air.

The girl in blue slid two steps along the wall and turned through the door like a cat. Even then Leila did not realize what had happened. She looked inquiringly to di Benedetti. The man's face had gone deathly pale. A spasm of pain crossed his features and passed, leaving them tranquil. He turned his head slowly, swaying on his feet, till his eyes encountered hers. He smiled, debonair by an inhuman effort.

"—or a dame," he said, concluding his last remark to her ten minutes before.

Weirdly two waiters came from nowhere and stood beside him, one taking each arm. They walked with him between them toward the door to the bar.

"He's fainting!" She cried, pleaded, with Howard.

"He's dead," he told her quietly. Then: "Come. Let's get away from here."

A cab sped up the street as they reached the sidewalk. The livid face of the girl in blue was pressed to the small back window. The black Isotta in which Leila had ridden for the last time, in which Howard might have gone for his last ride, in which di Benedetti soon would ride on his last adventure, slumbered at the curb. The Pennington limousine was waiting.

An orderly small-hour quiet brooded on the side street.

SHE found her father in his study having a last quick one, a nightcap. "Of all people!" he remarked, then noticed something about her that made him alter his tone. "Darling, you look done in. Better have a little bracer and then go to bed."

She nodded. "Thanks. It's been a long evening. Charles, you were right about Howard Pennington. He—he does things. And—I'm going to marry him."

"Well, well!" he cried. "When does the happy event—"

"I don't know, exactly. As soon as we can. Of course, it takes months . . ."

Charles' eyes filled with memories of twenty years, of twenty different Leilas he had loved in his fashion. "You won't forget," he begged, "to come back to the old homestead now and then!"

"Of course I won't!" She ran to him, kissed him.

"Good night, darling."

Upstairs a plaintive voice issued from her mother's room. "Leila? Is that you?"

Leila stepped softly into the room dimly lighted by a single boudoir lamp. Her mother was half sitting up in bed, her face, through a layer of shining cold cream, querulous in expression. "What time is it?"

"Oh, two-thirty-ish, mother."

"Mercy! What do you do at these unholy hours?"

"Oh, go places—and," with a faint shudder, "see things. Howard brought me home, and—"

"I couldn't sleep," Mrs. Tarrant sighed. "I've been worrying. Nobody I know seems to know anything about this di Benedetti. Leila, I do wish you wouldn't see him any more. Promise!"

She had to form the words with her lips, force her voice to utter them. "I won't see him again, mother. That's a promise." Then, almost hysterically: "Mother, listen. I've some news. I—I think you'll be glad. I'm going to marry Howard!"

Mrs. Tarrant sat bolt upright. "My little girl! How happy you must be! You love him, don't you?"

At last it was a relief to be able to tell the whole truth, and nothing else. "Yes, mother. I—I love him pretty terribly much, I think. I thought once that I couldn't, and then—I seemed to change."

In a kind of overflowing of affection she bent over and kissed her mother on the lips.

THE END



Tarpon Fishing

By

ALICIA
PATTERSON

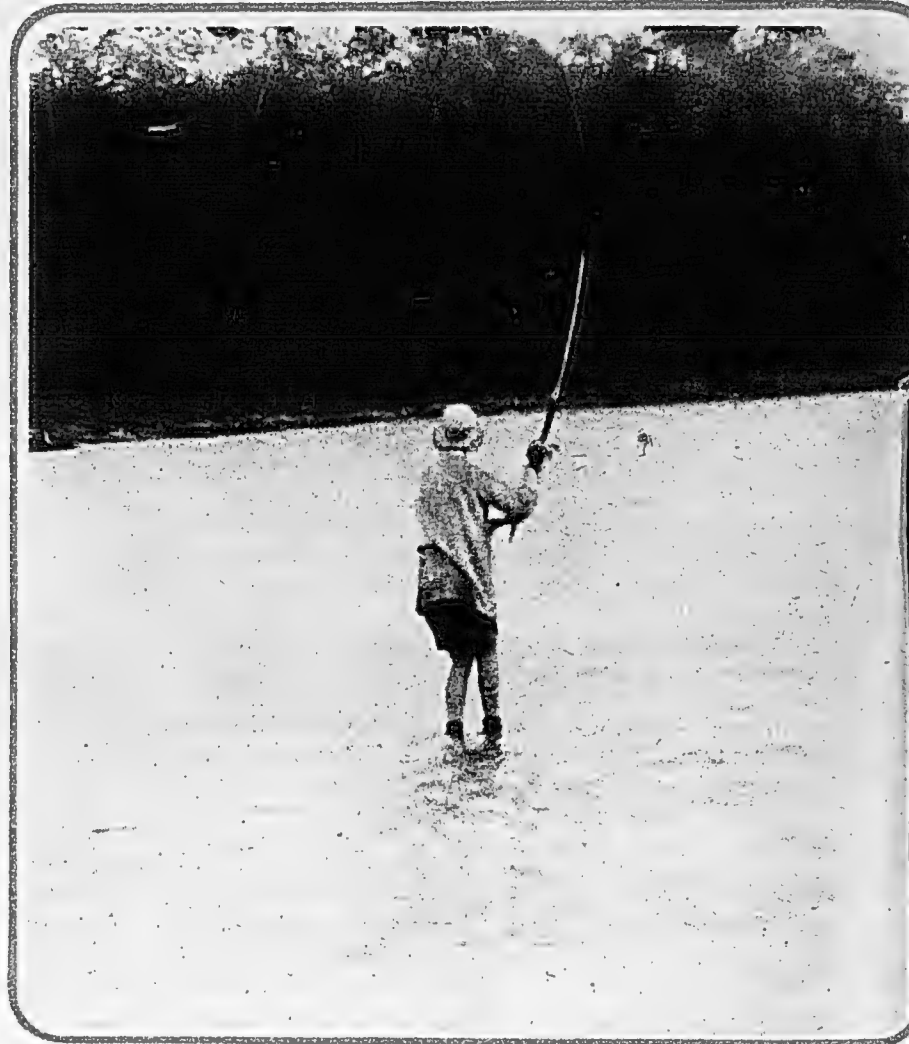


who has written a number of articles for Liberty, including several on aviation. She is a limited commercial pilot.

PLEASE notice that the title of this article is Tarpon Fishing, not Tarpon Catching. Anyone with the price of a ticket to Panama can fish for tarpon. The rub comes when you try to land one. I know. I have stood out on the Gatun spillway from ten in the morning till seven at night, getting my line twisted, breaking my tackle, falling into the water, getting submerged, and I have never caught a tarpon—yet. Some day I am going back again. I am going to bring clothes and provisions enough to last me for several years and I am going to stay there till I catch my tarpon. To me it is the greatest sport in the world.

The tarpon is considered by fishermen to be one of the five or six great game fish. It resembles a great big herring and is covered by smooth silvery scales, sometimes as long as three and one-half inches. It has a short high dorsal fin and a forked tail that enable it to jump preposterous distances out of the water. Its lower jaw is prominent, like a barracuda or pickerel. W. A. McLaren caught a tarpon near Tampico that was seven feet eight inches long and weighed 232 pounds. This is the record. The average catch is about fifty pounds.

The tarpon is a warm-water fish, inhabiting the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. They are not considered edible by us, though the Central Americans eat them. Their flesh is coarse. They come to the west coast of Florida in March for spawning and leave in July. They prefer the Atlantic to the Pacific. Tarpon are abundant around Colon, the Atlantic side of the Canal Zone, while over in Panama, the Pacific side, there is no record of one having been caught. Authorities differ as to the size and texture of the rod and reel used for catching the fish. A good average tackle is the noyo wood rod from six and one-half to seven and one-half feet long; a handle joint about two and one-half feet long with an evenly tapered tip, and a fifteen to twenty-one ply tarpon line. Of course, the lighter the tackle is, the more sport it is to land the fish. But above all see that your tackle is in good shape. We rented ours and I had two very bitter experiences.



The author casting for tarpon in the Chagres River.



This fishing island near Belize can be rented for one dollar a day.

Photos by Frederick Becker

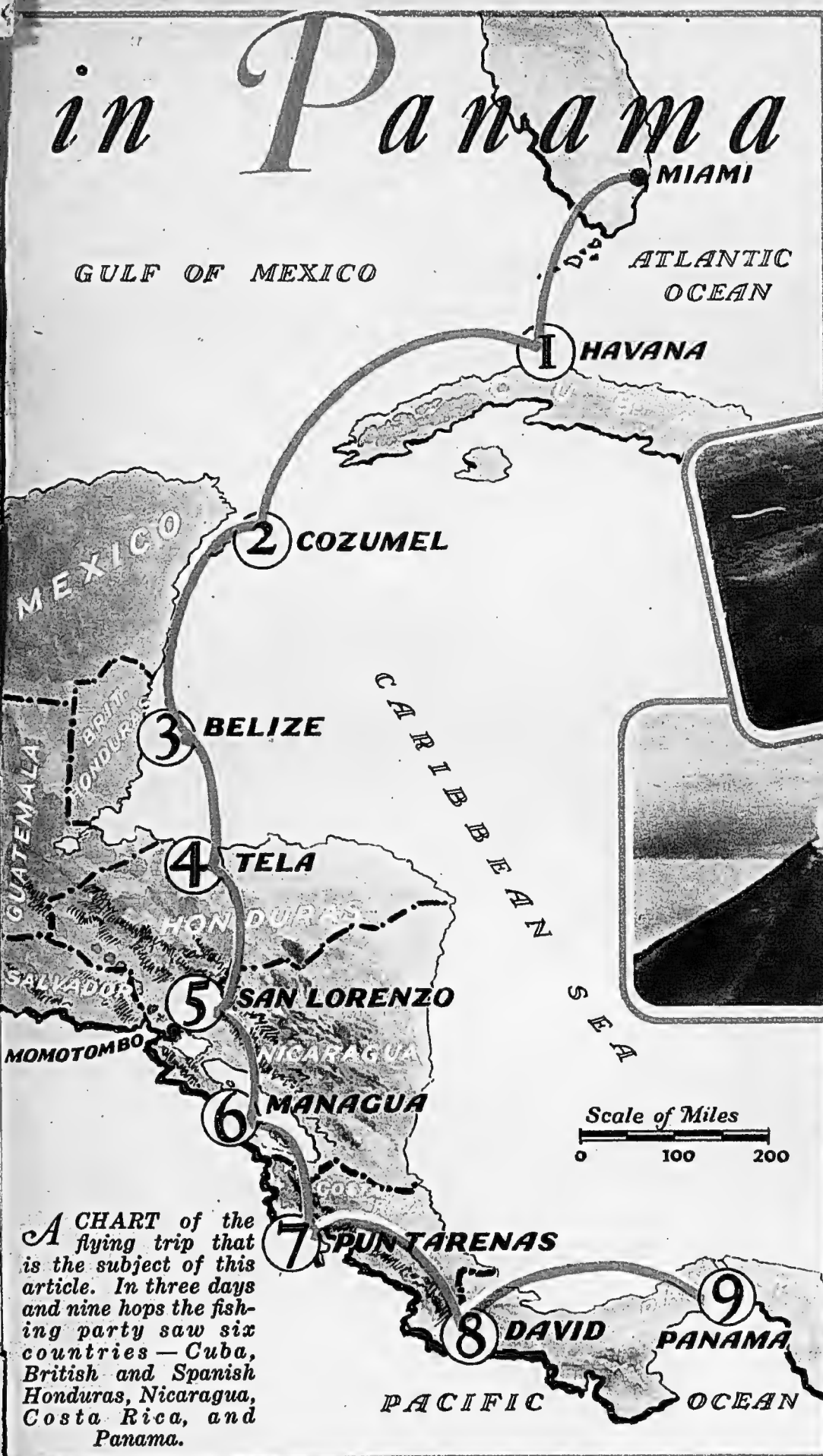
Father, Fred Becker, and I started from Miami to catch the tarpon. We are all novices. We went down South originally for sailfishing, but when after four days in Miami we hadn't even seen a sailfish, Father thought that tarpon fishing in Colon was a good idea. Unfortunately he neglected to find out that January is not a good tarpon month and that no real tarpon fisherman would dream of going after tarpon till March or April.

We were in a hurry to get there, so decided to fly down on the Pan-American route. As it turned out, the flying part of our trip was more interesting than the fishing. In three days we saw six countries—Cuba, British Honduras, Spanish Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama. Each country was peculiar unto itself—different customs, different people, different topography.

We saw country with no means of transportation, where it takes four hours on a mule to go five miles, country of mountains and volcanoes, country covered with deadly twisted mango trees, country that it would be impossible to see except by air.

Six o'clock on a Tuesday morning found Father, Fred, and me sitting in the hotel lobby, being unusually disagreeable and waiting for the Pan-American bus to take

in Panama



A CHART of the flying trip that is the subject of this article. In three days and nine hops the fishing party saw six countries — Cuba, British and Spanish Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama.

us to the airport. I have heard that some people like to get up early. I believe there is even a proverb about it. I don't—particularly when I haven't had my coffee. The bus came in time to prevent a family feud as to where we should check our surplus luggage. We were only allowed thirty pounds of baggage apiece. The Pan-American field in Miami is one of the best. They have everything worked down to a system. Excellent runways, field clerks to signal the planes down, and beautifully appointed hangars.

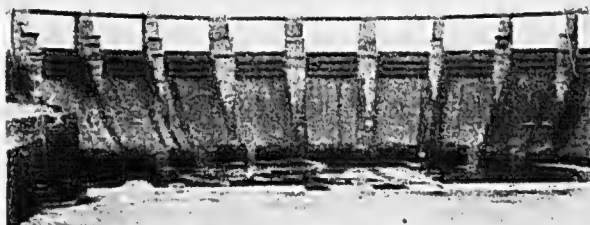
The Sikorsky was waiting when we got there, and after a quick breakfast at the field we started off just as the

sun was coming up. We were the only passengers. There was a radio man, a first and second pilot. Frank Ormsbee, the first pilot, was an old navy man, and a really great flyer. In 1924 he piloted a plane in search of the round-the-world ship that went down between Iceland and Greenland.

He has been flying for over ten years and has never yet had a serious accident. He is a tall, well built man, with a bald head, blue eyes, a good sense of humor, and a weakness for Bertrand Russell. A combination hard to beat.

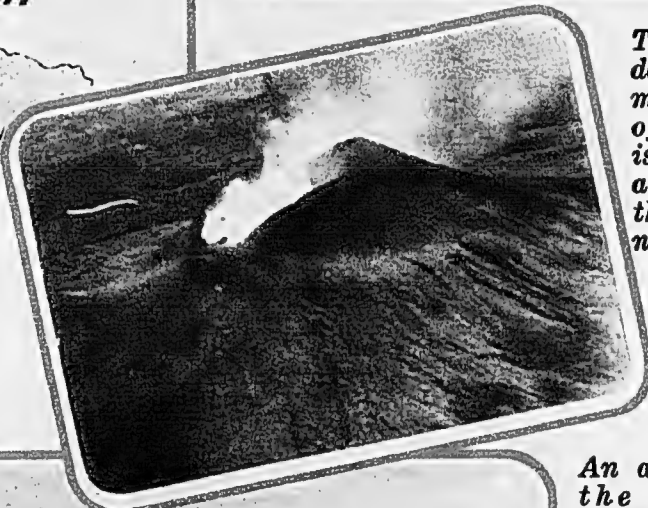
Dewey, his co-pilot, is shorter, younger, and thinner.

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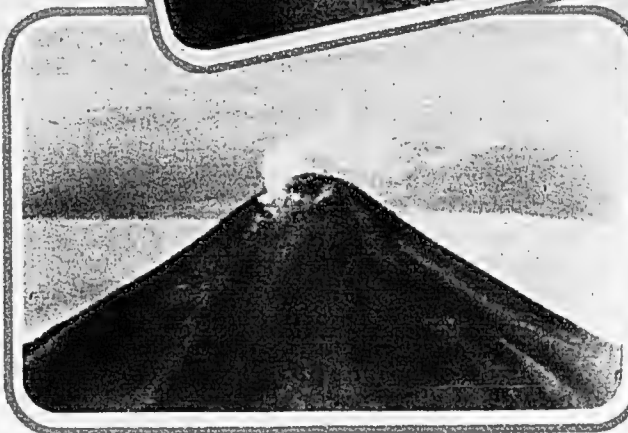


The Gatun dam. From a military point of view, this is the vulnerable spot in the entire Panama Canal.

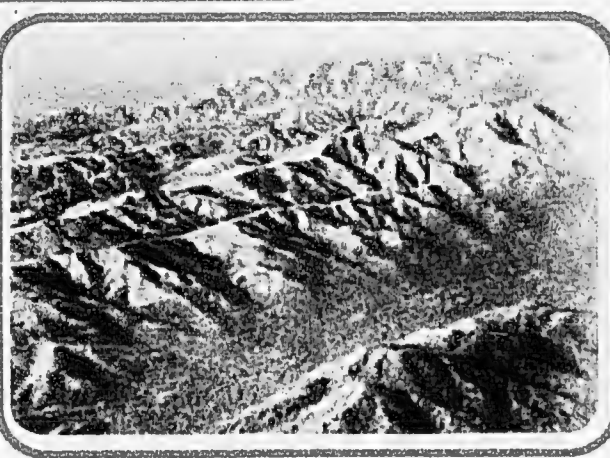
Photos
by
Frederick
Becker



An air view of the crater of Momotombo, the great volcano of Nicaragua, on Lake Managua.



At the left is Momotombito, a smaller volcano which forms an island in the same lake.



Rough country near the Canal Zone between Puntarenas and David, as it looks from the air. A forced landing here would mean a bad time.

[TARPON FISHING IN PANAMA]
Continued from page fifteen

He is serving his apprenticeship under Ormsbee. Eventually he will become a first pilot. The Pan-American always have their new members serve under the old-timers for at least fifty hours before they can start off on their own, and they never take a pilot who hasn't had at least 2,000 hours to his credit. They have made one exception to this rule.

Our trip to Havana, the first stop, was uneventful. Ormsbee cut across the keys in a bee line. We landed in just under two hours. There was a delay of about one hour and a half before we got under way again. The line is still mainly a mail route, and has to be run on schedule. If the mail is late the plane must wait up to twenty-four hours or it forfeits its contract with the government.

Our next hop was to the island of Cozumel, halfway between Belize and Cuba, a three hours' flight. Cuba is a very proper country. All the available land has been put under cultivation. Fields of sugar cane follow each other in an endless procession. Down the middle of the island runs a range of mountains between two and three thousand feet high.

We left the western tip of Cuba and struck out across the water for Cozumel, a hundred miles of sea with nothing but a compass for a guide. A slip in navigation or an error in your instruments and you might go sailing out to sea till your gas ran out. Cozumel isn't much to see, an island about thirty miles long covered with dense foliage. At one end there is an inland lagoon big enough for a Sikorsky to land in. The Pan-American use the beach to gas up the planes. At the other end of the island there is a small native town. The only industry is chicle bleeding, whence our chewing gum. Ormsbee told me there is an alligator living in the lagoon thirty feet long. (Maybe he was stuffing me.) How the 'gator got there is a mystery. He is so big that the pilots are afraid he will upset the plane when they come down for a landing.

Bill Stultz used to spend his time flying round and round the lagoon with a rifle trying to shoot him. The old codger was too smart for him.

Belize, our destination for the night, is a two hours' flight from Cozumel. We struck land after three-quarters of an hour. The coast line of British Honduras is dotted with the loveliest keys imaginable. They stand out in the water like miniature Gardens of Eden. White beaches, palm trees, and occasionally a thatched hut. The sea around puts itself out to be particularly amiable. It changes from blue to green to pink and back again.

The islands can be rented with houses for a dollar a day. The Belize fish enthusiasts go out there and stay for weeks at a time. An American real estate dealer could make his fortune. Let's hope that he leaves that part of the world alone.

WE landed in the water in Belize and taxied up on a ramp. Mr. Masson, the field manager, and a veteran of the Lafayette Escadrille, met us and took us over to the Shoefelts' where we were to stay. Belize is a funny place—a mixture between England and Africa. The British have their tennis and golf clubs, their left-hand drive, and their tea. The natives have shabby frame houses, lots of children, no money.

The country is mostly mango swamp near the coast. About all it's good for is breeding mosquitoes. It looks like a mammoth morning-glory vine. Rank, ugly, tortuous. There is a lot of the same country around Devil's Island, the French penal colony in Guiana. It is better than a hundred guards. No man can break through it.

After straightening ourselves up, Mr. Masson took us over to call on Sir John Burdon and Lady Burdon, the king and queen of Belize. His official title is Governor General. Government House is charming. A long, rambling building overlooking the sea. The house and environs are filled with every conceivable animal. Mon-

keys, a pet seagull, dogs, a baby tarpon in a goldfish bowl, and a nice old horse that has the run of the lawn. Lady Burdon is a keen fisherwoman. She has several tarpon to her credit, one sixty-five-pounder. She takes care of her own tackle, washing the line in fresh water and testing it. She knows more about the fine art of fishing than anyone else I have talked to.

Sir John Burdon was a stroke on a Cambridge college crew. He is a tall, distinguished gentleman with a white mustache. He served in several of the British colonies in Africa and he has kept many assagais, lion skins, ostrich headdresses and such for wall decorations.

After a very pleasant dinner with the Misses Shoefelt (their father, an American, is in Washington fighting a case with the Guatemala government concerning some chicle concessions), we went to bed. Getting up at 5 A. M. is not conducive to late hours.

SEVEN o'clock the next morning saw us bound for Tela, Spanish Honduras, where we changed from the Sikorsky to a trimotored Wasp Ford. It is a short hop, one hour. Over the Gulf of Honduras we passed another flock of keys on the way. Tela is one of the headquarters for the United Fruit Company. Mr. Rollins, who is in charge, showed us the experimental department. They put the fruit in refrigerators of varying temperature, to find out under what conditions they can best ship the fruit to the States.



Pan-American Airways photos
Pilot Frank
E. Ormsbee

Pilot Carl
M. Dewey

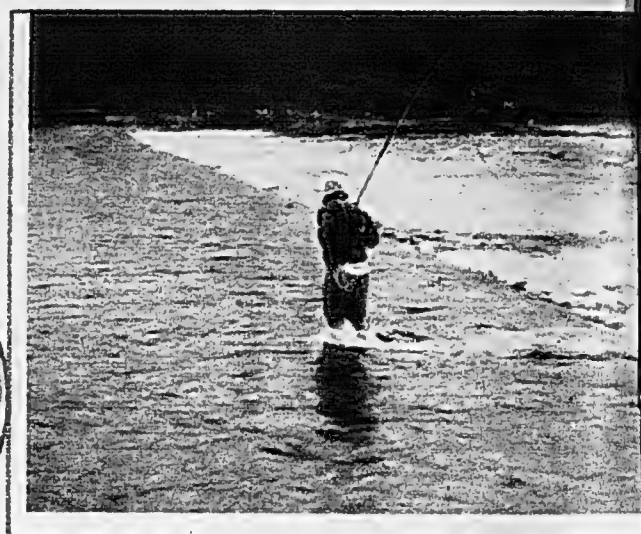


Photo by Frederick B.

Hand trolling for tarpon in the Gatun spillu

Bananas are their main export. Very little of the red banana fruit is sent out. It does not keep so well as the yellow.

In Tela all the houses are built on stilts, because the rainfall is so terrific. Mr. Rollins told us that in one recent twenty-four hours they had eighteen inches of rain.

Most of the natives of the town are employed by the United Fruit Company to gather in the fruit from the outlying plantations. The town is muddier than Belize and they speak Spanish instead of English.

After an hour and a half sight-seeing we went to the field to find the Ford waiting for us. The Sikorsky flew back to Belize for the night. The Ford is bigger and more comfortable than the Sikorsky. It has room for twelve passengers and four crew.

I like those planes, they are easy to handle, and have a nice take-off. They can run indefinitely on two motors—quite a protection in a country where landing fields are scarce.

Our chief pilot, W. Wipprecht, Jr., is the youngest first pilot on the line and has less than 2,000 hours to his credit. He is the one exception I spoke of. He is that rare specimen, a natural flyer. He was born a good aviator. He never had to be taught.

He made his reputation in South America, dusting cotton, which is a mean, dangerous job. The pilot flies from three to five feet over the cotton fields while his plane ejects an antbug powder. There is no chance to look for a landing spot. If your motor cuts out, you depend on luck.

Wipprecht believes that being able to crack up a plane is more important than flying one. His favorite boast

is that he can crack up any plane in the world and walk away from it, and I believe he can.

The second pilot, James, is a dark, silent bird who didn't talk much.

Our next hop to San Lorenzo, Honduras, was over some 9,500 foot mountains. Ugly mountains that are waiting to snap a luckless aviator up. Wipprecht had a forced landing among them last summer, but he managed to pick out the one spot in miles where it was possible to bring



Photo by Frederick Becker

air view of El Viejo, a volcano in Honduras.

time clouds bury the mountains, and blind flying is in order. I was glad to have three good motors over me and a swell pilot. That country is no game for an amateur flyer. There are no roads, no cultivation, nothing but bare wilderness. Twice we saw tiny native villages, and I wondered how the inhabitants ever got from place to place, or if they lived always in their little huts, hemmed in by the mountains.

At San Lorenzo we picked up a couple of passengers bound for Managua. As far as I'm concerned, all San Lorenzo means is a hot field and a lot of native women staring. The town is a few miles away. They are often unable to make fields near the towns because of the topography.

The trip from San Lorenzo to Managua, Nicaragua, was amazing. We passed through the volcano country. A land of revolt, where the earth forgets her dignity and acts like a capricious woman. She seems to wait until trees and life have grown up around the base of her volcanoes, then, *phft!* off goes the lid and a stream of white hot lava comes pouring out, killing everything it touches.

We saw volcanoes in every stage, dead volcanoes with crater lakes, sleeping volcanoes, and active volcanoes. We saw how the lava had oozed over the side like a great black sea, leaving nothing in its wake but destruction.

THE greatest of them all, Momotombo, "The Mighty," rises between six and seven thousand feet above sea level. We flew right over the top and looked into its mouth, a giant caldron that reached to the earth's bowels.

A miniature model, Momotombito, stands as an island in the middle of Lake Managua, playing 'possum. It hasn't been active, I believe, for quite some time.

We flew over Managua and looked down into the lives of the inhabitants. All activity in the town takes place in the patios, the courtyards around which the houses are built. Pigs, chickens, and children sprawled on the ground together, oblivious that we could see the intimate details of their daily life. Patios were built before airplane tourists.

We landed on the marine field. There are still marines there. And we had had a chance to see what a tough country they work in. Mr. Frizell, one of the Pan-American officials, took us over to the hotel. The hotel rooms face around the patio. The doors of the rooms are only half measure, a reminder of the saloon doors in the old days. There is no privacy. Bats fly in and out of

your room at will, and occasionally a lost bird comes in for a night's rest.

Pedro, the porter of the hotel, is a millionaire—that is, for Managua. He is a Czechoslovak. He arrived in Central America ten years ago, flat broke, and spent his last dollar on a \$25,000 lottery ticket. He won. Instead of living like a king for the rest of his life, for \$25,000 there is equivalent to \$1,000,000 here, Pedro salted the money away and still carries bags for five dollars a week.

Frizell drove us out to see the latest President's palace. It is being built on the site of the former fort. He is trying a new scheme to stay in office. He's going to persuade the people it is wrong to fight and rule them with loving-kindness. The betting is that he'll be out before the palace is completed. Managua is full of ex-presidents.

The natives are half or more Indian, which explains a lot of things. Fighting is their favorite pastime. They have no fear of death and kill each other off as casually as we would shoot crows. The penalty for murder is thirty days. No one goes out on the street without a revolver. They are all horribly poor and rarely have enough to eat. But as long as they can keep alive they refuse to do any work. Work to them is worse than death. They die young. A man of fifty is considered very old.

WE had dinner at the Pan-American quarters, where all the employees of the Pan-American stay. It is a grand place with marble floors and tall ceilings and American shower baths. The pilots, mechanics, and field officials stop there when they are in Managua. It is certainly a much more civilized place than the hotel.

After dinner I persuaded some of the men to take me around and show me the native dives. Our first stop was Paris del Lago, a hangout for the young bloods. It overlooks the water. We sat outside at one of the small tables.

There was quite a crowd. They all stood around in groups, muttering and waving their arms. They resented our coming and gave us several black looks. After sizing up my five escorts, I guess they decided not to make any trouble. They all left shortly after we came. They don't like whites.

Next morning we had three Monsignores and a Cardinal as traveling companions as far as Puntarenas, Costa Rica. They were on their way back from a Eucharistic congress at Managua. They got a big kick out of the trip. Although gray-haired, they studied maps, watched the scenery through field glasses, laughed, and acted like a bunch of kids at a circus. It was their first flight, I was told, but it didn't feaze them in the least.

Wipprecht climbed to 5,000 feet over a little lake called the Lake of a Thousand Winds. He wrote me back a note saying that the plane and passengers would be mince-meat if he flew any lower. The winds from the two oceans come over the mountains and meet each other, forming a bunch of cross currents. The air is so rough near the ground it is impossible to keep a plane right side up.

We skirted the Pacific Coast most of the way down to Puntarenas, but we could see over to the Atlantic side. It is only fifty miles across. We passed the site of the proposed Nicaraguan Canal. It looks like quite an engineering job.

Puntarenas turned out to be just another field. The town is some miles away. It took the prelates two hours to fly from Managua to Puntarenas, 200 miles, and three hours to ride from the field to the town, seven miles.

The hop from Puntarenas to David, Panama, was to me the most exciting part of the trip. We flew over the jungles. Jungles that stretched for hundreds of miles. Jungles so thick that the sun never got beyond the first

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Pilot Joseph
R. James

Pan-American Airways photos

Pilot J. H.
Price

Pilot William
H. Doxey

a plane down. They are making an emergency landing field of it now.

We had a clear day and a high ceiling—most of the

[TARPON FISHING IN PANAMA]
Continued from page seventeen

layer. Wipprecht flew right on top of them to avoid a strong head wind.

We could see bright birds flying in and out of the trees. Vines thicker than an ordinary tree trunk wound their way upward, covered with brilliant orchids. The tops of the trees were so closely matted together they formed an impenetrable barrier to the ground. There were colors so flamboyant, so unearthly that they called out a warning. It was the most beautiful and the rankest thing I have seen.

A forced landing would mean a bad time. If you escaped from the crash you would only be trapped in that malignant growth, with its clouds of poisonous insects. I was relieved when I saw the bare mountains underneath me again.

We only stayed in David long enough to gas up and then pushed on to Panama. The last lap of our trip was like looking through opera glasses the wrong way. Everything was on a much smaller scale. We passed mountains and forests, but they seemed insignificant after the violent country we had gone over.

We stopped in Panama to let some passengers out and continued on our way over the canal to Colon, our final destination on the Atlantic side. I have seen the canal once before. I could see it a hundred times and never stop being amazed.

It is certainly the greatest monument created by man.

We were all glad to get to a civilized hotel and have a swim. Ex-President Taft had the Hotel Washington built when he went down there for the opening of the canal.

The next morning we went over to the Tarpon Club in the pouring rain. The natives of Colon will tell you it never rains a drop during the dry season. We were there in the dry season and it rained every day. The club provided us with hobnailed boots (we had our own shorts) and twelve-foot steel rods. We used needlefish bait. The Gatun spillway is about 100 feet across. The water comes over it at a rapid pace into the river below. You have your choice of standing on the spillway apron and trolling or standing beside the channel and casting. It is quite a trick to keep your feet on the slippery cement apron with the rush of water against your legs. If you lose your footing, it is apt to be bad news. Our guide told us there is an average of three lost men every year fishing.

I CHOSE the spillway. It took me most of the morning to learn the art of casting with a steel rod. I have done a little trout fishing, but there is quite a difference. I kept snapping the bait off on my back cast. When I finally learned not to use so much strength things didn't go any better. The minute my bait would touch the water it would become entangled with loose moss.

That is one of the reasons that tarpon fishing in January is poor. By March the moss is washed off the rocks and carried away. January is the cleaning-up month. No tarpon will touch bait mixed up with weeds. He is too smart.

Well, we stayed out on the spillway till four o'clock in the afternoon. None of us got a strike except Fred, who caught a snook. But you can hardly call a snook a fish.

The next day was pretty much the same, except that I got some snook. Twelve, I think. They are stupid fish. They have no fight and will strike at anything they see. They run up to ten pounds. Some people think they are good eating. I don't think they are good for a darn thing. Instead of getting moss on my bait I would get a snook. There isn't any preference.

We saw the tarpon rolling around, great big fellows. One man near me hooked what looked like a forty-pounder, but he got away.

The third day we tried our luck in a boat on the Chagres River. It is a grand trip if you are going out solely for scenic beauty. I had another chance to see tropical forests, this time at close range. The foliage

was so heavy that one wondered how the trunks could hold it up.

Scores of egret herons paraded up and down on the banks in the most blasé fashion. They seemed to know that a law had been passed to save their plumes.

Parrots and cockatoos called to each other unharmoniously. Once I saw a monkey flit through the trees. We passed native huts by the water's edge. Mostly four poles and a straw roof to shield their inhabitants from tropical storms.

But the tarpon were scarce. We trolled behind the boat with heavier tackle and spoons. The tarpon run over 100 pounds in the river. About four in the afternoon I was dozing with the rod in my hands when—zowie! something like a sack of cement hit my line. I lifted my

rod quickly. Out of the water jumped a great silver fish that looked at least 100 pounds. The guide told me later he wasn't over fifty.

HE didn't stay hooked long. That baby must have jumped four feet out of the water. He turned a complete somersault, spit the hook out of his mouth, and with a flirt of the tail my tarpon disappeared. What a kick! Just to have a fighter like that on your line even for a second.

We were all immensely cheered up by my tarpon and stayed in the river till seven o'clock, but we didn't have any more luck. I had what I think was another fish, but my line snapped when

I struck and I couldn't tell if it was a tarpon or if my line hit a snag. I personally think it was a fish.

Thus ended the third day. We only had one more. And no tarpon. Fred and Father wanted to try their luck on the river again. I liked the spillway, so we split up. The first part of the day was hopeless. I tried every inch of that dam and spillway, alternating between trolling and casting. My reward was moss, with a snook thrown in now and again.

It was getting along toward five o'clock when Lorenzo, an old darky who works around the club, came to my aid. He told me how to get bites and, by gosh, he knows. He cut up one of my many snook and used the insides for bait. He planted me on the edge of the apron and threw my line crosswise into the swift water.

Three minutes later there was an unholy yank and my line flew off the reel. I put on the drag and struck. The line snapped.

I won't go into my feelings or my language. This is supposedly a story for gentle readers.

I saw my fish later leaping near the rocks, standing on his head, and acting very strangely. Lorenzo said he was trying to shake the hook out of his mouth. He was hooked good.

I had three other chances that day with the snook bait. Once again my tackle went bad. This time the leader snapped. Twice I lost the fish. I feel sure if I had had only one more day I could have killed a tarpon—maybe. They are the smartest, gamest, most beautiful fish in this or any other world. I would rather kill a tarpon than be queen.

Father and Fred came back discouraged. Fred had landed one jack.

Our trip home was a repetition, so I won't go over it again. We had a different set of pilots on the Panama-Tela run. Jack Price, an old army man with a good head and wonderful flying ability; and Doxey as co-pilot, a blond-headed kid who is a great buddy of Wipprecht. They dusted cotton together in South America.

We were held up for three hours in Belize on account of fog, but made up our time and landed in Miami according to schedule.

I hated getting out of the plane at Miami. It was far and away the best trip of my life—and some day, D. V., I am going back to Panama for my tarpon. I would rather get one from that spillway than three from a boat.

THE END



Photo by Frederick Becker
Pilot W. Wipprecht, Jr., Miss Patterson, and the Ford. The pilot is at the extreme left.



*Curtiss Butterfinger
a delicious candy*

Inside every Butterfinger you'll find the smoothest honeycomb ever put inside a candy (more than 1000 honeycombs to every inch!) So flaky . . . it melts in your mouth. Our unique method of producing this crispness is one reason why Butterfinger is an outstanding favorite! All CURTISS products are made with equal care from finest ingredients. Just try Baby Ruth Candy, Baby Ruth Gum and Mints . . . Dip, DeLish and many others.

Otto Schnoring
President

Curtiss Candy Company, Chicago



A New and by Gillette

A new Blade A new Razor

(PATENTS PENDING)

*The Greatest Shaving Improvement
in Twenty-eight Years*

MILLIONS of well-worn Gillettes are now going to win an honorable discharge. Sure—they're good old razors! And if you have to wait for your dealer to get his supply of the New Gillette Razor, your old Gillette will operate with the new blades.

But once you have tried the New Gillette Blade in the New Gillette Razor you will never be satisfied to shave with anything else!

Many important changes

What have we done to the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade? Not just one thing, or two things, or three. We have made a dozen important changes which, when you add them all together, make an entirely new and greatly improved shaving tool.

Take "razor pull," for example. Do you know why your old Gillette "pulled"? Perhaps you blamed the blade; but the fault was not in the blade. Our laboratories examined tens of thousands of used razors; our engineers talked to twenty-seven thousand hard-to-satisfy shavers.

What did they find? A razor "pulls" because its working parts

have been dropped and dented on floor or wash basin.

Perhaps the dent is microscopic. Just the same, it makes a difference. When you handle a Gillette, you are dealing with a fine precision tool. Even the smallest dent can throw it out of alignment. Hence "pull." Now look at the corners of the new razor. See those heavy lugs? You can't dent those corners by any ordinary accident. But suppose, by some terrific abuse, you *should* dent them. Never mind. The ends of the blade have been cut out. The blade is no longer held at the corners. Therefore, a dented razor-corner can't possibly affect the smoothness of your shave.

No more blade wiping

Another thing. The new blades are processed to resist rust. Think what that means in convenience and time saving. No more do you have to take the razor apart to wipe the blade. No more cut towels. Just loosen. Turn blade at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold under hot running water for rinsing. Shake well. Lay on the shelf.

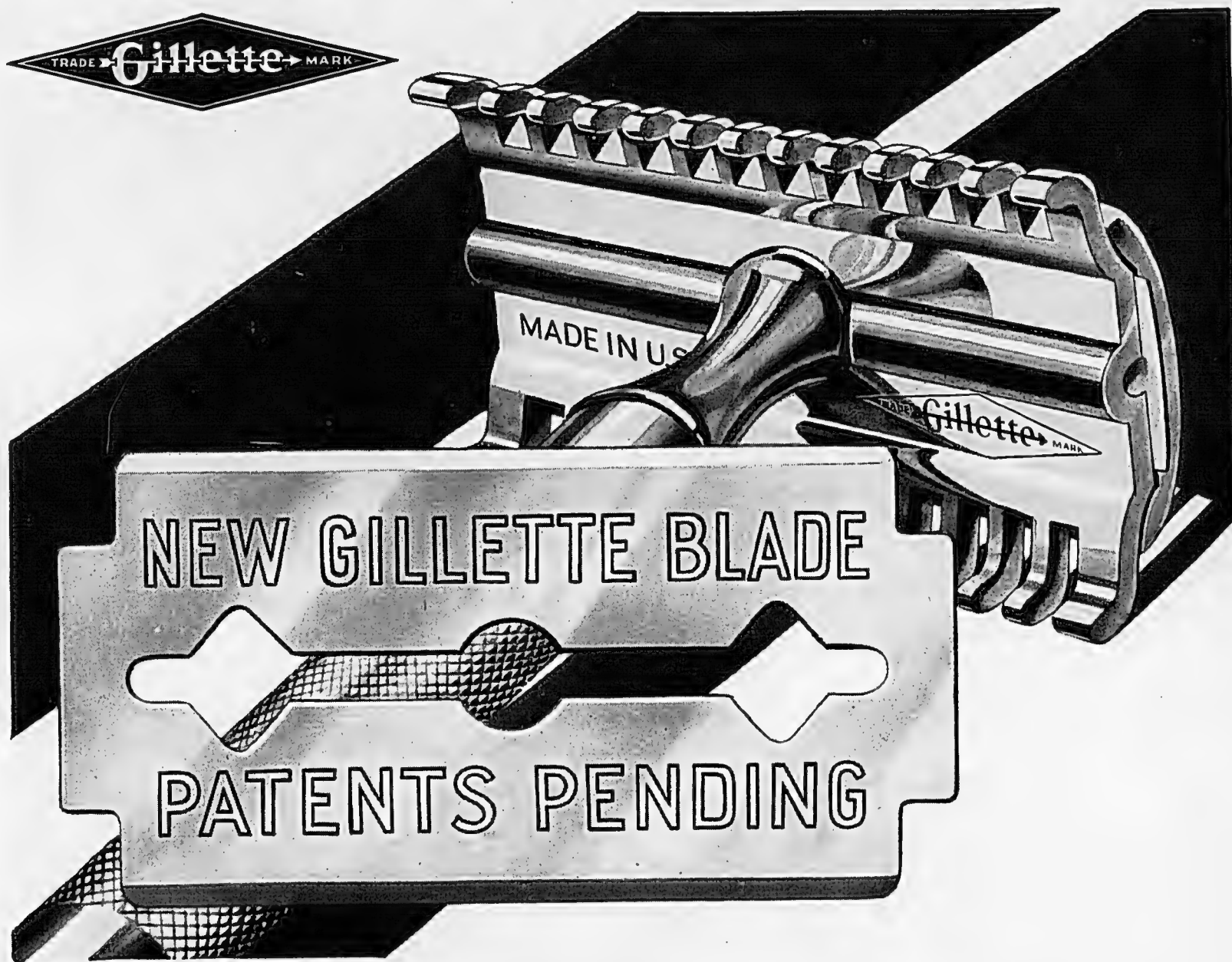
The old posts are gone. How many a good edge was lost by



QUICK FACTS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. New blade can be used in your old Gillette | 7. No projecting posts to dull blade edges |
| 2. New processed steel; new blade resists rust | 8. Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped |
| 3. Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull" | 9. Square blade ends safer to handle |
| 4. To clean, turn guard at right angles... then re-tighten... rinse... shake dry | 10. Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears |
| 5. New shape guard channel for full shaving clearance | 11. New blades same price as old |
| 6. New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally | 12. New razor, 24K. gold-plated, with one new blade in case, \$1.00 |

Better Shave



bumping against those posts. Now the razor blade turns at right angles for rinsing. No taking apart for cleaning.

New shape guard teeth

Notice the guard teeth . . . longer . . . turned back farther. They glide over the skin like velvet. You hardly feel the razor slide over your face.

See the ends of the blade . . . square . . . not round. Much easier to handle with slippery fingers. Less chance of having to fish for the blade down the drain pipe. And, being almost flush with the cap, the blade shaves much better around the difficult corners of the mouth, ears, and nose. The famous guard channel beneath the blade edge allows the blade to meet the

beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. This has hitherto been an exclusive feature of high-priced Gillettes selling at \$5.00 to \$75.00. Now you have it in the \$1.00 model.

See your dealer today

Gillette factories are working at capacity to supply all dealers as soon as possible. See your dealer today. Tomorrow he may be sold out . . . an inconvenient delay for you. Give your face this good news now!

All of which means that for \$2.00 you can buy the biggest money's worth in shaving comfort that has been offered to man in the past twenty-eight years.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

\$1.00 for the **NEW GILLETTE RAZOR**—smoother shave, no "razor pull"

\$1.00 for ten **NEW GILLETTE BLADES**—rust-resisting, better work in the difficult corners, no tedious wiping



The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold-plated, in beautiful case, complete with new Gillette Blade. Price
Other De Luxe models at \$5.00 to \$75.00

\$1.00

Full Measure

12-MONTH advertising strikes with full power all across the calendar in Liberty Magazine. Last year during July and August the net paid circulation of Liberty increased 200,000 copies.

Liberty moves with the people. If they go to seashore, lake or mountains Liberty follows. In

winter Liberty goes south, too. Wherever more people congregate, more copies of Liberty are available on newsstands.

Liberty circulation does not fluctuate with the thermometer. Again this summer Liberty will be a most profitable medium:

99% newsdealer sale. No copies are left unwrapped, unwanted.

The lowest cost per thousand pages in the field of leading magazines.

2,250,000 average guaranteed for 1930.

How Liberty Follows the People

<i>Summer Resorts</i>	<i>August Circulation</i>	<i>February Circulation</i>
Newport, R. I. . . .	1259	854
Atlantic City, N. J. . . .	7980	4074
Provincetown, Mass. . . .	135	39
Asbury Park, N. J. . . .	4237	1504
<i>Winter Resorts</i>		
Palm Beach, Fla. . . .	1610	3007
Miami, Fla. . . .	7409	13095
Hollywood, Fla. . . .	83	316
St. Petersburg, Fla. . . .	1709	3104

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

BIGGEST NEWSDEALER SALE OF ANY MAGAZINE

GRAPHIC
SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH
BARTON

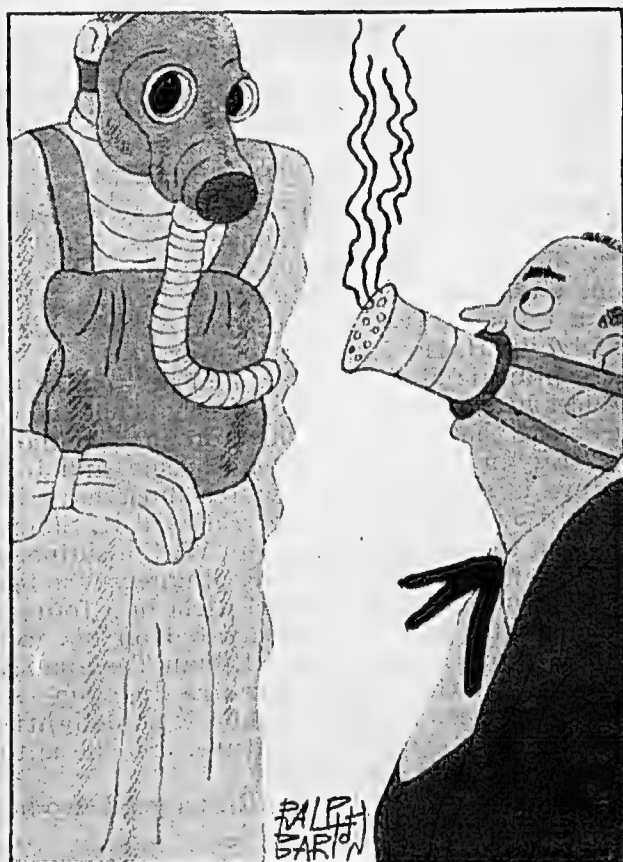
NOVEL PRIZE OFFER. This page promises to give up drinking hard cider forever and offers its hand in marriage to any woman active in Prohibition work who would be considered attractive and passably pretty by a jury of competent male judges. Entry No. 1 (photo above) has been eliminated.



"**RICHES AND FAME** have not brought me happiness. I have the privacy of a goldfish," complained Clara Bow as she left for Hollywood dressed in a simple costume designed not to attract attention.



COMMUNITY BING-BANG recently held in Chicago to celebrate the notable progress made by the arms limitation conferences.



DR. J. C. W. FRAZER of Johns Hopkins, whose oxygen muffer made deadly carbon-monoxid gas in automobile exhausts harmless, is now at work on volunteer Congressmen.



The enviable gentleman above is Harry Richman, shown with Joan Bennett in Puttin' On the Ritz.

Singing on the SCREEN

*Something About Messrs. Richman
and King, Miss Lightner, and
Various Others*

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by
KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

YOU'VE been dancing to the sexy strains of Puttin' On the Ritz these many weeks. And you've been humming the tunes or singing the lyrics of With You, Vagabond Love Song, Alice in Wonderland—every one a hit song from the United Artists' hit production which bills Harry Richman as star.

Despite his stellar status, and his tender tenor which induces heart throbs galore, Harry is not the whole show. He shares the talkie with three other tried and true troupers—Lilyan Tashman, James Gleason, and Joan Bennett.

Here is a talkie-singie which must have been clearly thought out before Director Edward H. Sloman ever set his hand to megaphoning John W. Considine, Jr.'s, story—the story of a couple of song pluggers who team up with two golden-haired vaudeville girls in a foursome act.

Richman's part is concentrated on his million-dollar ability to put a song over. Lilyan Tashman and Jimmy Gleason rate the smart, sure-fire dialogue (some dandy new gags) because they handle it so delightfully. Joan Bennett is an exquisite creature. So she is the straight heroine—but not a dull one!

You'll find Puttin' On the Ritz a good two hours' worth of stunning entertainment.

★ ★ ★ THE VAGABOND KING

Dennis King thrilled thousands of theatergoers by his magnificent interpretation of France's vagabond poet-



There're bad men in Dangerous Paradise! Here's Francis McDonald as one of 'em, with Nancy Carroll.

warrior, François Villon, in the stage operetta The Vagabond King. Now he brings his characterization to the screen, with the microphone at his service.

For all its virtues, The Vagabond King misses the "extra special" class by a tiny margin. It isn't human enough. Mob scenes are excellently handled—but intimate moments between players affect a theatrical, almost unreal air.

The star's performance is enchanting when he's in song. And, fortunately, Mr. King has camera face and physique. He is not, however, quite at home before the lens. Jeanette MacDonald, a beauteous blonde whose

soprano is commendable, lacks warmth in her performance of the king's niece. And Lillian Roth is miscast as the French gamin who loves Villon and dies for him. Warner Oland, in real Oland manner, makes a thorough villain. And O. P. Heggie, who portrays the eccentric King Louis XI, is marvelous.

The Vagabond King is based on Justin Huntly McCarthy's drama, *If I Were King*—depicting how François Villon saves France from the Burgundian invaders in spite of the idiosyncrasies of the king, and despite the fact that Louis has ordered him to hang.

★ ★ SHE COULDN'T SAY NO

Winnie Lightner is a swell comedienne. When she gets up in front of the Vitaphone screen and either clowns or sings, you're 100 per cent for her. But—you can't exactly see the comely, weighty Winnie playing a straight feminine lead opposite Chester Morris, and endeavoring to jerk the tears from within your flowing eyes. It isn't being done!



Lillian Roth and Dennis King in a stirring scene from The Vagabond King.

Bad men run riot in this Paramount talkie. And when we say bad, we mean w-i-c-k-e-d! Three murders in one little program picture!

Nancy Carroll is cute as the girl who encounters the jeopardies. And Richard Arlen is the young hermit who rescues our Nancy from the advances of Warner Oland.

Director William Wellman keeps you interested, but he also keeps you guessing as to whether he made his picture seriously—or if, indeed, it is a burlesque. In this case the laughs, which are bound to come, are quite O. K.

Plenty of ukulele-strumming atmosphere and lovely scenery. Nice photographic work too.

★ ★ TROOPERS THREE

Maybe mature audiences won't go into ecstasy over *Troopers Three*, but it's a talkie which will be received with joyous glee and countless giggles by the younger generation.

It's decidedly a Bill Haines type of movie—except that Rex Lease interprets the leading male rôle in Bill's stead, and the picture was produced by Tiffany, not Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Haines' bosses). There are some thrilling shots of cavalymen in action.

Do you know that—

Doris Kenyon will sing in *Ladies Love Brutes*, which stars George Bancroft? . . . Universal will produce *The Czar of Broadway*, based on the life of Arnold Rothstein?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—*Happy Days*, *Not So Dumb*, *So Long Letty*, *The Rogue Song*, *Son of the Gods*, *Seven Days Leave*, *The Bishop Murder Case*.

Four stars—*The Green Goddess*, *Street of Chance*, *Anna Christie*.



Winnie Lightner and Johnny Arthur in She Couldn't Say No.

Troopers Three offers you Rex Lease and Dorothy Gulliver.

And that's why *She Couldn't Say No* seems worthy talkie-single fare only when Winnie is doing her real stuff.

Mr. Morris does a fine bit of dramatic work, and Sally Eilers is so pretty that one can't blame Chester for falling for her.

★ ★ DANGEROUS PARADISE

When a gal violinist is stranded in the South Seas, she discovers it's a rather "Dangerous Paradise."

William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones based their story on incidents suggested in a Joseph Conrad novel. The merest suggestions, we guess!



Smoke Screen

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

"HOUSE on fire!"

Engines rushed to an old shack outside the city limits of Houston, Texas. An ax whacked at the front door while Johnny Rorke, star reporter of the Pioneer, waited to get inside. Rorke had been joy riding with Sally Lomax. She was a cub reporter, also on the Pioneer, who always followed fire engines—a lucky break for Johnny.

When the door yielded he followed a white helmet into the house. Within, a man and a woman lay dead. Rorke

made a quick survey and pronounced snap judgment.

"Here's the story," he said. "A lamp exploded. The man, in an effort to escape, tried to unlock the front door. The key broke off and they both smothered to death."

Sally Lomax, allowed to enter the house at length, stood over the dead woman and blurted: "I know her! It's Alice Blair. She has a dress shop on South Main."

A good stroke for Sally. It would send up her reportorial stock. Richard Lomax, her district attorney



The Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

Pictures by JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

brother, had made fun of her work, and Andy Hunt, city editor, was plainly bored with her.

Johnny had the luck to identify the dead man through a torn money-order stub. He was poor old Martin Fox, aged about sixty. The next morning Rorke and Sally made a sinister discovery in the charred house. Kerosene had been thrown about deliberately.

At the Blair shop Sally learned that Alice had referred vaguely to a sister, and had talked, at times, over the telephone, to someone she called Terry. No real light on the mystery.

Skillfully Lomax got the girl started on the past history of the sisters; it would never do to let her get hysterical before he got that.

"I reckon he averaged about twenty-five or thirty dollars a week," Riskin replied. "He wasn't a star collector, but he didn't mind going back time and again to bum accounts."

"Well, much obliged, Riskin. You'd better tell Lomax all of that." He was headed for a telephone when a hearty voice hailed him.

"Johnny, how are you?"

"Good morning, judge! What's your business up here?" Rorke turned to shake hands cordially with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PART TWO

Sally Scores a Beat

RORKE had been sitting in an anteroom of the district attorney's office when Benny Riskin, a lawyer, whom he knew as a specialist in credit collections, had come in. Johnny had heard him tell an assistant district attorney that he knew Martin Fox. Johnny, with a wink at the assistant, had whisked the lawyer into the rotunda for a private inquisition.

Riskin had employed Martin Fox for the past two years as a collector. That morning was the first time since Fox had been in his employ that the old man had not been at the office when Riskin arrived. Riskin had been wondering if he might be ill, when the Pioneer's extra, identifying the burned man, had been brought in. The attorney had gone by the undertaker's, where he had made sure the identification was correct, and then had decided that he had better come to the district attorney and tell what he knew of the old man, which was not much.

"Where did Fox live?" Rorke asked.

"He told me when I hired him that he was caretaker of an old house out on Telephone Road somewhere. It was quite a ways from bus and car lines. He had an old ramshackle car he drove around in."

"Made pretty good money, didn't he?"



There, under a banner headline, she saw the magic, longed-for words over the story: "By Sally Lomax."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Robert E. Lee Morrison, former judge of one of the Houston district courts, eligible bachelor, attorney for the Pioneer, prospective candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in the primaries due that summer, who had just come out of the elevator. Johnny fell into step with him as he walked toward Lomax's office.

"I came up to tell Dick what I know about Martin Fox," Morrison said. "That was my old shack that was burned up, you know."

Rorke cast a fearful glance about the district attorney's anterooms as they went down the passage toward the private office at the end of the suite. Thank God, not a man from the Record or Bulletin in sight. That was a break! One or another would be there before he got Morrison and Riskin into Lomax's office, if he didn't hurry. But he managed to get the door closed safely behind them.

LOMAX welcomed Morrison heartily, shook hands with Riskin, and the four men sat down.

"I was just telling Johnny that I know a few things about Martin Fox," said Morrison. "You know it was my house that was burned?"

"Yes. I had just telephoned to your office asking you to come over as soon as you could, Bob. Your stenographer said you hadn't come in, yet."

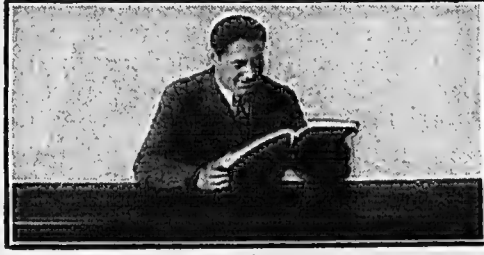
"No, I read Johnny's story at breakfast, and drove out there, and then came right on down here, Dick. There isn't a great deal I can tell you about old Martin, though I had known him for years. He used to be a clerk in my firm's offices in Dallas when I was a young lawyer up there. He turned up here about two years ago, saying he had been fired in Dallas, and put up a plea for something to do. I didn't have anything for him to do; he was too old to be of any use in my office. But I hated to turn the old fellow away; he seemed pathetically lonely.

"I had bought that block of ground out there on Telephone Road as an investment. The house on it was in such bad repair that it couldn't be rented without spending a lot on it, so I just let the old fellow live out there rent free. I loaned him a little money when he first came; about a month later he told me he had a job with Riskin, and began paying back what he borrowed. Now and then he would show up at my office and report the house was all right. There was some insurance on it when he first went out there; I think the policy may be still in force, but I don't know—my secretary attends to that sort of thing. I had told the old man when he first went out there that it was necessary for someone to live in the house to keep the insurance in force. He was a proud old duffer, and I knew it wouldn't do to let him think I was offering him charity."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

CASE
A**RAISED HIS PAY \$6,286 a Year**

Caught in a rut—a human cog in a big machine! Long hours and low pay were making life a pretty dreary proposition for F. J. Walsh of Ludlow, Massachusetts. Always worrying over money—always skimping and economizing!



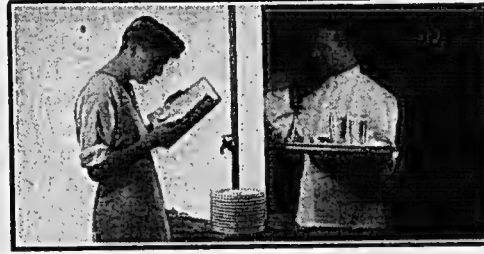
Then, one day a singular little book fell into Walsh's hands and altered the course of his whole career. Between its covers he discovered certain facts and secrets. He clearly saw the way to say "goodbye" to small pay forever!



Today Walsh's friends can hardly believe he is the same man they used to know. No more pinching dimes or hoarding quarters for him now. His salary is \$6286 greater than ever before! Quite a change!

CASE
B**JUMPED FROM \$8 to \$125 A WEEK!**

If any man ever faced overwhelming odds, that man was Mark Barichievich of Dale City, Calif. As a restaurant-worker he toiled long, weary hours each day for the "magnificent" sum of only \$8 a week.



Handicapped by unfamiliarity with the English language, it seemed a foregone conclusion that Barichievich was destined to a life of drudgery and miserly pay. People laughed at him for even *hoping* to make real money.



Things happened swiftly to Barichievich after he read "The Key To Master Salesmanship." His acquaintances were amazed to find that his earnings had jumped to over \$400 a month! Today he makes as high as \$150 a week.

CASE
C**NOW MAKES \$2500 MORE per Year!**

In days gone by, C. K. Rowland of Audubon, New Jersey was a patternmaker—working hard but getting nowhere. His job offered no freedom nor independence. And he was paid just enough to keep going, but never enough to really LIVE!



But Rowland had ambition. His first step was to write for the pay-raising book which had done so much for others. He figured that if it could raise an \$8 restaurant-worker's pay to \$150 a week, it could do as much for HIM!



How different things are for Rowland today! His salary has grown by leaps and bounds. Recently his firm made him Branch Manager at \$2500 increase over his former pay. Yet his success has been duplicated by hundreds!

....and This Amazing Free Book Showed Them the Way!

ONLY a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink!

To glance at its cover, you would probably never suspect what a vital pay-raising message has been compressed into its 48 pages. For this little book has taken men from even the most humble walks of life and shown them a way to bigger success and higher earnings than most of them ever dreamed of achieving. In fact, so powerful and far-reaching has been its influence that a famous business genius has called it "the most amazing book ever printed!"

For example, take the three men whose actual experiences are related above. One of them raised his pay \$2500 a year—another \$6286! Yet there is nothing mysterious or miraculous about the way they did it. They simply applied certain facts and secrets which the book revealed to them—and quickly reaped worthwhile rewards just as hundreds of others had done before.

Today each one of them looks back on his former salary and wonders how he managed to exist on it. Those weekly pay envelopes that used to seem so vital and important yesterday look like "small change" to them now. For life takes on a very dif-

ferent aspect when a man suddenly steps out of the low-salaried class and amazes his friends by earning \$100 to \$200 a week!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. None of them had any special advantages—although all of them realized that SALESMANSHIP offers bigger rewards than any other profession under the sun. But, like many other men, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some sort of "magic gift." "The Key To Master Salesmanship" showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

Right now city and traveling sales positions are open in nearly every line all over the country. For years, thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members, and thousands have secured positions this way.

Free to Every Man

See for yourself WHY "The Key To Master Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about the art of selling! You do not risk one penny

nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may mean the turning point of your whole career, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the blank below. Send it now!



National Salesmen's Training Ass'n
Dept. C-962, N. S. T. A. Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, Dept. C-962, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key To Master Salesmanship."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

"Did you ever hear him mention the Blair girl, judge?" Rorke asked.

"No, that's a queer thing about all this. As long as I knew him in Dallas, I never heard him talk about a woman. I know he never married, or, at least, I've heard him say he hadn't. What an old codger like that could mean by getting burned up with a pretty girl is beyond me, Dick."

"Did Fox drink?"

"Why, not to speak of, I'd say."

"I think he had got so he drank a good deal, judge," put in Riskin. "Every now and then I could smell whisky on his breath and sometimes he would come into the office with what looked like a bad hangover."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised; he may have turned into one of these solitary drunkards. Men like that do."

"Did either of you ever hear him speak of his hog farm back in Longleaf?"

Neither Morrison nor Riskin had, they said.

"What I'd like to know is where he got ninety dollars a month to send back there!" Riskin's tone was grim. He repeated to Lomax what he had already told Rorke.

"Better look over your accounts," advised Lomax. "Could he have been holding out that much money?"

"I don't see how he could have. No collector—and I've had a lot—ever got away with any of *my* money."

All three of his auditors laughed.

"It must be nice to be a newspaper man—you meet such

interesting people!" The trite tag flashed through Rorke's mind as he studied the three men sitting there talking about the old bill collector. Here were three as diverse as he had seen together in many a day: Lomax, born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth, the tweeds and pipe, Airedale and sport roadster sort, not brilliant, blustering to cover his lack of keen wit; Morrison, tall, lean, hawk-nosed, handsome, polished, clever for all his lack of driving energy, esteemed a brilliant civil lawyer, cynical, remote, but the devoted friend of the younger district attorney; Riskin, dwarfed, thin, eager, a moth-eaten ferret worth a good deal of money and hanging on to every penny of it.

"YEAH," thought the reporter. "It's a fascinating job. You meet such interesting people! Why in hell do we have to have lawyers, anyway?"

"Well, I'm much obliged to you, Bob, and to you, Riskin, for coming over. If either of you should turn up any other information, or if anyone in your offices can supply anything more on Fox, I'll be glad if you'll call me." Lomax dismissed them at the door of his office.

Rorke parted from the judge at the courthouse steps. Riskin had hurried off to find out what his bookkeeper could tell about those payments to the bank in Longleaf.

The facts disclosed by Judge Morrison and Riskin formed the new elements of the Pioneer's late noon edition story on the fire. The few facts that Sally had gathered at the shop were woven into it. The box on the front page asked a new series of questions:

Where did Fox, earning \$25 a week, get \$90 to \$100 a month to pay on his hog farm?

Was the dead woman a blackmail victim?

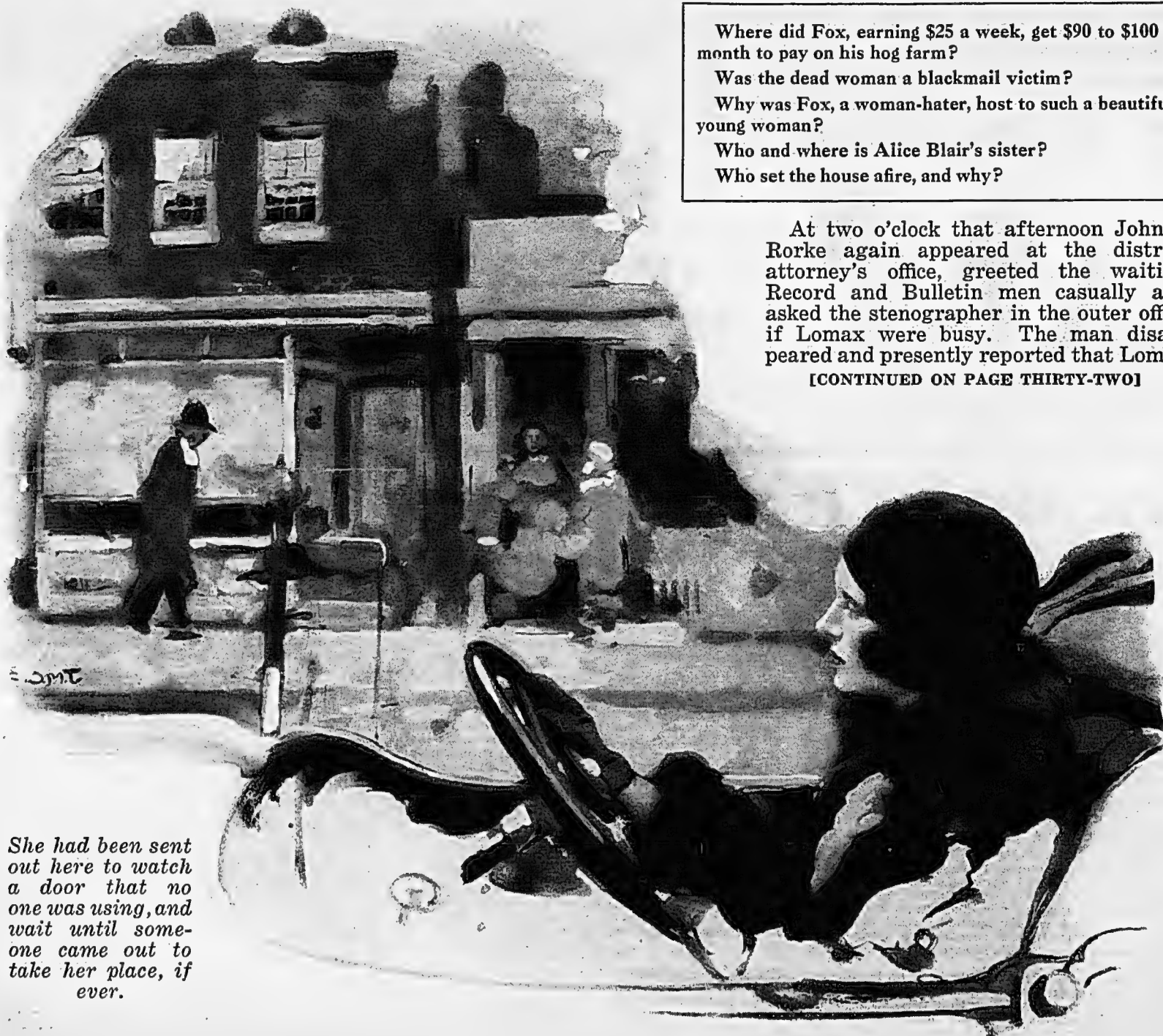
Why was Fox, a woman-hater, host to such a beautiful young woman?

Who and where is Alice Blair's sister?

Who set the house afire, and why?

At two o'clock that afternoon Johnny Rorke again appeared at the district attorney's office, greeted the waiting Record and Bulletin men casually and asked the stenographer in the outer office if Lomax were busy. The man disappeared and presently reported that Lomax

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]



She had been sent out here to watch a door that no one was using, and wait until someone came out to take her place, if ever.



Bearing the Burdens of Industry



International Trucks include the ¾-ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½, 2 and 3-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton. Company-owned branches at 178 points and dealers everywhere have the line on their display floors for convenient inspection. Catalogs on request.

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yeast
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Here is a yeast you'll like—Yeast Foam Tablets. They are pure whole yeast, specially prepared so they do not cause gas. Powerful in their corrective properties and best of all, *easy and pleasant to eat*. Moreover, they are the *only* yeast suitable for children.

The leading universities and the U. S. Government regard this yeast so highly that they use it as the standard for their vitamin studies. What better indorsement of its quality and efficacy?

Eat these tablets for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," intestinal disturbances, run-down conditions. The 10-day bottle is 50 cents or less... at your drug store.

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Distinguished Lyric Tenor,
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KYW—KWK—WREN—
KFAB—WTMJ—KSTP—
WEBC

[SMOKE SCREEN Continued from page thirty]

wanted to see Rorke at once. Johnny grinned and went in.

"Look here, Rorke," Lomax snapped before the reporter could close the door. "What do you mean by taking things out of dead men's pockets?"

"Huh? Oh, that money-order stub? Why, because I needed it, of course."

"You had no right to touch that body, and you had no right to keep a clue like that from the authorities!"

"What's the matter, Dick? Record and Bulletin been crawling you?"

Lomax glared.

"I thought they'd get after you about that. Well, that's not your fault. I found that slip, and I kept it. I'm sorry it put you on the pan, but I'd do it again. Perfectly honest about it. Just an old-fashioned reporter, Dick. Only a few of us left." Rorke's eyes twinkled.

"Well, you'll get no more news out of this office—except information that is given to all the press at once." Lomax was genuinely irritated.

"So? I'll give you some news then, if you won't give me any." Johnny placidly lighted a cigarette. "We talked to our correspondent at Longleaf, and what do you think we found out? Alice Blair's history! Yes, sir, we tied little Alice Blair with the red, red hair up with old Martin Fox! Too bad, Dick, the old man's name wasn't Wolf. We could have done a Little Red Riding Hood story."

"You say she was from Longleaf?"

"She was. What's more, her older sister, Angela Blair, was from Longleaf. And Angela had red hair and brown eyes, too."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It seems that Alice left there when she was fourteen, about ten years ago, after her mother died. Angela had been gone for about six years, then; she came back for her mother's funeral and took Alice off with her. No one in Longleaf has heard from them since, so far as our man knows—and he knows it all. There was a rumor that Angela lived here or near here. They had never heard of Alice being in Paris or having a dress shop in Houston."

"IT'S uncommonly kind of you to bring me the information, Rorke," said Lomax sarcastically. "We have known all that for two hours. I suppose you're printing it. No chance of your thinking I might want to keep that quiet?"

"That's right; we're printing it. Be in the home edition"—he glanced at the office clock—"on the street in twenty minutes, Dick."

"That's a fine break! You've muddled our end of the thing in great style, Rorke!"

"You ought to have called me in and told me what you wanted to keep

quiet, Lomax. I might have done it. Can't blame anyone but yourself."

Johnny sauntered out, enormously at peace with himself and the world. Nice scoop. Well, he might as well call up Andy and take the rest of the afternoon off. Needed sleep.

Rorke out of the office, Lomax called the Record, and asked for George Monroe, the star reporter, disdaining the eager youth waiting outside his door. Monroe, as he admitted sourly, was rewriting the Pioneer's fire stories for the home edition, "in a hell of a hurry."

"Well, here, George," Lomax said. "Here's some news. If you hustle, you'll beat the Pioneer. They have part

of it in their home edition, but not all. After this, don't blame me for letting them print news ahead of you. This is protection you're getting now."

HE repeated rapidly the story of the Blair sisters' past in Longleaf, adding that his investigators had obtained the information from officers in the little east Texas town, warning Monroe: "Don't quote me, you understand!"

"Here's something else, too, George: I don't think the dead woman is Alice, after all. It is more likely Angela. The dead woman is more than any twenty-four. I went to Westheimer's and looked at the body myself. Get this: both Alice and Angela had red hair and brown eyes, which is more or less unusual. The people in Longleaf said there was a strong resemblance between the little girl, Alice, and her older sister. They must have looked a lot alike as grown women."

"Thanks a lot, Dick. Sure appreciate that. Any idea where Angela lives—or lived?"

"In Galveston. Runs a maternity hospital there under the name of Angela Browning. Perfectly legitimate private hospital; the authorities there have always indorsed it. And, George—Mrs. Browning is missing from the hospital. Hasn't been there since seven o'clock last night. Her staff is worried."

"That's great, Dick. Thanks. We'll spread on this."

Johnny Rorke missed the explosion in the Pioneer office when the Record home edition hit the street, for Johnny was fast asleep. Andy Hunt had fired only the opening gun of his celebrated battery of profanity before half a dozen reporters were scurrying to telephones. The bombardment at the city desk continued. Andy himself called Lomax. He gave the district attorney a brisk lesson in sarcastic English that Lomax had to admire while he searched his mind for worthy rejoinders. Lomax's diatribe against Rorke left Andy cold.

"He knew his business," the city editor snapped. "Why didn't you mention some of this to him this morning when he met Morrison and Riskin in your office? You're just



mad because something upset you. Now can you tell me anything the Record doesn't know?"

"Well, I don't believe any of you know that we have ordered an autopsy on both bodies," Lomax said politely. "I seem to be conducting this inquiry for the sake of the newspapers. You might as well print that, too."

Hunt ignored the sarcasm. "Thanks, the autopsy story's already in the home edition. Do you know anything about this Browning woman?"

"No more than the Record seems to know."

"Which you told them, of course!" Andy abruptly hung up on the district attorney. A rewrite man had called over to him that the Galveston branch office of the Pioneer wanted him on another line.*

The Pioneer's man in Galveston had to report that Mrs. Browning was well known to the physicians and surgeons of Galveston, as well as the police and civil authorities. He quoted the chief of police as having said she was his first thought when his men picked up some forlorn girl, about to become a mother, destitute and desperate, although the chief had hardly phrased it so elegantly. She called her hospital The Madonna, although it had no connection with any religious body.

"THE chief says she always has two or three nonpaying patients out there," the man in Galveston amplified. "Never knew her to turn down a prospective mother; keeps them until they are able to leave the hospital, and usually has a job waiting for them so they can keep their babies. He says if Angela Browning was burned up, to make mighty sure that there wasn't any funny stuff connected with it. The chief says she has officiated at more shotgun weddings than all the fathers of the moral South. He's pretty het up over it all." "What do they say at the hospital?"

"You know hospitals; they won't tell anything. But the superintendent of nurses and another nurse left on the last interurban express for Houston. I think they are going up at Lomax's request to see if they can identify the body. Maybe you can beat that. There are several Houston women who have come down here for their babies to be born just recently."

He called off the names and addresses of half a dozen.

"That's good work, kid. Keep at it."

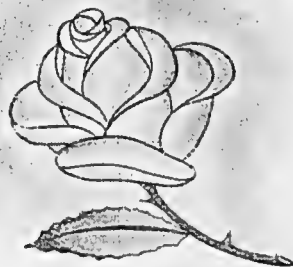
As Andy hung up the receiver a copy boy dashed up to the desk with an armful of papers. Hunt glanced at the banner line and snatched up one.

WOMAN FIRE VICTIM IDENTIFIED

The Record had remade its first page, thirty minutes after its home edition was on the street. It disclosed that two Houston women had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Since Galveston and Houston are only fifty miles apart, the newspapers of each city maintain offices in the other.



the linit beauty bath test that instantly proves you can have a skin soft as velvet!



Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more

delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the soothing purity of starch from corn is regarded so highly by doctors, that they generally recommend

it for the tender skin of young babies.

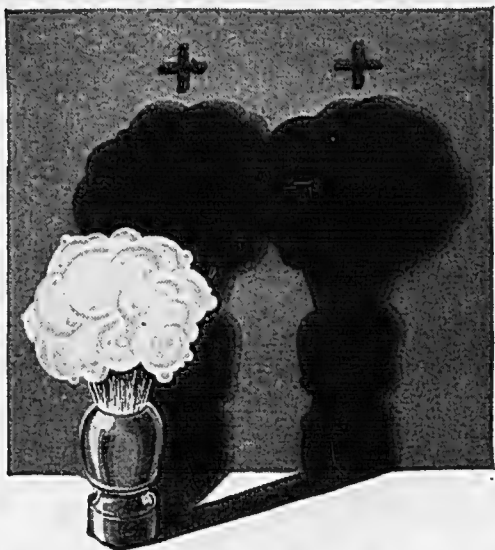
Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you.



LINIT is sold

by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin



ANY BLADE will give you 2 More Shaves

...with Mennen Shaving Cream! (and I mean good ones). That's my money-back guarantee. Mennen shaves are better shaves, too. They *have* to be when Mennen lather makes any razor do its stuff well through 2 more shaves.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream...Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable Mennen shave. Both build up a fine, quick lather in any water. Mennen Without Menthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen...that's the main point...and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

I hope you doubt my guarantee. I'd like to prove it. I'll even send you a trial tube to make the test if you use the coupon.

Have you tried a 6-Second Massage with Mennen Skin Balm? It prolongs the invigorating freshness of your Mennen shave all day...Mennen Talcum for Men matches a man's complexion.

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Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen, Jim.
I'll try it with my razor.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

- ☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol
☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-iced

SMOKE SCREEN [Continued from page thirty-three]

identified the body as that of Angela Browning, head of the Madonna Hospital in Galveston, and not that of her younger sister, Alice Blair.

It was a hurried makeover "fudge" of a hundred words, but it was a clean beat on the Pioneer. Hunt was beyond profanity.

The god who watches cub reporters directed Sally Lomax to call her city editor just then. The story Sally had to tell turned him from a growling tiger into a purring tomcat.

Sally had found Alice Blair.

II

AT two o'clock, while Richard Lomax was berating the Pioneer's star reporter for purloining a postal money order from a dead man's pocketbook, the district attorney's sister Sally had been sitting in her roadster, parked across South Main Boulevard from Alice Blair's deserted shop. The city editor had sent her out there to stand guard, presumably because "somebody ought to be out there" watching for the "unknown relatives" who might storm the doors. Then he had forgotten her.

Everyone seemed to have forgotten her. She had had no lunch, no sleep; she wanted coffee. She had a headache. She wanted to know what had been happening in the police station, in the district attorney's office, in the morgue, and, most of all, in the Pioneer office. No one seemed to realize that this was her own special story; that if it hadn't been for her, the Pioneer would have been badly beaten. Here she was, after a perfectly swell piece of reporting, and they didn't even think enough of her to wonder if she wouldn't like to have some lunch. She had been sent out here to sit on the street and watch a door that no one was using, and wait until someone came out to take her place, if ever. It was a silly idea of old Andy Hunt's to have her out here, anyway. As if he wanted to get rid of her and that was the only way he could think of to do it.

Sally grew sorrier and sorrier for herself. Her headache flourished. Two blocks down the street there was a drug store where she could get coffee. She slid out from behind the wheel and walked wearily to the store. With a carton of hot coffee in one hand and two fat egg sandwiches in the other, she started back to her post. At the corner a blue roadster rounded the turn and all but ran her down before it stopped with a jerk.

One look at the woman in the car, and Sally dropped the coffee.

Brown eyes frantic, face streaked with tears, lips white, it was Alice Blair leaning out of the car looking at her, not six feet away.

Sally was barely conscious of climbing into the car with the distraught girl; of driving with her into the rear court of the apartment house, going up the back stairs and into the apartment over the shop. When her mind had cleared, she was sitting on the

side of Alice Blair's bed, trying to comfort the girl.

Neither of them had spoken since Sally got into the car. Alice had pointed to three newspapers on the seat beside her: the noon and home editions of the Pioneer, and the first extra put out by the Record. Sally had glanced eagerly over the Record's front page as Alice drove into the court. When she had read rapidly the story that it was now thought to be Angela Browning dead in the morgue downtown, she was sure for the first time that she was not riding with the ghost of the girl she had identified early that morning in a burned house.

And now, looking at the girl lying rigid beside her, Sally wondered what she could say, what she should say. She was guilty of that mistake!

"Angela!" Alice choked on the name.

"Do you think it may be your sister?"

The girl nodded. "The beaded bag, the underclothes—like mine." Little gasps. Sally had never before been in the presence of such grief. It wasn't noisy; just dry-eyed hysteria.

All at once Sally realized she had a great story, but she knew, too, that she must get this girl in hand before she could talk.

"Let me make you some strong coffee, Miss Blair," she suggested.

SHE went hastily back into the kitchen, through which they had entered the apartment. As she filled the coffee pot with water, put in the coffee, set out two cups and saucers, opened the ice box for cream, she planned her campaign. She found a dainty tray, put cups, cream, and sugar on it, and went back to the bedroom.

"What can I do? What can I do?" Alice was sitting on the side of her bed. "I'm afraid! I'm afraid! Are they sure it is Angela?"

"I don't know, Miss Blair. We thought this morning it was you. Where were you?"

"In Galveston. I took a woman to the New York boat. I didn't see my sister. They said she had come to Houston last night. Where have they taken her?"

"Don't bother about that now, Miss Blair," soothingly. "You'd better lie down and get a little rest. You'll have to pull yourself together."

"I started back after the boat sailed at noon; I heard a boy yelling extra out in Harrisburg when I stopped for gas; I bought the papers. I don't know what to do. What must I do? How did Angela happen to be in that house?"

"Didn't you know this Martin Fox?"

"No! No! I never heard of him."

"Wait a minute! I smell that coffee boiling over." Sally dashed to the kitchen. When she came back, Alice had fallen back on the bed, hands clenched, staring at the ceiling.

"Here we are." Sally pushed back

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Liberty guarantees

2,700,000

average net paid circulation for 1931

LIBERTY circulation, now at new high levels, continues its upward swing.

For 1931, Liberty guarantees 2,700,000 average net paid circulation. However, new rates will not be effective until the issue of April 11, 1931.

Liberty's new guarantee follows a record of public demand never before accorded any magazine.

For the last six months of 1929 our average net paid circulation was 2,269,586. (A. B. C. publisher's statement.)

Our guarantee was 2,000,000. The advertiser's bonus averaged 269,586 per issue.

Net paid circulation for December averaged 2,439,524.

Liberty as usual delivered more than it promised!

For 1930, Liberty guarantees an average of

2,250,000 net paid circulation. This figure was reached back in 1929.

Liberty's growth continues. Every issue brings us closer to the goal we have set for ourselves: the largest magazine circulation in the world.

Editorial content alone wields the power that persuades nearly two and one-half millions of persons to buy Liberty every week. Liberty's millions have come voluntarily—without subscription methods, without solicitors, special rates, clubs, or premiums. Our circulation remains 99% newsdealer.

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We estimate that *before* 1935
Liberty will have the largest
magazine circulation in the
world . . .

Robert H. McLaughlin
Joseph M. Patterson

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody



"MORE FUN than a feature picture!"

That is what Regina Crewe, famous film critic of the N. Y. American, told her readers about JOE FRISCO in "The Benefit", a typical *Vitaphone Variety*.

And that is what thousands of picture-goers say of this and the hundreds of other tabloid talking pictures produced by *Vitaphone*!

Vitaphone Varieties are extra value for your movie money.

They make the whole show at your picture theatre as entertaining as the feature.

They concentrate in a few delightful minutes the cream of the genius of such unique performers as Joe Frisco, and scores of other stage and opera stars whom you would pay top Broadway prices to see in New York.

You can enjoy their comedy, their artistry, their amazingly novel talents, in addition to the feature picture, if you will make it a rule to patronize theatres that feature *Vitaphone Varieties*.

1/2 the fun

OF ANY EVENING
AT THE THEATRE

**VITAPHONE
VARIETIES**



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

[SMOKE SCREEN Continued from page thirty-four]

a book on the night table beside the bed, and set the tray on it. She pulled another pillow behind Alice's head. "There, that's good. Cream and sugar?"

There was a silence while they drank.

"Now, as soon as you are able, you ought to talk to my brother; he's the district attorney, you know. I'll phone him to come out here, and you tell him everything you know. Just let him handle all this hard part of it."

Alice nodded. It was a relief to let someone think for her.

Sally gulped the last of her coffee, and asked where she could find the telephone. Alice pointed to a door leading from the bedroom, and Sally went into the living room. She closed the door behind her, looked about for the telephone. It stood on a desk. Sally sat down, called the Pioneer office, asked for Andy Hunt.

"Listen, Andy!" Sally didn't realize that she had crashed into the inner circle with that salutation; she was too intent on what she had to say. "Listen. I've got Alice Blair out here in her own apartment, and no one knows it." She sketched the story. The city editor, after his first incredulous "Huh? Who?" said nothing but "Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes . . ." Sally knew his pencil was racing. Finally she had told him all she had to tell.

"Good enough, Sally. Now you stay there. Don't let anyone know we have this. Phone me as soon as you get something else; as soon as your brother gets there and she tells her story to him. What about art?"

"I'll see. 'By." She held down the hook for a moment and called her brother's private office number. He answered at once.

"Dick?"

"Sally, I'm in a hurry. What is it?"

"Now you listen to me for a minute, Dick. Don't say one word while I'm talking. This is important. Hear me?"

"Yes, hurry up!"

"Alice Blair is in her apartment, with me, and I want you to come out here as soon as you can."

"What?"

PATIENTLY Sally repeated the statement.

"Come alone, Dick, and don't let anyone know where you are going. Will you?"

"I'll see."

"Dick Lomax! If you don't promise that, I'll take her away before you get here!"

"All right! All right! What's that address?"

By the time Dick arrived, Sally had Alice somewhat calmed. She had persuaded the girl to wash her face and brush the dark red hair. A second cup of coffee had fortified each of them.

"Now, Miss Blair," Lomax began, when he had been introduced, "I want

you to tell me, as fully as possible, all you know about your sister's coming to Houston, where you have been, and what you know about Martin Fox. Take your time, but tell me everything. There's so much about this case that I don't understand."

"Do—do you—think she was—murdered?"

"Do you, Miss Blair?"

"I—I don't know! I don't know!"

Skillfully Lomax got the girl started on the past history of the sisters; it would never do to let her get hysterical before he got that.

She told him how Angela had sent her to school in Virginia after their mother's death, ten years back; then, recognizing her talent for design, had dispatched her to Paris for a year's study in the *atelier* of a great modiste; how, after she had returned, Angela had given her money to open the shop in Houston, where she had been more speedily successful than either she or Angela had anticipated. Little of this was news to the district attorney, but he let her tell the whole story in her own way.

"**N**OW, Miss Blair, when did you see your sister last?"

"About ten days ago; I asked her up to dinner one evening, and she spent the night here with me, and went back to Galveston on an early interurban. I haven't seen her since then. I was told at the hospital yesterday evening that she had come up to Houston on business. She had left the hospital about seven o'clock last night in an automobile, and they expected her back around midnight, they said."

"Had you ever heard her mention Martin Fox?"

"No, never. I remember that his family—or a family named Fox—lived in Longleaf, but I never saw him that I recall. I didn't even know he lived in Houston. I didn't know that my sister knew him."

"At what time did you leave Houston yesterday afternoon?"

"I left here just after the shop closed, about six o'clock, with Mrs. Caruthers of New York, who had been visiting me. I drove her down in my own car. She was to sail for New York on the noon steamer today."

"And she did?"

"Yes. I saw her off on the boat and left at once for Houston."

She went on to tell how she and Mrs. Caruthers had met in Paris, where they had lived in the same *pension*. Mrs. Caruthers had been her agent both in Paris and New York since she had opened her shop in Houston. The New York woman had come down to see her about the spring imports, had stayed here at her apartment while in Houston. They had had dinner the previous night at the Galvez Hotel, had spent the night there, had slept late that morning, breakfasted in their room, and had left the hotel to drive directly to the boat, which sailed on time at noon.

Alice had not stopped between the dock and Harrisburg, where she

bought gasoline and the newspaper which gave her the first intimation of the tragedy. She had driven blindly the six remaining miles to her shop and home, stopping once to buy the later papers. When a block from her shop, she had seen Miss Lomax come out of the drug store. Immediately she had remembered Miss Lomax was a reporter, who would know about the things the newspapers were printing. So she had halted Sally.

That was her whole story. When she had finished, she sat gazing at Lomax, plainly waiting for his opinion. He was busily writing in his pocketbook. Finally she ventured:

"Are you sure it is my sister?"

"Do you think you could stand seeing the body, Miss Blair? It has been identified by two former maternity patients of her hospital, and two nurses from there are coming in on the next interurban, but I'd like you to see it, too, to complete the identification."

"Oh, Dick, don't!" Sally implored. She had been sitting silent, drinking in the story, fastening on details of it, mentally holding hard on to key words that she might write it all as Alice had told it. But to take this distraught girl to see that disfigured body Sally had seen earlier in the day seemed too brutal.

Alice had shrunk back in her chair and covered her eyes.

"Wait a minute," said Lomax. "It's four o'clock now; those nurses must be here. I'll call my office and see."

HE crossed to the telephone, and called his private number. After a minute's talk with his secretary, he turned around.

"The superintendent of nurses and another nurse, a Miss Stockard, have identified the body positively, Miss Blair. They're at my office now. Shall I ask them to come out here?"

She nodded, and he turned again to the telephone. When he had finished, he told Alice, kindly, that he thought she would better lie down until the two women arrived.

Fifteen minutes later Sally admitted the nurses. Alice knew them both slightly. They told her and the district attorney that Mrs. Browning had said, the previous afternoon, that she had to go to Houston on business, and at seven o'clock had driven off in a car with a man. Neither of them knew who the man was; Mrs. Browning had not mentioned his name. They had had no word of her until Mr. Lomax had summoned them to Houston.

They had called at his office, and one of his assistants had taken them to the morgue. There was no doubt the body there was that of Mrs. Browning. Alice shuddered and bit her lips as she heard the calm-voiced nurse say it. The woman was silent for a long minute. Then she turned to the district attorney.

"I must return to Galveston on the next interurban, Mr. Lomax," she said. "Someone must be there in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beautiful...yet her voice repels



To preserve the tone and charm of the voice that Nature gave us, we should protect the throat from the irritations that usually come from common colds, dust or excessive smoking.

Irritations affect the tone of your voice.

If it is harsh and dry in the morning, remember that physicians endorse the use of Pertussin to loosen phlegm and promote natural secretions in the larynx (voice organ).

A few sips of Pertussin during the day will help to restore the delicate membrane of the larynx to its normal healthy condition.

Send for Free trial bottle.

Protect and Clear your Throat with

Pertussin

Safe for every Cough

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Please send me FREE trial bottle of Pertussin.

Name

Address

"FEET HURT TERRIBLY"

But in a few minutes pain had gone.

Costs nothing if it fails

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says most foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop almost immediately when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases. Pain stops

like magic. Usually band is soon discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists amazed at results, urge them widely.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free booklet.

1 Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

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Jung Arch Brace Co., 243 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES

—with cushion lift

☐ BANNER (medium) \$2

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☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

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Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

SMOKE SCREEN
[Continued from page thirty-seven]

charge and keep the hospital running. But I feel that Miss Stockard should stay here with Miss Blair. You ought to go to bed, Miss Blair," she added gently. Lomax nodded his approval.

He beckoned to the nurses to stay behind as Alice started into the bedroom.

"See that no one bothers her the rest of this afternoon and evening," he instructed. "She has a hard enough ordeal before her. This thing is only starting, you know, and she is going to be called on for a lot of trying work, I'm afraid. I don't think there is much she can do, now, and she should rest before tomorrow. Don't let newspaper people get to her. If anyone calls for her, try to find out who it is."

He and the superintendent left. Sally stayed long enough to ask for and get photographs of Alice and her sister, then dashed down the stairs and across the street to her roadster. She drove straight to the Pioneer office, taking the back streets for speed.

As she entered the city room Andy Hunt got up and came to meet her. Sally was taking off her hat and coat.

"What's the rest of the story? Has anyone else seen her? Did you get art?" Andy didn't wait between questions for answers.

"Pictures of Mrs. Browning and Miss Blair," Sally panted, handing the photographs to the city editor. "I have everything she told Dick.

No one else knows she is there. I was there all the time she talked to him."

Andy turned and bawled down the city room to a loafing copy boy.

"Jim, tell the engraving room to rush two-column cuts of these. Fast!

"Where did she find out about the death of her sister? God, girl, I've had a hard time trying to keep from butting in out there and worrying for fear someone would find out she was there. If anyone is in on this, I'll kill you.

"Now, where did she find out about her sister? Come over here to my desk and sit in that chair." Andy sat down at his typewriter. As Sally talked, he wrote.

"All right: 'Alice Blair first learned of her sister's death by reading a Pioneer extra at Harrisburg at two o'clock this afternoon.' Go on from there; just repeat the story as she told it to your brother."

HE had written nearly two columns when she completed the story, taking a paragraph at a time out of his machine and thrusting it at the hovering copy boy. Ten minutes after he had pulled the last sheet out of his machine and rushed away to the composing room with it, she heard the presses start. Sally's first private extra was about to hit the street.

She went over to the cooler and drank two cups of water, her hands trembling. Andy came

back to the city room presently, half a dozen damp papers in his hand.

"Here you are, kid. It's a damn fine story, too, and a clean beat. I'll raise you ten a week for this."

Sally had never seen him so apparently pleased with the whole world.

Dumbly she took the paper from him. A fine story. A beat. A ten-dollar raise. She walked slowly to the far corner where stood her battered desk, and sat down. She

opened the paper and looked at the front page. There, under a banner headline, with a four-column spread of the pictures of the two sisters, she saw the magic, longed-for words over the story; "By Sally Lomax." Tears gushed into her eyes.

She read those three words over and over. Then she rose hesitantly from her chair and stumbled over to the city desk.

"Andy"—her voice was very small—"that's all right about the raise. Never mind it. Thank you for the by-line."

"Huh? Hell, kid, you had both coming to you! Have a cigarette? Now you trot along home and go to sleep. I want you down early in the morning."

TWO hours later, while Sally was sleeping too soundly for such things to bother her, Richard Lomax was presiding over an interview between Alice Blair and a reporter from the Bulletin. For the third time that day he had been called down by an irate editor. Andy

Hunt's generosity to Sally about the by-line had not been so magnanimous as it had seemed to her.

The Bulletin's rebuke was the most suave of the three. Its managing editor had simply asked him to explain how it was that the district attorney's sister happened to get an exclusive story from Alice Blair, when no other reporter even knew where she was.

Lomax, furious, had intimated that Hunt was the only editor in town who had had sense enough to keep a watch on the Blair apartment, but he had escorted the man from the Bulletin out to see Alice. He left Miss Blair's resolved to compel Sally to quit the Pioneer at once.

He was coldly determined on the move as he dressed the next morning. When he went down to breakfast

at eight o'clock, the cook, an old Negress who had been Sally's nurse, informed him that Miss Sally had been gone nearly an hour.

"And she say her boss done raise her pay," Lulu added slyly. "I reckon we ought t'be right proud of Miss Sally."

The coffee scalded Dick's lips.

"Do you mind letting me read the paper?" he snarled at the amiable old servant.

She shuffled out. He was sure he heard her chuckle.

Those trying to solve the mystery of the deaths in the shack are walking blindly into danger. As the story continues next week, Sally moves swiftly toward tragedy and tense adventure.

NEXT WEEK—

Arnold Bennett

contributes a strange and memorable short story

M. R. Werner

narrates an odd and little known chapter of history

Grace Robinson

tackles a ticklish subject—
Doctors and Their Ethics

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

- 1—How was Alaska acquired by the United States?
- 2—What is a labyrinth?
- 3—For what term is a member of the British House of Commons elected?
- 4—What is a contusion?
- 5—What is the name of a flowing garment that was worn by Roman senators?
- 6—In what state is the Penobscot River?
- 7—By what name is the Supreme Being known in Mohammedanism?
- 8—What is metabolism?
- 9—What states of the Union border upon the Pacific Ocean?
- 10—Jean Valjean is the principal character in what novel?

- 11—Who recently was appointed Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court?
- 12—What is the largest planet?
- 13—What does the Latin phrase *tempus fugit* mean?
- 14—What is the name of the winged horse of Greek mythology?
- 15—What is a mulley cow?
- 16—What metals comprise German silver?
- 17—What is a codicil?
- 18—What city is at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal?
- 19—What physical peculiarity have Manx cats?
- 20—What is the title of the chief executive of the Dominion of Canada?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-seven)

**DO
LONG HOURS
UNLEASH
YOUR
CIGARETTE
APPETITE?**

**♦♦♦ THEN
ALSO ENJOY
"HAPPY-MOUTH"
IN COOLER SMOKE**

Does working the clock around keep you lighting cigarettes? Then light Spuds! Spud's cooler smoke proves itself in a heavy smoking session. It keeps you constantly mouth-happy...your tongue and throat always in their natural moist-cool comfort. That's why your tobacco appetite is ever ready for Spud's choice leaf and blend...your tobacco senses ever alive to their rich fragrance. Spud's 16% cooler smoke is created to heighten your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Spud is 1930 freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

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JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.



"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

Challenging

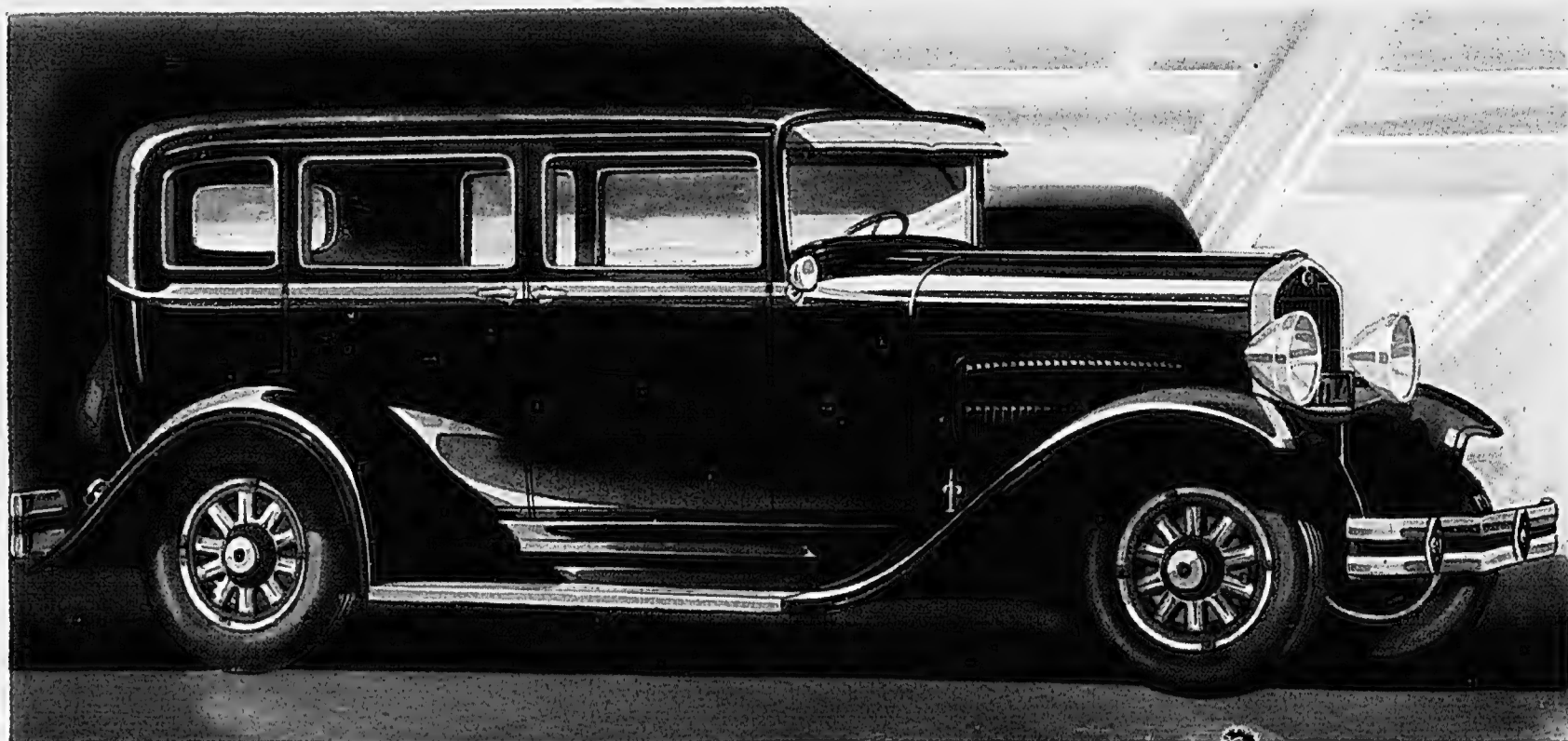
... as well as Brilliant Performance, Distinction and Economy

Essex challenges and holds the eye. Its beauty has character. It is well-dressed, original, marked by a distinction all its own. It is so different, so advanced that a hundred things must seem new to you.

Wherever you look, this freshness and newness is impressive. Fenders, lamps, moldings, and appointments are blended

in the unity of modern design. Inside and out every detail reveals the new style motive. Accessories are a part of the car design, planned when the car was planned. Every item speaks individuality and exclusiveness.

Bodies of the New Essex Challenger are longer and lower. Yet head room and road

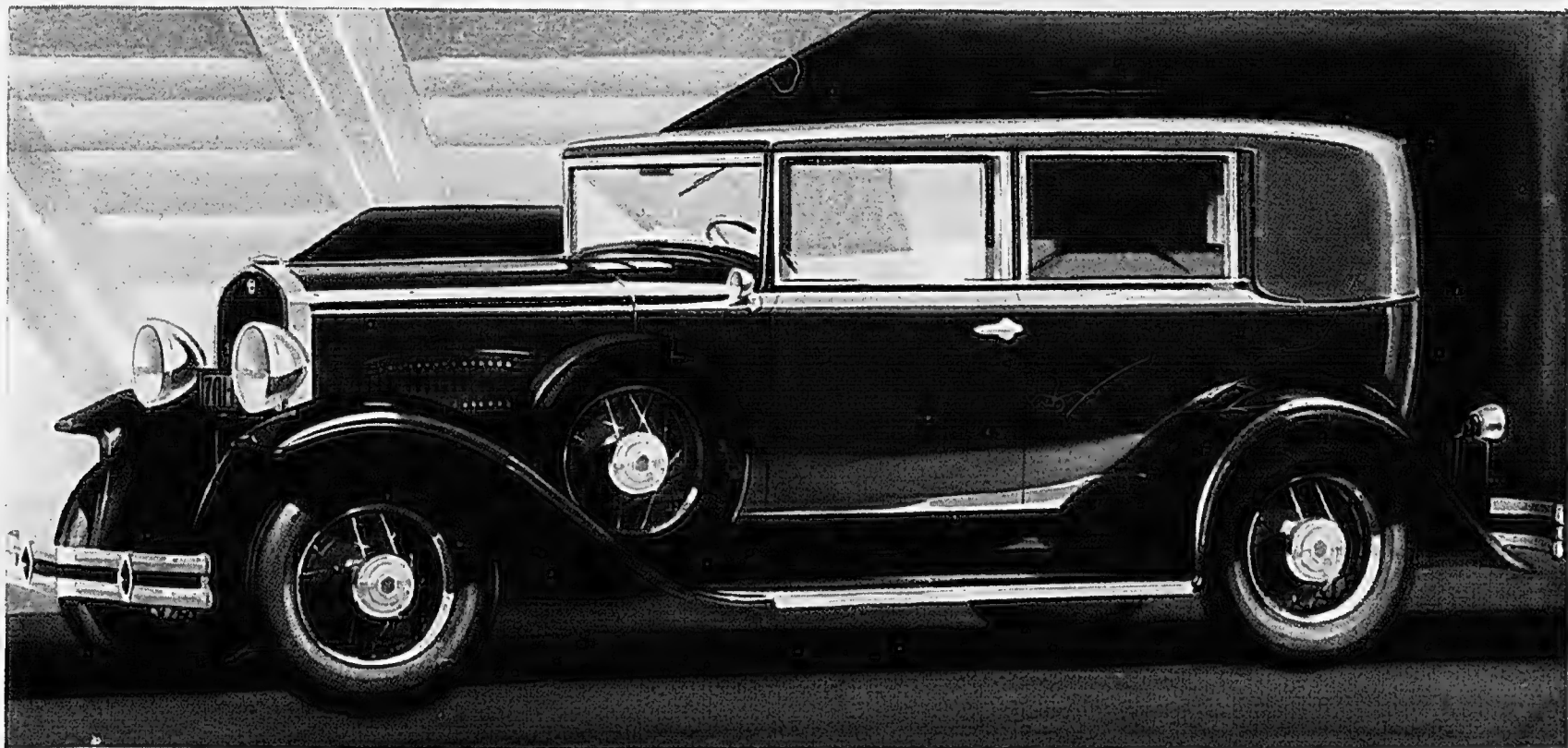


STANDARD SEDAN

Unusual value is evident in every detail of the New Essex Challenger Standard Sedan. Five may ride in uncrowded comfort and four-door convenience is available at exceptionally low price.

The **NEW ESSE**

Beauty too



THE SUNSEDAN *Here is a smart new type of body in the New Essex Challenger line—the Sunsedan, unusually versatile in its all-weather utility. The advantages of the Coach are combined with full convertibility; the entire top can be folded back to convert this comfortable closed body into an equally comfortable phaeton.*

clearance are greater. Seats are wider—deeply upholstered. There is plenty of leg room.

Three are comfortable in the rear seat. Operation is simplified. Starter button is on dash. So are motor heat gauge, electric gauge for fuel and oil and electrolock. Gears shift freely and quietly. Pedals operate with a light touch. You steer effortlessly. Parking is unusually easy.

ADVANTAGES THAT CHALLENGE

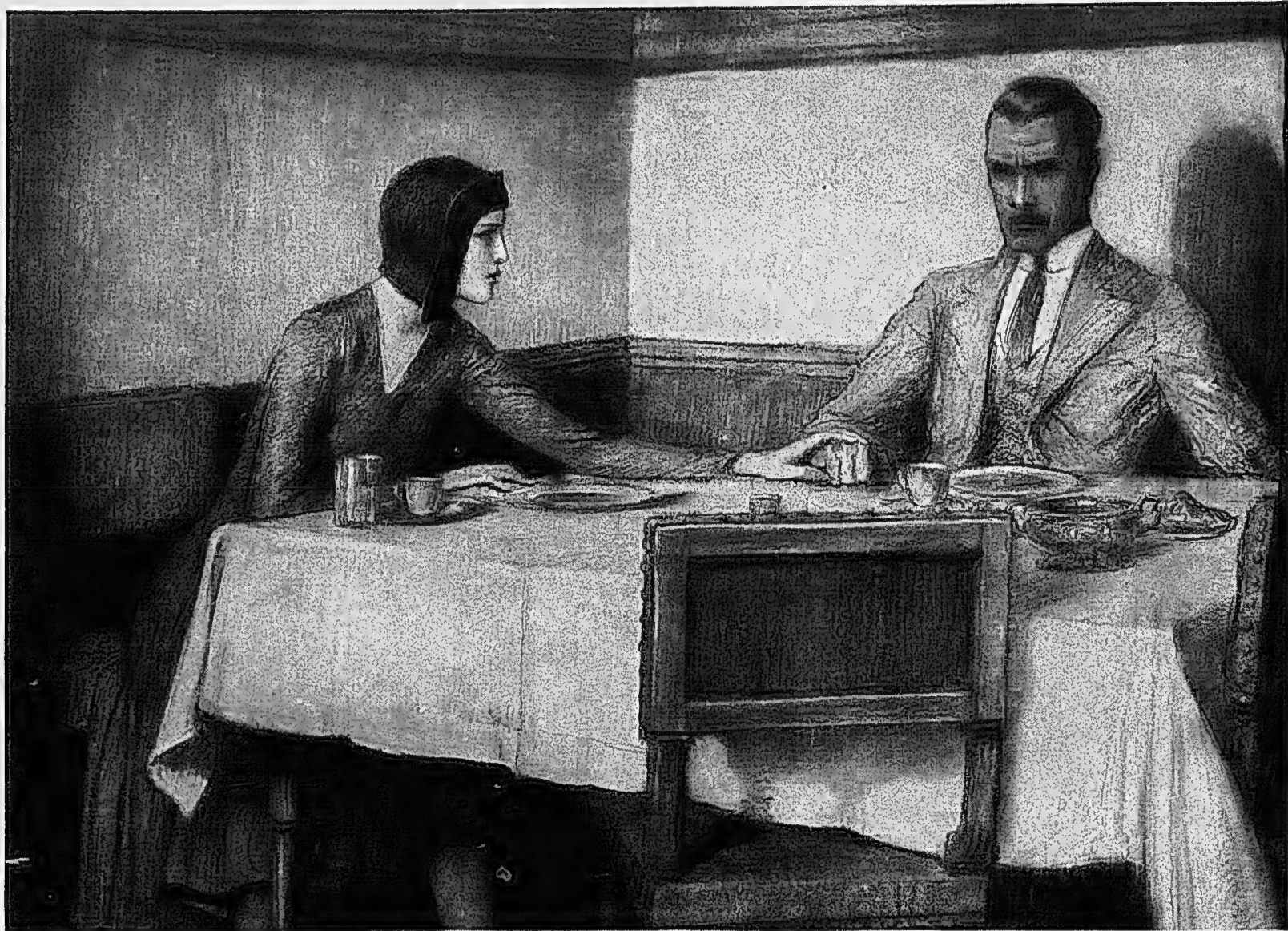
*Choice of Colors at No Extra Cost
Four Two-way Shock Absorbers
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Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel
and Oil Gauge*

This Essex is faster than most people want to drive. Its unusual roadability gives full sense of security at all speeds. And with its more flexible, brilliant and smoother performance it obtains even greater economy in fuel, oil and tires.

See the new Essex Challenger. With it, you too, will confidently challenge all that motordom offers.

ESSEX Challenger

AT A PRICE ALL CAN AFFORD



NITCHI

*The Story
of a Greater Love*

"You don't mind my burbling over like this, do you?" she said impulsively. "We've been such good pals."

WARE was a splendid figure of a man at any time, but the candle-light that flooded the dinner table was particularly kind to him. It smoothed over the spots where his rocklike features had begun to weather, richened the tan of his naturally fair skin, and made the flares of gray that shot upward from his temples seem merely play of light and shade on his thick chestnut hair. Even the slight ripple of perfectly conditioned muscles beneath his dinner jacket was accentuated in the velvety light. He could have claimed an exemption of fifteen years from the half century he possessed and have won his plea without difficulty.

The candle glow, on the other hand, was ruthless with his guest. Young Barry's swarthy skin and startlingly sharp facial structure were better suited to broad daylight. His eyes, heavily shaded by overhanging brows, were deep black wells, each with a single, brilliant star reflected at the bottom. Occasionally his teeth flashed whitely, like a vein of pure quartz revealed as the plow-



By
FREDERICK B. WATT

a twenty-eight-year-old Canadian who was in an Eskimo village above the Arctic Circle when we bought this story. British naval reservist during and after the war; newspaper man, poet, and fiction writer.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

share of good humor slit the narrow furrow of his mouth.

Shadows, following his prominent, aquiline features, drew a bold, impressionistic sketch as though in heavy charcoal. It was the work of a few definite strokes, yet it was a finished, vivid picture. Only the unmistakably youthful carriage of Barry denied that he and his host were of an age. Power stood out in him as it did in Ware, but where the older man's strength was that of the bow, Barry's was that of the toughened sinew thong.

Ware regarded his guest frankly.

"I suppose you're wondering why you—a bare acquaintance—should be here alone with me tonight?" he suggested.

One of the rare flashings of Barry's teeth appeared. "I am grateful," he replied easily, "but scarcely surprised. After all, we have a good deal in common, and it isn't unnatural that you should wish to see me to talk"—he gave a suspicion of a chuckle—"shop."

Their eyes met. Ware's registered quiet inquiry, with the slightest shade of antagonism. Barry's, beneath their craglike brows, were pin points of fire.

"Possibly you are under the impression," advanced the

elder, "that I am desirous of enlisting you in my new expedition?"

"I know the territory as well as any man," said Barry noncommittally, "and, for a young man, am rated a very fair geologist. Could you use me?"

"Very possibly," admitted Ware. "That's not what I asked you here tonight for, however."

As he spoke he leaned forward on the snowy tablecloth. It was, outwardly, a casual enough movement, yet Barry could sense that every muscle of his host's hard body was rigid. The young man lounged back in his chair, drew slowly on his cigarette, and exhaled a thin, sluggish stream of smoke.

"I didn't think that was what it was," he admitted lightly. "You want to speak of Joan, don't you?"

"Yes," confirmed Ware with almost harsh abruptness.

"Well?" Barry's eyes glinted laughter that contained no humor.

"I've no right to ask," said the older man slowly, "but are your intentions serious?"

The guest shook his head, the light in his eyes unchanging.

"You know mine are," pressed Ware; "that we would have been engaged if you had delayed your appearance and attentions to her a week longer."

"I had only hearsay for that," answered Barry with the dangerous indolence of a lounging cougar. "Hearsay is a damnably undependable thing to go on."

"You know it definitely now," insisted Ware. "I want you to see the situation clearly. If you wanted her—as I do—I'd say nothing of it and take my chance that I was a better man than you. But if you're only playing about, as I've suspected all along, I'm not above discussing the matter. You're making her dissatisfied and, when you're tired of play, you'll make her devilishly unhappy. In the meantime you're laying yourself open to the charge of being a cad, trailing a girl because her most serious admirer happens to be twice her age."

"AGE has nothing to do with it," cut in Barry. "You're a better physical specimen than the average young man about town; you've a name that's known with credit throughout the dominion; you've done things—"

"Let that pass," ordered Ware, a hard note of anger in his cultured voice. "You're smirking behind the compliment. Are you willing to play the game, take your philandering elsewhere, and go as geologist with me when I leave in May?"

"That sounds like a bribe," suggested the guest, drawling the words. "I hope I don't appear as unscrupulous as all that?"

"If you are lacking in principles," answered Ware coldly, "I'm willing that you take it as a bribe. If you're a man, you can take my word for it that I wanted your services before you even met Joan."

"No one could escape appreciating such honesty of expression," said Barry in a tone that revealed neither seriousness nor mockery. "I'm sorry that I can't accept your offer."

"Why?" Ware's voice trembled as he fought back fierce exasperation.

"Well, you see," explained Barry, tapping the table deliberately with his index finger, "I've an interest in you."

"Sentimental, I suppose," suggested Ware with icy sarcasm.

"To be more correct," answered the young man quietly, "filial."

"Eh?"

"Exactly," continued Barry, his eyes never leaving Ware's suddenly frozen features. "I can't very well let you go ahead and become engaged to a jolly decent girl while my mother—and your wife—is still living."

There was a terrific silence. Slowly Ware met the gaze of the man across the table.

"What is it?" he demanded shortly. "Blackmail?"

"I wondered how you'd take it," came the reply.

"I suppose you've raked up some old crone who claims she's Mary Anderson?" pressed Ware.

Barry, for reply, reached into an inside pocket, pro-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wake up, old scalp—



and
grow
new
hair!

TRY this setting-up exercise once a week and your scalp will reward you with so much new hair that you need not fear baldness. First, a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic applied directly to the scalp. Then a brisk massage with the tips of the fingers—round and round, with special attention to the crown of the head and the temples. Then your usual shampoo.

The massage stimulates circulation and feeds the hair roots. The Tonic cleanses the scalp and lubricates it. That's all you need to keep the scalp healthy.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is sold in convenient shaker-type bottles—2 sizes—at all good drug stores. A product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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NITCHI
[Cont'd from page 43]

duced a leather photograph case, and tossed it across the table. With fingers stiffened as though by a cold wind, Ware opened it and regarded the picture within. There was another long silence, during which the ticking of the grandfather's clock in a corner of the room sounded like the noisy blows of a sledge hammer on a steel rail.

"When was this taken?" Ware finally asked.

"Last summer," replied the other. "Snapped it myself."

"She hasn't—" began the older man falteringly.

"Hasn't gone to fat like the ordinary Indian of her age," supplied Barry. "No, she's still a remarkably fine figure—for a woman of any color."

"She never married—again?" demanded Ware. "You are really her—our—son?"

Barry nodded. His father regarded him long and intently.

"I NEVER knew," he said at last.

"You took precious good care that you didn't," rapped the boy. Then, as Ware attempted to protest, "Oh, I know more of you cleared out and junked your native wives than stood by their bargains. That didn't make the marriages any the less legal, though, if the women chose to press their claims and located their men."

"I appreciate that," muttered Ware, humble for the first time. "I thought she must be dead—or married to one of her own people—by this time."

"There was little indication of your attempting to confirm it," said Barry relentlessly. Ware held up a long, powerfully fingered hand in a combined plea for silence and gesture of admission. Again his eyes roved over the boy, following every ridge of the keen, sharply chiseled face, every line of the tall, supple body.



"Shake on it?" questioned Ware. "Certainly." They stood, shoulder to shoulder and right hands locked like a vise, for an instant.

"You're a good-looking chap," he said, a half-whimsical smile flickering on his lips. "I suppose you're deucedly proud of your father?"

"I'm quite content to use his Christian name as my surname," answered Barry. "There's no danger of my

insisting on becoming a Ware in the eyes of the world, though, if that's causing you any qualms."

"Tell me about yourself," said Ware softly.

"Do you deserve to be told?" shot his son.

"No," confessed the other flatly. "But tell me anyway."

"There's little to it," answered Barry. "Mother insisted on my being educated by the sisters at the fort and I took to it remarkably well—for a half-breed. After a while I became ambitious on my own account. One way and another I got as far as Edmonton and worked my way through the university. Knowing the north as I did, I had opportunities that other mining undergraduates hadn't. Woodcraft and other things I had picked up honestly"—he smiled vindictively at the listener—"all helped. I'm still ambitious. That's why I'm here in the east looking for some dependable, high-flying star to hitch my wagon to."

"Does my offer interest you?" demanded Ware.

"Not a bit," replied Barry with cruel candor. "How would I know you wouldn't chuck me—as you did mother—after I had set my plans by you?"

"You're quite within your rights in asking," admitted Ware, with a sigh that shook his big frame, "and it would be futile for me to reply. However, if you feel like coming with me at a later date, let me know. I'd like to have you"—adding half shyly—"for more reasons than that you're a first-class geologist."

"And as regards Joan—?" snapped Barry.

WARE sat very straight in his chair and even the kindly candlelight failed to gloss over the lines of pain that crept across his forehead and out from the corners of his mouth.

"Naturally," he said stolidly, "that's over with. Thank God I was no more outspoken. There'll be little enough even for the gossips to pick on. Joan won't mind. She's been thinking more of you in the last week than she has of me."

"Ha!" jerked Barry. Then slowly, "How will it affect you?"

"It'll hurt like hell," answered Ware frankly. "When a man's waited until my age to fall for a girl it 'takes' seriously. I tell you this to give you the satisfaction of knowing that I am beginning to pay somewhat heavily for the injustices of the past."

"Oh, go ahead and carry on as though I had never opened my mouth tonight," invited the boy with studied carelessness. "I shan't say a word. I've a sense of proportion, a sense of humor—acquired from my mother."

Ware winced.

"I've got it coming to me," he muttered, "but there's no need to rub it in unless you're looking for the satisfaction some of your ancestors derived from burning a man at the stake."

"There are other and more recent forms of torture than those practiced by the maternal side of my family," said Barry, as though apropos of nothing.

"You are a heartless young devil," whispered his father.

The boy rose and stretched his sleek body. He gave grace to even so inelegant a movement.

"Come by it naturally," he answered unemotionally.

"Well, I must get along. Thanks for a jolly supper."

Ware came to his feet with his guest, stepped to the fireplace, and leaned heavily on the mantel.

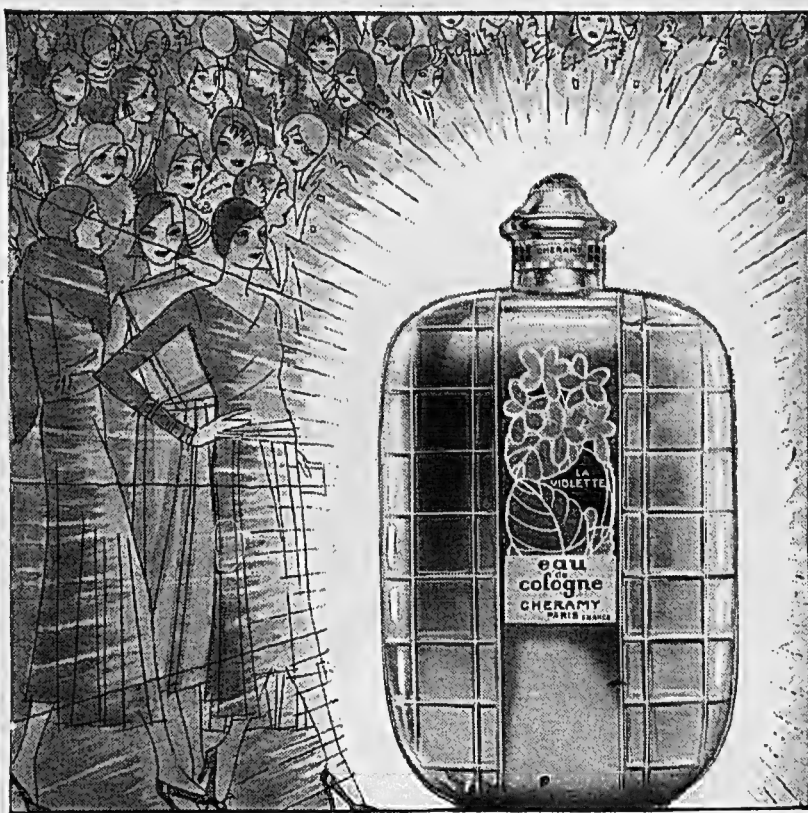
"Don't go for a minute," he invited. "Tell me of your mother—of Mary. Is she well?"

"Quite," replied Barry curtly.

"She knows where I am?"

"Always has," answered the other. "Word comes slowly down there—but it comes. She knew when she heard of your big strike the year after you left that you would never come back. She was even more certain when you were chosen to head the government expedition two years later. After that she left Good Hope and went where she wasn't known. Didn't appreciate being pointed out as Big Barry Ware's woman. I imagine she was afraid some smart fellow would take the opportunity to blackmail you or ruin your career."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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NITCHI
[Continued from page forty-five]

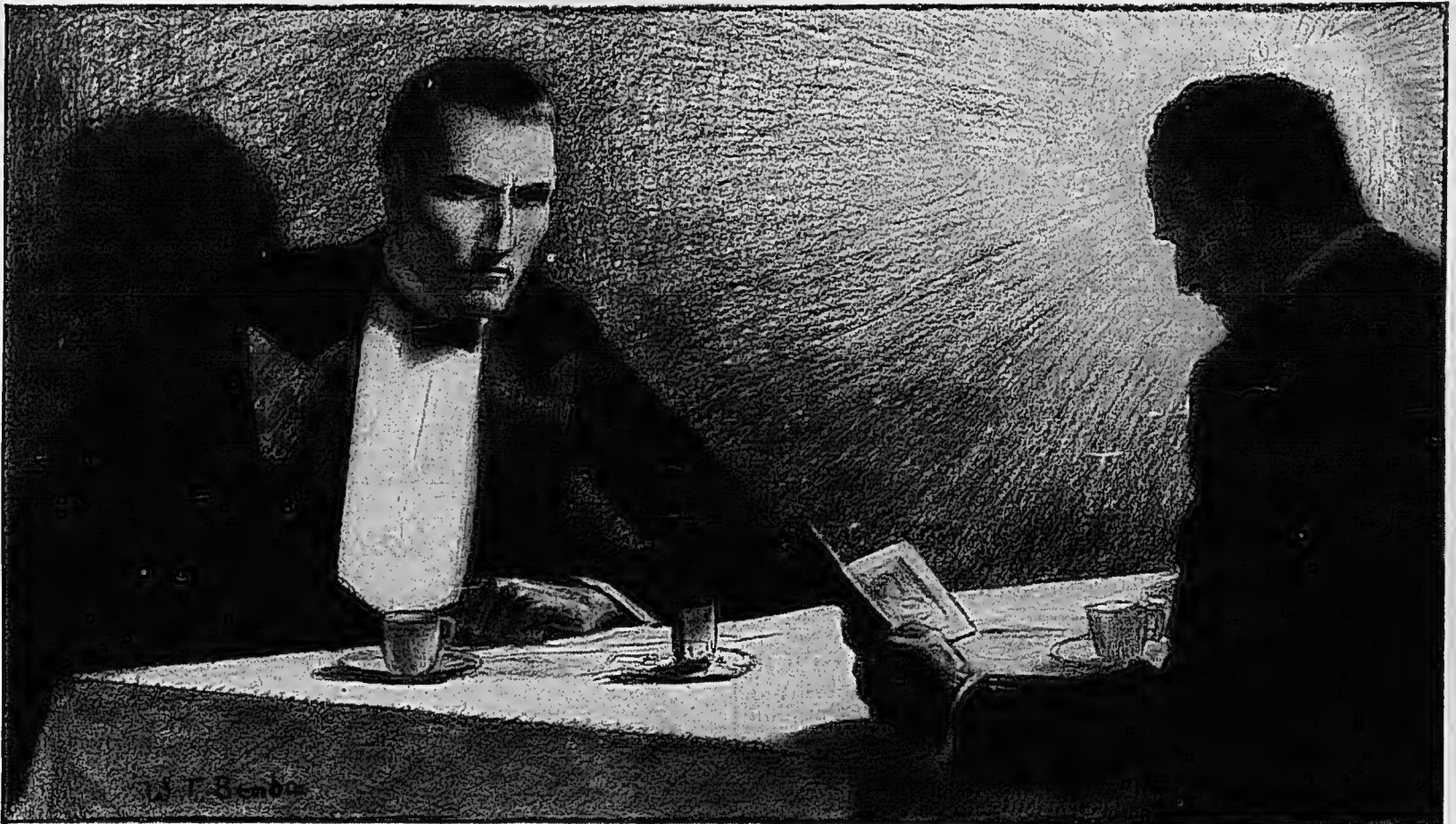
"Why shouldn't she?" asked Ware. "It would only have served me right."

"There's more to her than any half dozen white women," said Barry with a sudden rasping intensity. "She was content to let you go. She even takes a pride in what you have done, what you are doing. And she has me."

"You claim her—even here?" demanded Ware.

of good breeding showed in her quick, even stride, the expressive toss of her golden, bobbed head, the very way her simple, expensively tailored blue suit clung to her. Mentally, Ware compared her to the photo Barry had shown him on the previous evening. Stified with emotion, he found it almost hurt him to draw his breath.

"You're a veritable morgue today, Ware," she chided, when half of the lunch had disappeared with scarcely a word spoken. "What's the matter? In love?"



Ware regarded the picture within. "She never married—again? You are really her—our—son?" Barry nodded.

"No," answered the boy, "but only because she insists upon it; for the same reason that she won't let me bring her out and fix her up in the sort of establishment I can afford now."

"Where is she?"

"At Fort McQuarrie. They've a hospital there now and she gives the young doctor a hand. She's known as Barry—has been ever since she left Good Hope and lost herself from the old associations. It's rather a joke, you know, the way you've been giving Good Hope a wide berth for years, when there was no more danger of your running into her than there was on St. Catherine's Street."

"Yes," agreed Ware with a dry laugh, "it is funny, isn't it?"

Ware commenced to pace the room, the passage of his large body setting the candles flickering and throwing grotesque shadows on the walls. Abruptly he halted before Barry.

"PLEASE come with me," he pleaded, low desperation in his voice. "She'd be pleased."

"Perhaps she would," admitted the young man, "but I don't enjoy her philosophy completely. You see, I'm neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. I'm a half-breed, not even a decent Nitchi, a mass of inconsistencies, a—"

"Stop!" thundered Ware.

"You understand, of course," shrugged Barry. He bowed slightly. "Good night—father."

The other nodded his head heavily, incapable of speech. He remained standing some minutes after the boy had left, his eyes on the chair Barry had quitted.

He lunched with Joan the following day, purposefully choosing a large, well patronized restaurant as their meeting place. The girl carried herself like a proper little thoroughbred as she moved down the aisle between the tables, nodding to numerous friends. The assurance

He started, caught off his guard.

"Sorry," he answered. "It's worse than that. I want to talk seriously and I don't know how to start."

For a moment her cool gray eyes clouded with uneasiness, then met his.

"Fire ahead," she commanded. "It's a queer day when we two find it hard to make talk."

Ware drew a design of the tablecloth with his fork.

"I'VE been hearing some gossip," he said slowly "that's linked our names. Seems the maddening crowd has it figured out that I should marry you if I'm going to occupy so much of your time. Naturally, we can't oblige them, and it's up to me to soft pedal a bit on my attentions. I just want you to understand what it's all about when I'm not as much in evidence as I have been."

He heard her draw her breath sharply and, in cold fear, awaited an angry outburst. Instead, however, a chuckle escaped her.

"Idiot," she answered. "You know how much gossip worries me. As far as that goes, there isn't the slightest reason why we shouldn't marry if you wished it, except"—she checked him as he quickly lifted his head—"that I happen to be already in love."

A stab of dismay came close to making Ware cry out.

"You don't mean Barry?" he asked apprehensively.

Joan nodded happily and her firm cheeks took on a deepened glow.

"Why not?" she demanded with spirit. "There's nothing wrong with him, is there, except that he refuses to allow his lips to confirm what his eyes admit?"

"Why, no," muttered the man, playing nervously with his table napkin. "He's impressed me as a first-rate fellow—what little I've seen of him. You hardly know him, though."

A glance at Joan's expression told him his last remark had been beside the point.

"He's not like the stuffed manikins about here," she said, her rich voice vibrant and her eyes holding Ware with a desperate earnestness. "He's a younger edition of you, sweet and clean like the outdoors he lives in, so self-contained he's afraid to let his emotions escape him for fear they will be classed along with the shopworn mouthings of the half-men he has found himself among. If he would only see—I know what I want, know what I can't do without—and it's Ted Barry."

She gave her head the defiant little toss he knew so well, and flicked a tear from either eye.

"You don't mind my burbling over you like this, do you, old thing?" she said impulsively, slipping a hand over his clenched fist. "We've been such good pals and I can let myself go with you—even as I can't with dad and mother."

He patted her hand.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, avoiding her gaze. His voice was barely audible.

"The devil of it is," continued Joan lowly, "he's going to remain blind—because he doesn't choose to see. He never calls on me now; never has since the evening I introduced him to dad and mother. I realize they're a bit stiff and formal, but they didn't seem to worry him at the time. He got along splendidly with them—yet that's where he started to drift away. He's been attentive enough at big affairs where we've met since then, but first thing I know he'll be off for the wilds and I'll probably never see him again."

"Probably just as well," suggested Ware lamely. "The sooner one-sided affections are over the more merciful for all concerned."

"BUT it isn't one-sided," insisted the girl passionately. "Oh, don't try and make me explain why I'm so certain, but a woman has instincts that tell her the best—or the worst. It's just that I'm one of those deceptions, a blue blood, and he's probably come from less showy beginnings and feels—"

"I'm going to be cruel to be kind," the man interrupted her, so harshly that she regarded him in bewilderment. "Barry had supper with me last night and he was perfectly frank as regards his feelings toward you."

"You asked him?" gasped the girl.

"Well—er—not exactly. I suppose I did, at that," acknowledged Ware uneasily.

"By what right?" flashed Joan. "You two are the most casual of friends, as I understand it."

Ware's eyes dropped.

"That's so," he agreed woodenly. "I suppose I was stepping beyond my territory—but I'm very deeply interested in you."

Furtively he looked up. Joan was smiling in gentle understanding.

"You're a lovable duffer," she said, "but terribly stupid at times. You don't suppose Ted would commence to rave if anyone—a man he scarcely knows, particularly—came out flatfooted with such a question? The fact that he denied so vigorously that he cared for me only proves that I'm right. If he had laughed it off, it might have been different. Did you ask him to supper just to put him through an inquisition?"

"No," replied Ware shortly. "I was inviting him to join my May expedition."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl happily. "Did he accept?"

"No. He's thinking it over."

"He'll have to go with you," thrilled Joan. "It would be such an opportunity for him—and I'd be so happy with you together. You really want him—don't you?"

She failed to notice the sudden twitching of Ware's face.

"Yes," he answered. "I do want him—really."

"You'll have him," she announced confidently, "if I have to order him along."

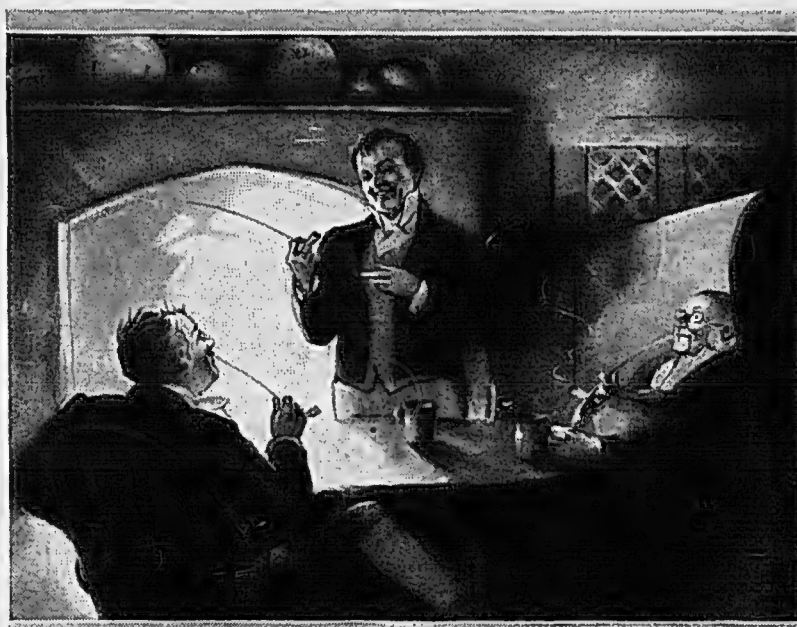
"Don't—" Ware began uncertainly. "Don't do anything foolish."

Again came the confident, expressive toss of her head.

A ghastly three days, as far as Ware was concerned, followed. No winter gale in the north had cut at his very vitals as did the surges of conscience that continually

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Then... it was a long stemmed clay for coolness



"The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher."
— Sam Slick, the Clockmaker

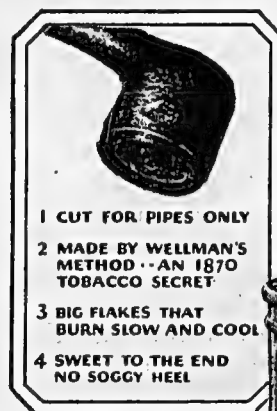
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A COOLER SMOKE IN A DRIER PIPE

NITCHI
[Continued from page forty-seven]

struck him. His mind was as a mosquito-infested swamp, a place of torture twenty-four hours in the day. A dozen times he contemplated an abrupt departure from the city, yet remained, held by the horrible fascination of impending disaster.

He formed countless plans—of making a clean breast of things to Joan, of appealing to Barry to clear out, of ending his own despicable existence. Gradually his harassed senses became numbed. The thing was too big for him. He was an old man. What use was a youthful body in such a jam? Slowly he realized that there was nothing for it but to stay on and see the rotten business to a finish. With every hour, too, the hurt that was coming to the girl he had hoped to marry became of less consequence. She had everything to make up for one blow at the heart. But Barry? If Joan had read him rightly he had already felt the lash his own father had fashioned, would feel it at every turn of his arrogant life.

Some hope for an ending of the suspense came with an invitation from Joan to supper at her home. It was a small party, she explained, but he felt certain that it would in some way be associated with the inevitable crash. The suspicion gained strength when, on being ushered into the formal Melville drawing-room, he discovered the girl alone. She was at the piano, playing softly, and unaware of his arrival. An almost severely simple evening gown revealed her smooth, firm shoulders and beautifully formed arms. For the first time Ware noted how remarkably white they were—ivorylike with just a sufficient touch of color to give them life.

"It seems I'm early," he offered.

Joan jumped from the piano stool with a little cry of surprise.

"I was over the hills and far away," she laughed. "Didn't anticipate my guests creeping up on me like stalking Indians."

The man's smile faded abruptly.

"Who are the others you're expecting?" he asked.

"The other," she corrected, her eyes bright.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ware heavily. He paced the length of the room, unable to meet her eager gaze. "Why the two of us?"

"He wouldn't come alone," Joan replied briskly. "In any case, it was best that you be here to cinch the bargain when he agrees to join your expedition."

"Does he know who the 'party' consists of?" Ware demanded.

"Why, no," answered the girl, "but he'll be bound to be pleased with the congenial company. You two talk the same language—Hello, here he is now."

BARRY, lean as a whip in his faultless dinner clothes, stopped for a moment in the open doorway and presented a bronzed mask to the occupants of the room. He flashed a polite smile as he bowed to his hostess, then nodded curtly in Ware's direction.

"Another early bird?" he suggested.

"No, the late one," replied Joan. "We're all here now."

"Oh, I see," said Barry expressionlessly.

One on either arm, she led her guests to the somber, high-ceilinged dining room.

"Mother and dad have gone to Ottawa for some sort of an official affair," she explained. "I was supposed to go along, too, but I'm ruined for stuffy functions. You two have spoiled me."

"Go easy," warned Barry, glancing insolently at his father, "or we'll be making a regular aborigine of you."

"Please try," invited Joan gayly.

Ware coughed and took a sudden interest in one of the several portraits that adorned the walls.

The brunt of the conversation during the early part of the meal fell on the youngsters. Ware, scrutinizing Barry furtively through narrowed lids, remained com-

pletely baffled as to his son's state of mind. The Indian inscrutability of the boy was made even more puzzling by his easy flow of words and, on occasion, his studied animation. He was so tremendously alive, yet so completely self-contained. A sudden surge of pride in the fruit of his primeval passion momentarily swept Ware's brain clean of its barbed, cluttered misgivings.

"Cheer up, Ware," commanded Joan. "Don't leave it up to us to carry on the party. I'll bet those dear, proper old ancestors of mine are getting on your nerves. Don't pay any attention to them. They're really awfully decent company, though, after you've lived with them for a while. Look at great-grandmother Melville—just behind you. There's character for you, written in every line. Yet she's the sweetest of the lot when you catch her in a certain light."



"SHE'S handed along a good deal of her character and sweetness to her great-granddaughter," began Ware earnestly. "One doesn't have to look twice to—"

His tongue became suddenly paralyzed. Barry had taken a small leather photograph case from his pocket and was gently tapping the table with it.

"Please go on," said the young man evenly. "I'm sorry if I distracted you."

"It's all right," muttered Ware, the pallor beneath his tan giving his cheeks a weird effect of transparency.

Joan glanced bewilderedly from one to the other. With a steady hand Barry passed the photograph to her.

"Speaking of character—and sweetness," he said quietly, "what do you think of her?"

Still vaguely puzzled, the girl accepted the case, opened it, and examined the snapshot. Tight-lipped, father and son faced each other across the table, waiting through interminable seconds for a burst of amused laughter from Joan. Ware, his heart in his throat, saw the fierce cynicism in Barry's eyes, the cruel twist at the corner of his lips—and the soul in torment behind it all. The silence became unbearable.

"Well?" challenged the boy.

Joan met his stare, a thin line of wonderment between her candid eyes.

"She's a native woman, isn't she?"

Barry nodded.

"I don't know whether I'm being made the object of a joke," the girl said gravely, fascinated by the drawn countenances of the men, "but I think it's a wonderful face, whether you do or not. There's much of it that isn't unlike yourself, Ted."

The compressed breath in Barry's lungs was allowed to escape silently.

"There should be," he answered simply.

He made no attempt to avoid the softly penetrating eyes that were on him. Mixed with his quiet defiance was a look of tenderness that seemed sharply out of place on his dark, aggressive young face. Again came a long silence, but this time the seconds lacked jagged edges.

"Your father?" whispered Joan.

"Scarcely enters in the matter," replied Barry, "except that he gave me a name and a greater respect for my mother."

A little smile on her lips contrasted with the mistiness of the girl's eyes.

"Any woman who earned your loyalty," she said fervently, "would possess something very beautiful, something she could cling to—no matter what happened."

Her hand slid across the table toward him. It was a thoroughly feminine gesture, yet possessed the impulsiveness of something a man, shy of sentimentality, would do. Barry half rose, his dark mask riven, and a light, as though reflected from the glowing face opposite him, softening every line of his keen features. Slowly he sank back to his chair, groped for the white hand, and



allowed his brown fingers to close over it as though it offered him the only handhold on the brink of a black precipice.

Ware was forgotten entirely until the scraping of his chair, as he pushed it back from the table, reminded them of his presence. They looked up sharply, yet their attitudes remained unchanged.

"I hope you don't mind my pushing off to an important business engagement," he said, his usually crisp voice as gentle as a woman's. "In any case, I have to go, whether you mind or not. I've something rather important to tell you, Joan, but it will keep until tomorrow. Are you joining my expedition, Barry?"

The boy rose, his jaw set sternly.

"I have already said—" he began.

"Just a moment," Ware cut in. "The plans are undergoing a considerable alteration. We're going to be based at Fort McQuarrie. There are a number of things I've delayed doing for a long time in that territory that will have to be cleaned up. I may stay there for a considerable time. You, of course, will come out with the freeze-up."

NOT a muscle of Barry's face moved, but a momentary glitter, like the flashing of a beacon, stabbed the shadows beneath his outjutting brows.

"I'd be very pleased to sign on," he said.

"Shake on it?" questioned Ware eagerly.

"Certainly," came the reply.

They stood, shoulder to shoulder and right hands locked like a vise, for an instant. They smiled at one another, each in his own fashion, yet with the pride of kin boldly evident.

"Shall I tell her?" demanded Barry lowly.

"No," answered Ware. "Let me do that tomorrow—leave me some opportunity to prove that I am, if even only in a small way, worthy of my son. Good night, my boy."

"Good night, sir."

At the door, Joan, without warning, threw her arms about the departing guest's great shoulders.

"I'm so excited—that he's going with you," she whispered.

"And I no less," replied the man, fighting to maintain the steadiness of his voice.

He walked to his lodgings. A casual observer, following the healthy swing of the massive figure, would have sworn that Ware wasn't a day over thirty-five.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

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She Always Dressed for Dinner

The teacher was explaining in what order we need the three necessities of life—air, food, and clothing. All agreed that air was what we needed most.

To the question of what was the next most important item, little Mildred replied, "Clothes."

"No," said teacher; "we need food more than clothes."

"But," persisted Mildred, "I want my clothes on before I eat."—Mrs. Lena C. Brown, Tietzen Ranch, Pozo, Calif.

* * *

Demonstrating Betty's Adenoids

While in Ohio I saw two pretty little girls in a car with a Pennsylvania license. That being my home, I asked the older one where she lived. She told me and continued with an account of their visit to Aunt Mary. When she finished I said, "Is this your little sister?"

She replied, "Yes, that's Betty. Betty, say Philadelphia for the gentleman."

Betty promptly said something that sounded like Pomaphelomony, and the older one, shielding her mouth with her hand, said to me in a stage whisper, "Adenoids."—T. E. McMeans, 5810 Cowen Pl., Seattle, Wash.

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"I'se Quit"

A New For THE LOVE O' LIL

"I ALWAYS say that a theater party isn't a theater party without a little snack at home afterward," Lil was telling her guests as Sandy fumbled his key in the lock. "Here's hoping Magnolia has fixed something nice for us."

"Magnolia?" Mrs. Stuart asked, stepping on Lil's yellow pumps as she passed by her in the dim vestibule.

"The name sounds very flowery."

"We couldn't keep house without Magnolia," Sandy said. "Waitresses come and waitresses go, but Magnolia stays on forever."

"Forever?" Lil giggled. "Just two months. Go easy on the remarks or you'll be scraping dishes again. She's our only kitchen hope."

"Hope springeth ever internal," Mr. Stuart announced. He'd paid ten dollars on a correspondence course in conversation and



This week's cover picture.

knew just when to work in pat quotations. "And I think I smell cheese."

"Sh-sh!" his wife whispered, nudging him.

They all smelled cheese. Sandy opened the sitting-room windows while the guests removed their wraps. Lil fled to the pantry. There sat Magnolia on a high stool. She was sound asleep with her head resting on the bread box and her feet under the sink.

"Magnolia!" Lil gasped. "We're back from the theater. Is everything ready?" She shook her.

"Yes, ma'am," Magnolia declared, coming to. "De after theayter repast am prepared!" She straightened up and swayed toward the dining-room door, balancing a platter of assorted cheese sandwiches.

Lil smelled the coffee-pot handle burning but she hurried in to her guests.

"Sit down," Magnolia invited, lurching around the table with the sandwiches.

"Ah, Camembert," a guest beamed, helping himself bountifully. His name was Hale and he was a hearty eater. "Did you ever visit a cheese market?"

"This table looks like a cheese market," Mrs. Hale laughed.

"Ah wuz trampin' through de valley," Magnolia was singing in the pantry. "De valley, de valley!"

The guests roared. Magnolia shuffled in with a tray of coffee cups. She was suffering with hiccups and Lil thought she caught a whiff of whisky.

"Take the artificial ice off the cream," Lil whispered at midnight from behind a sardine sandwich.

"Artificial ice?" Magnolia yelled. "Yes, ma'am."

They waited patiently for the ice cream. Five, ten, fifteen minutes. There were bursts of song from the pantry but they didn't cut any ice cream.

"I think we'd better step out there, dear," Lil told Sandy when their guests were laughing at Magnolia.

Oh! The sink was filled with dishes, glassware, and remains of food. An empty whisky bottle stood on the table. And Magnolia, dressed for the street, rose dizzily from the stool, clutching umbrella and bundle.

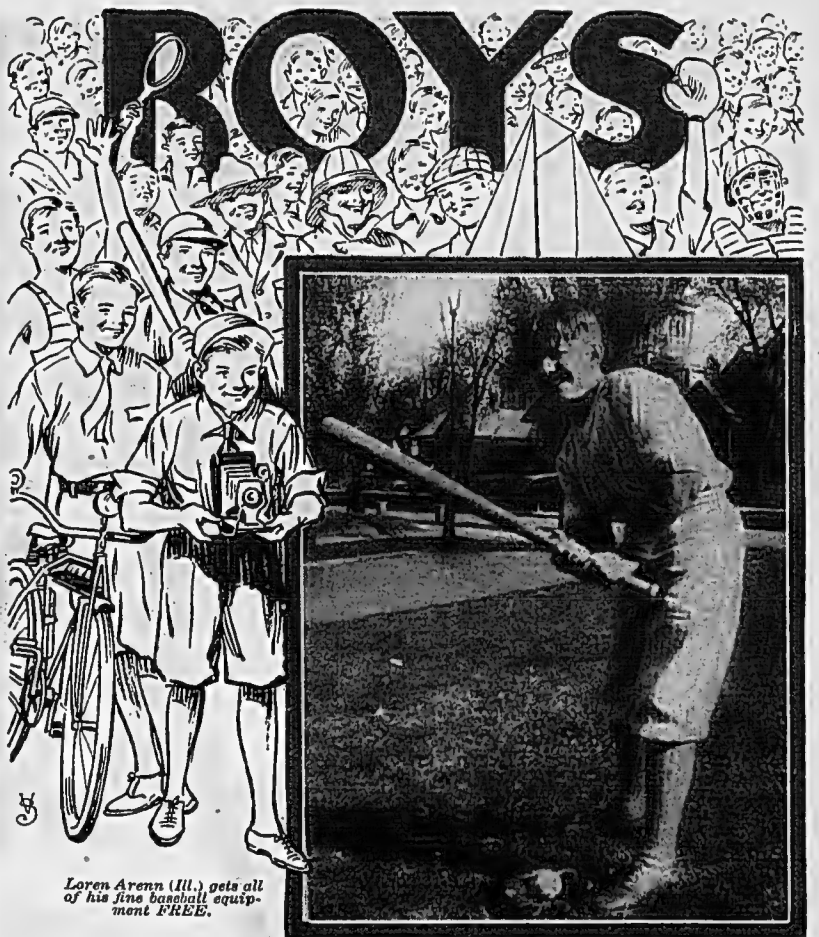
"Why—why—what does this mean?" Lil demanded.

"Mean?" Magnolia repeated, swaying like a giant green, blue, and red tropical flower. "It means, party or no party—hic—hic—I'se quit!"

(Next week's cover adventure: April Fool)

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International photo; by permission of San Francisco Examiner

The corner of Market and Steuart streets, San Francisco, scene of the bomb explosion of July 22, 1916; from a photograph taken a few minutes after the bomb went off.

The Mystery of THOMAS J. MOONEY

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

ONE of the interesting things about this story of the Preparedness Parade bomb explosion in San Francisco on July 22, 1916, with the deaths of ten persons and the subsequent conviction of Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, is the fact that, regardless of what I write, a great many persons are going to be furious when they read it.

Exhaustive and unbiased though my study of the 8,000,000 words in the record of the case has been, and fair and impartial though I strive to be in setting down the chronicle of Mooney's career and its climax, there are adherents to each theory—the theory of his guilt, and the theory of his persecution by the "interests" of California—who will contradict, resent, and denounce my article.

However, I make no effort to solve the riddle of that summer's sanguinary afternoon; and the fact that I classify it as still a mystery at least indicates my personal attitude as to Mooney's participation in the massacre of helpless men, women, and children.

In this affair there are three outstanding elements: first, there are certain undisputed facts; second, there is the prosecution's version; and, third, there is the viewpoint of the defense. I take it that the best way to tell the story is to set down, in that enumerated sequence, as briefly as may be possible in so complicated a case, everything ascertainable about the tragedy.

It is a general journalistic practice to refer vaguely, almost in a cowardly manner, to the "interests" when any situation involves those ghostly persecutors of the proletariat. Lest this charge be brought against this magazine and myself, let me identify these interests:

*Who Exploded the Bomb
in the Preparedness Parade?*

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

they were the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, California's major public utility; and the United Railroads, which owned and operated a large part of the street-car system of San Francisco.

And lest it be thought at the outset of this narrative

that I thus strive to win the approbation of radicals and liberals, let me hasten to portray the character of Mooney. He was an I. W. W., a foe of the Allies in the World War and a friend of German propaganda, an advocate of violence in industrial disputes, an enemy of all churches and governments, a hater of American institutions, a disciple of Bolshevism, and a protagonist of dynamiting methods in winning a strike or in hamstringing America's efforts to enter the war in a state of preparedness.

IN short, we have two conflicting and irreconcilable mental processes—on the one hand, the P. G. & E. and the U. R., with their former fierce opposition to organized labor; and, on the other hand, a violent anarchist.

Let us now get to the story, setting forth, first, the facts concerning which no quarrel may be made.

Drifting toward participation in the World War, it occurred to numerous citizens of California that preparedness was desirable. To attune the public mind toward that goal it was decided, in the spring of 1916, to stage a monster parade in San Francisco and with speeches and ceremonies direct the common thought to proper preparation for the coming clash in France.

The project was discussed and planned and played up in the public press. It was to be a patriotic, civic, fraternal, and business mobilization in the streets. Almost everybody applauded the idea. Everybody except the editors



By permission of San Francisco Examiner

The front page of the San Francisco Examiner of July 23, 1916—the day after the parade and the explosion.

\$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of Thomas J. Mooney is the third of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am writing in my new \$10,000 mystery contest series. Here, for the first time, the principal characters and known facts, clues, and motives will be mobilized and related in complete stories.

Everybody loves to find his own solution to an answerless riddle—and it will be much more entertaining to be paid real money for reaching a solution! Liberty therefore is going to give its readers \$10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of \$500, one of \$250, one of \$100, one of \$50, and four of \$25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

of and contributors to an anarchistic periodical published in San Francisco and called the Blast.

The Blast was founded by Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, later put in prison and then deported to Russia; and its most ardent supporter was Tom Mooney. He wrote articles and editorials opposing the parade, and

he harangued his followers from every available rostrum.

If all other means of preventing the manifestation fail, Mooney cried with voice and pen, then violence "that will echo round the world" must speak for the downtrodden masses, the poor workers, the helpless victims of the interests, who are being hurled into the caldron of war by the international bankers, the munition makers, the servile politicians who obey Wall Street.

Even the assassination of President Wilson was advocated, so unrestrained became the shrieks in the Blast. To wit, this paragraph in the issue of March 4, 1916: "The federal government has suppressed The Alarm of Chicago and The Revolt of New York. . . . Invasion of personal liberty, suppression of free speech, shooting rebellious workers, all this is of the essence of government. We understand Wilson's position. He must do his master's bidding, but we warn the weathercock of the White House that it may not prove safe. Suppression of the voice of discontent leads to assassination. *Vide Russia.*"

Now, there had been for years a bitter warfare between the interests in San Francisco and the workers. This war had two aspects: one, the workers were trying to unionize

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo—
Tom Mooney as he appeared at the time of his conviction as a participant in the bombing.

[THE MYSTERY OF THOMAS J. MOONEY]
Continued from page fifty-three

and were encountering the effective hostility which great and unscrupulous wealth can employ; and, two, the anarchist fringe on the rim of decent labor, headed by Mooney and the McNamaras and their sort, were dynamiting transmission towers, power houses, and steel lines, and at the same time trying to organize the distracted workers into direct-action unions. Mooney's favorite target was the conservatism of organized labor leaders, and organized labor at that time repudiated him personally and all his methods.

The whole West was in a turmoil. I. W. W. leaders were burning hop fields, derailing trains, exploding tunnels, dynamiting the Los Angeles Times and shipyards, wrecking power



Edward D. Nolan



Warren K. Billings

Nolan was arrested, but was never tried. Billings got prison for life.



P. & A. photos

Tom Mooney and his wife, Rena, in court. She was acquitted.

plants and street cars, calling unsanctioned strikes, and generally playing havoc with the public peace and order and the government's efforts to present a united front in Wilson's pen-and-ink quarrels with the Kaiser.

In spite of which—and detailed reference will be made anon to Mooney's own activities—the Preparedness Parade was set for Saturday, July 22, 1916. Immediately the Blast redoubled its outcries, and leaders in the enterprise, both men and women, were warned and threatened by mysterious telephone calls and anonymous letters.

Market Street, the main thoroughfare of San Francisco, runs northeast and southwest. Its northeastern end leads into the Embarcadero, a great open space in front of the Ferry Building, from which boats ply to the bay cities. The parade, composed of units from all over the state, was to form in the Embarcadero and proceed southwest on Market Street to the Civic Center.

On many of the cross streets other units were to wait and, while the parade was passing, march out into Market and fall in line in prearranged places. Because of the inevitable delays in getting a great parade under way, the groups in the side streets lolled around, sitting on curbs and resting in the July sun.

Starting up Market, the first street on the left, a short block from the Embarcadero, is Steuart Street, which runs southeast from Market. In here was a unit of G. A. R. veterans. Many of their relatives waited with them. Here, as on all the streets and, of course, on Market, the crowds were jammed four deep along the curbs.

ABOUT 1:30 o'clock somebody left an old suitcase on the west sidewalk of Steuart Street, about thirty feet from the corner of Market. The corner building there was a saloon. A number of persons noticed the abandoned suitcase against the saloon wall, but nobody paid any attention to it—the town was filled with visitors carrying hand luggage and putting it down everywhere.

At 2:06 o'clock, exactly, there was a frightful detonation—a time-device bomb within the old suitcase had exploded. Men and women and children and old soldiers lay strewn about, torn to pieces, while a pall of oily smoke hung a moment above the street and then dissolved in the sunshine.

Six persons were dead (two more died later) and forty lay mangled and moaning when the stunned throng broke apart to let the first policemen in. There was a hole in the

sidewalk where the suitcase had been, four inches deep and about twenty inches long, and the wall had been riddled. Fragments of an iron pipe and bits of suitcase fabric were picked up, and scattered all about were discharged and undischarged .22, .32, and .38 caliber cartridges, and other pieces of metal, some of these 700 feet from the scene.

The ambulances came, the place was roped off, and the parade went on while detectives got to work. In a few days the rewards had mounted to \$17,500. Duncan Matheson, detective bureau captain, was assigned specifically to solve the atrocity; and Charles M. Fickert, the district attorney, excluded all other affairs from his calendar.

On the afternoon of the explosion Martin Swanson, a detective previously employed by the Pinkertons



Israel Weinberg



Charles M. Fickert

Weinberg was acquitted. Fickert, as district attorney, was the prosecutor.

and now working for the interests, went to Fickert's office—and thereafter the search focused upon certain men. Swanson's share in the case will be told presently; it will explain the frantic insistence of the defense that Mooney and his friends were persecuted.

FOUR days later the first arrests were made. Warren K. Billings, a twenty-three-year-old convicted dynamiter and friend of Mooney's, was arrested at a hospital where he had gone for treatment of a skin disease.

Edward D. Nolan was arrested in his home at 82 Angelica Street. In his basement were found a .22 rifle, .32 and .38 cartridges, pistols, and certain materials which the police said could be used in the construction of a bomb. He was known as a follower of Mooney.

The next day Israel Weinberg, a jitney driver, was taken into custody. He had often driven the Mooneys and had attended their lectures.

The same morning Chief of Police White received a telegram from Montesano, a nearby summer resort. It was signed by Tom Mooney and said he had just read in the papers that he was wanted in connection with the bomb. He protested against the outrage, said he was returning at once, and added that he had nothing to hide since his whole life was an open book.

The latter was a figure of speech, because he had a lot to hide and did hide it successfully, both when questioned by the police and while on the witness stand—and afterward. However, the curtain on his life will be lifted a bit in this story.

That afternoon the police boarded a train near Guerneville and arrested Mooney and his wife, Mrs. Rena Hermann Mooney.

At this time little or no interest was manifested by organized labor in the fate of these prisoners. They and their doctrines had been repudiated long before. It was not until outright perjury had been proven against state's witnesses that labor made Mooney's cause its own and raised more than a million dollars for his defense. Funds are still being collected in an effort to have him released.

On August 2, the grand jury jointly indicted the defendants named above for murder, on eight charges each. The witnesses that faced this jury and the trial courts will be discussed later, since there is much dispute about them. Here, I am telling only those things which admittedly are part of the record.

In September, 1916, Billings was tried before a jury

in Judge Frank I. Dunne's court and convicted of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to prison for life. He appealed and on September 6, 1917, the appellate court affirmed the judgment. He then asked for a rehearing and the same court denied it, and he was taken to Folsom Prison, where he has been ever since.

On January 3, 1917, Mooney went on trial before Judge Franklin A. Griffin. He was prosecuted by Fickert and his assistant, Edward A. Cunha, and was defended by W. Bourke Cockran, brought out from New York; Maxwell McNutt, a former prosecutor; and John W. Lawlor. There were ninety-one witnesses for the state and seventy for the defense.

What happened at this trial, and what happened thereafter, will be told presently. On February 9 he was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and after a motion for a new trial was refused, on February 24 he was sentenced to hang.

Mooney appealed to the state supreme court and on March 1, 1918, the conviction was sustained. Such was the agitation, in America and abroad, that President Wilson appointed a commission, headed by Secretary of Labor Wilson and Felix Frankfurter, to investigate the case. They went to California, ignored Fickert, the police, and the trial judge, and reported to the President.

Mr. Wilson then interceded with Governor Stephens, asking that the execution be postponed until Mooney could be tried on one of the other seven indictments; he had been found guilty of causing the death of Mrs. Hetta Knapp, who was killed by the bomb. As a result of this Presidential plea and the mounting agitation in California, Governor Stephens, on November 28, 1918, commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment.

On June 11, 1917, Rena Mooney went on trial, and on July 26 she was acquitted. The trial of Weinberg followed, and in October he was freed. Nolan was released on \$2,000 bail and never did face trial, the charges being dropped after a lapse of time.

FROM that time to this there has been an endless, tireless, worldwide, exceedingly clever campaign for Mooney's release from prison. From Moscow and Sydney, from Buenos Aires and Chicago, the governors of California have been bombarded with propaganda and demands for a pardon—as if Moscow and Chicago knew anything about the case except what they had been told by partisans, and as if the distance of the appellants from Sacramento gave value to their appeal.

Governor Stephens commuted Mooney's sentence and let it go at that. Governor Richardson held protracted hearings and responded by reading sabotage and arson and murder songs from the I. W. W. textbooks and hymnals, and refused to act. Governor C. C. Young has been smothered with briefs and affidavits and appeals and demands until he has

given as much attention to the Mooney case as he has to all the rest of the state's affairs.

At this writing, Governor Young is debating within himself. Billings, being a recidivist, cannot under California law apply to the governor for a pardon. He must ask the supreme court of the state to review his case and, if it sees fit to do so, recommend that the governor consider the appeal. The latter is under no obligation to confer a pardon or even consider it, but that is the only way an appeal from a two-timer can reach him.

Harassed by the demands for Mooney's release, Mr. Young candidly sidestepped the pressure: he asked the advisory pardon board to review the record and recommend to him some action concerning Mooney, while the Billings case, practically identical, was being studied by the supreme court. Both of these recommendations will presently reach the governor, and he can then no longer evade a decision in what has become California's outstanding political issue—and with a gubernatorial election coming up this year.

THE foregoing, then, recites the facts in the Mooney case on which everybody agrees. There follow, now, the prosecution's version of what happened and its interpretations thereof. Then I will give the claims and contentions of the defense—and the reader can decide for himself where the truth resides.

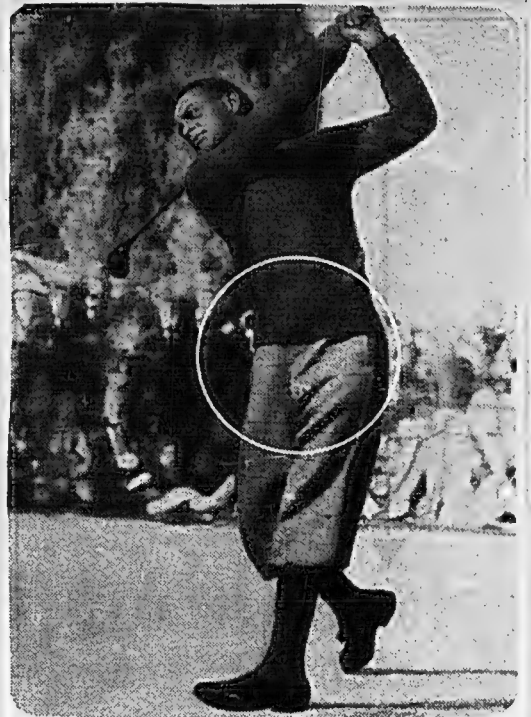
Thomas J. Mooney (the prosecution is being quoted) was born in Chicago on December 8, 1882. Bryan Mooney, his father, had gone west with his parents, both of whom were born in Ireland. Bryan was a coal miner in Indiana and Illinois. When he was fourteen years old Tom worked in the Holyoke Cotton Mills in Massachusetts. He was then apprenticed to an iron molder and became a journeyman in 1901. He worked at his trade all over the country, but was an agitator and trouble maker from the start, keeping his molder's card merely as a pretext for getting into labor circles and raising hell.

In 1907 Mooney went abroad. He visited the British Isles, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and other countries, and returned to Boston. He was studying the labor movement in Europe in its more radical aspects, though he claims he was reveling in the art galleries.

Mooney then visited New Orleans, Houston, Galveston, and Mexico City. He reached California via the west coast. In 1908 he toured the country on the Eugene V. Debs "Red Special" train, when the socialist was campaigning for the Presidency. Mooney's job was to make speeches and scatter Debs literature. In 1910 he went to Copenhagen as a delegate to the International Labor Congress. He was becoming known as a fiery labor agitator.

On July 4, 1911, Tom married Rena Brink Hermann. She had been the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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DREAM

by Arnold Bennett

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

[THE MYSTERY OF THOMAS J. MOONEY] Continued from page fifty-five

wife of William G. Hermann, a miner and a friend of Mooney's. He had a sadly disfigured face, and when he succeeded in winning the musical, charming Rena Brink for a bride, he promised to release her if she ever found a man she loved more than she did him. She met Mooney and loved him. One of Mooney's letters to her at this time expresses a fear that Hermann is objecting to their friendship.

A divorce freed Rena, and Mooney married her. They had no children; and Mrs. Mooney and John Mooney and Anna Mooney, brother and sister of the prisoner, have been indefatigable in their efforts to secure his release. Today Mrs. Mooney makes a living by teaching music in San Francisco.

In 1912 Mooney helped establish the radical periodical, the Revolt. In 1913 he was active in fomenting strikes and encouraging violence, though in no case was the striking union his own. It gave him a chance to cause trouble.

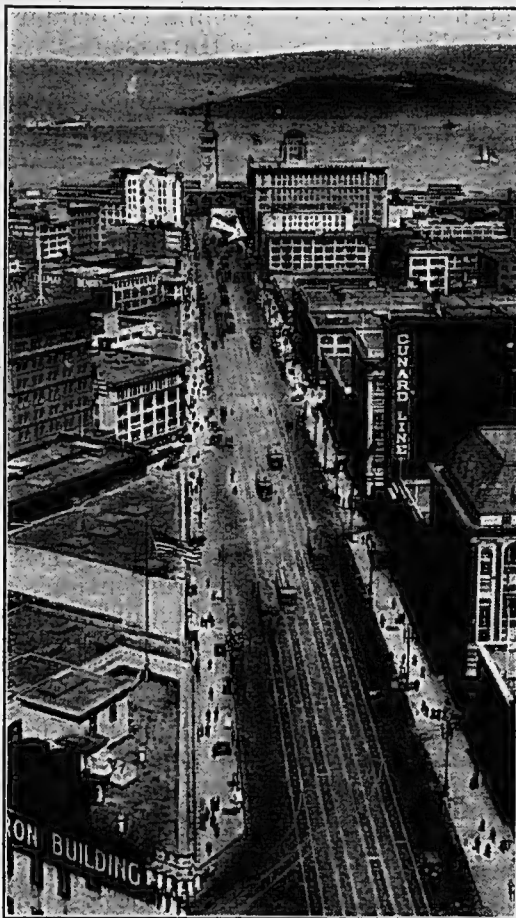
In this year he met Billings, a Brooklyn youth who worked in a San Francisco shoe factory. A strike in this factory kept Mooney on the outside and Billings, ostensibly a union renegade, inside. There he could observe things and report to the strikers. One night \$1,200 worth of shoes were destroyed, a night watchman was shot, and Billings was arrested. Maxwell McNutt, then in the district attorney's office, prosecuted Billings, but dismissed the charges when the jury disagreed.

IN May, 1913, the P. G. & E. workers struck and remained out until January, 1914. Organized labor had not indorsed this strike, but Mooney was intensely busy. More than \$200,000 worth of towers, transmission lines, and stations in bay counties were dynamited.

In Sacramento Billings was arrested with a suitcase filled with dynamite. He got two years in prison. Mooney testified for him in vain. On December 28, 1913, Mooney was arrested with Joe Brown and H. C. Hanlon, notorious dynamiters. The trio were in a rowboat and had put out for

Glen Cove, where there were many transmission towers. A storm blew them across the straits to Point Richmond. Two prisoners had escaped from San Quentin that day and everybody was looking for them. A Point Richmond citizen saw the drifting boat and called the police.

In the boat was a shotgun with an aluminum-plated barrel, so it could be used at night; a rifle with a Maxim silencer; two pistols; plenty of ammunition; and some dry-cell batteries with copper wire. The copper wire had fourteen detonating caps at intervals which, oddly enough, exactly equaled the distances between the fourteen steel girders supporting the bases of the steel towers. A clever time-clock device was attached to the infernal machine. Mooney gave the name of Charles King.



Ewing Galloway photo

Market Street, San Francisco. At the end of it is the Ferry Building. The arrow points to the corner of Stewart, where the bomb exploded.

MOONEY was tried thrice; twice the juries were hung, and he was finally acquitted when his lawyer showed that the indictment accused him of having "high" explosives, when he hadn't. He wrote a gleefully boastful letter about it to Mother Jones, senile stormy petrel of

labor troubles in the coal fields.

Early in 1916 Mooney led the battle to get pardons for the Los Angeles Times bombers who had killed twenty-one persons, mostly workers; and for several I. W. W. murderers throughout the West. When Governor Hiram Johnson failed to act, Mooney wrote that Johnson was "a cowardly cur, despicable beyond recognition, . . . and if violence is committed Johnson is responsible."

All this time Martin Swanson was employed by the Pinkerton detective agency, and he concentrated on labor dynamiters. He came to know Mooney and his friends and a ferocious hatred developed between them.

In 1916 Mooney tried to get the street-car platform men to strike. Billings had been paroled and joined him. Mooney wrote to I. W. W. secretaries everywhere, trying to get in touch with Hanlon and Brown. Swanson had quit the Pinkertons and was now working for the P. G. & E., which furnished power for the United Railways.

On June 10, 1916, Mooney ad-

dressed 150 street-car men in an I. W. W. hall. He said the electric juice would fail at midnight, the cars would be stalled everywhere, and that was the right time to strike. He then disappeared while others spoke. Edward Nolan was there and so were Israel Weinberg and Rena Mooney.

That same day the street-car company had put a notice on the walls of their barns warning the men that Mooney had once been arrested as a dynamiter, and threatening to discharge any employee affiliated with him.

The Mooney meeting, with him absent, lasted until 1 A. M., and when he didn't reappear his friends hunted for him, even going to the police station and asking if he had been arrested. At about this time a number of transmission towers were destroyed by dynamite and time clocks, and Mooney and Billings reappeared in town. A reward of \$5,000 for the dynamiters was offered.

The street-car men, however, refused to go out, and on July 13, in the midst of the Preparedness Parade agitation, Mooney and his wife were arrested for halting a street car at Market and Third streets, the principal intersection in the city, and haranguing the platform men to leave the car there and walk away.

When the men demurred, Mrs. Mooney is said to have leaped aboard and attacked a motorman. She was led away by a policeman. In Mooney's pocket was found a key to Nolan's cellar, where a motorcycle was kept, and where a .22 rifle and loaded pistols and cartridges were found after the parade explosion.

ON July 17 Swanson approached Weinberg and told him he could have the \$5,000 reward if he would incriminate Mooney in the tower explosions. Weinberg declined. The next day Swanson told Billings the same thing and promised him a good job, even introducing him to the gas company officials.

Billings stalled a bit, and at once sent word to Mooney that Swanson was out to get him. Swanson's quarry was now pretty definitely identified; and when the explosion of July 22 was staged, Swanson flew to Fickert's office and offered his help. His help resulted in the arrests and trials above described.

It is of interest, and not to be omitted, that on July 22 the queen of anarchy, Emma Goldman, was in

town. A speech she was to make that night was not made. She did, however, voice her support for the perpetrators of the bombing, though she didn't name them; and she heartily approved the Blast's previous utterances, which were that the American flag was only a striped rag, that army officers should be shot in the back to stop battles, that all felons ought to be freed, that all religions ought to be forbidden, and that the Liberty Bell was only an old cracked symbol and ought to be melted down and sold for junk. They did advocate saving the crack, as the only valuable thing about the bell.

Among the deadly debris picked up at the scene of the massacre were two small brass rings such as are used to wind alarm clocks. Experts said they belonged to the timing apparatus which gave the conspirators time to plant the bomb and flee.

THE theory on which Fickert and the police acted seems to have been this: when one finds a counterfeit bill one looks for counterfeiters, not pickpockets; when one finds a safe blown one looks for safe blowers, not forgers; and when one finds a dynamite bomb with a clock device exploded on a day when a patriotic parade is marching, one looks for known dynamiters familiar with clock devices and violently opposed to patriotism.

Hence the drive to pick up Mooney and his friends.

While the police were holding back the crowd at the scene, a man tried to speak to one of the officers. He was chased away. Later, in a barber shop, this man said he had seen a man place the suitcase. By Monday, July 24, he had told four citizens about it. Somebody urged him to go to the police.

The police asked him if he could recognize the man with the bag, and then showed him photographs of dynamiters. When he came to the picture of Billings, this witness said, "This is the man who placed the suitcase."

He looked through the pictures again and presently he said, "This is the man that came out of the saloon and talked to the first man. But he has no mustache now."

The picture, an old one, showed Mooney with a mustache.

Mr. Sutherland's story of the case of Thomas J. Mooney will be concluded in next week's Liberty.



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To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

- 1—By purchase from Russia.
- 2—A confusing network of passages; a maze.
- 3—Five years.
- 4—A bruise.
- 5—Toga.
- 6—Maine.
- 7—Allah.
- 8—The constant building up and breaking down of the cells of the body.
- 9—Washington, Oregon, and California.

- 10—Les Misérables.
- 11—Charles Evans Hughes.
- 12—Jupiter.
- 13—Time flies.
- 14—Pegasus.
- 15—One that has been dehorned.
- 16—Copper, zinc, and nickel.
- 17—An instrument which modifies a will.
- 18—Colon.
- 19—They are tailless.
- 20—Governor General.

Prize Winners in Liberty's \$25,000 Patriotic Game of Presidents

The First Prize
\$5,000
has been awarded to



Fritsch
Studio
photo

HENRY G. DAMMEYER

who was born in Indianapolis in 1868 and still lives there—which makes him something of a champion among Hoosiers. His home is at 1453 East Washington Street, his business is real estate, and his recreation is the study of art. He is married and has two children.

IN this issue Liberty begins publication of the names of prize winners in its recently conducted Patriotic Game of Presidents. A total of 835 prizes is to be announced, ranging from the first prize of \$5,000 to the 680 prizes of \$10 each, and including one hundred prizes of \$100 each to teachers. This week we announce the winner of the first prize, the fifty \$25 prizes, and 151 of the \$10 prizes. Next week more names will be published, including those of the winner of the second prize (\$1,000) and the winning teachers. To everyone we extend our heartiest congratulations!

Winners of the \$25 Prizes

Clara Land Anderson, Palatka, Fla.; Mrs. Henrietta M. Appel, Holyoke, Mass.; C. Ridgely Brown, Boston, Mass.; W. T. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Verna F. Covell, Brockton, Mass.; Ethel A. Curtis, San Francisco, Calif.; A. J. Dahlberg, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Lucille Dice, Memphis, Tenn.; C. R. DuBose, Houston, Tex.; May G. Eddy, Detroit, Mich.; Bernard Finkelstein, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. Burnett Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. R. Geller, Pittsfield, Mass.; Elizabeth Herling, Springfield, Ohio; Arthur B. Hogle, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mrs. H. Honig, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. George Hult, Sioux Falls, S. D.; John Krissa, Denver, Colo.; W. T. Lilly, Veronia, Ore.; Robert B. Lyle, Johnson City, Tenn.; Charles Serrell Lyman, Plainfield, N. J.; W. H. McPherson, Louisville, Ky.; William F. Manning, Springfield, Mass.; Yvette R. Marshall, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dorothy M. Michels, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Jas. P. Miller, Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. E. P. Mills, Shreve-

port, La.; Ruth Keller Moore, Harrisburg, Pa.; Allen A. Nellis, Jr., Athens, Ohio; Sarah M. Noonan, Blue Earth, Minn.; E. Leroy Oakes, Lakewood, Ohio; Mrs. A. E. O'Flaherty, Jr., Highland Falls, N. Y.; Miriam Piper, Paducah, Ky.; Mrs. George Polk Player, Jr., Dallas, Tex.; Lillian Popella, Vineland, N. J.; Mrs. Ben Franklin Powel, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.; Fred H. Reichert, Hawley, Pa.; Mrs. Emma P. Rodda, Baltimore, Md.; Rudolph Schmitz, Jr., University City, Mo.; Mrs. Otto H. Schrum, Davenport, Ia.; Florence R. Sheldenberger, Tacoma, Wash.; Urbane G. Shelly, Reading, Pa.; Frances Smollen, Bronx, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. F. H. Suetholz, Milwaukee, Wis.; Paul Teger, S. Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.; Mrs. Andree J. Tobey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George B. Tobey, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Van Clief, Minneapolis, Minn.; James F. Wilson, Seattle, Wash.; John H. Wilterding, Menasha, Wis.

Winners of \$10 Prizes

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Lucian C. Day, Arthur G. Hamilton, William Warren Hoeke, Jr., James Lindsay, Jean Maie, Mrs. Nelia F. Peyton, Edith Woodill Twiss, Frank C. Weems, William Wallace Wotherpoon.

MAINE

Portland—Ignatius B. Berry, Mrs. L. Isabelle Woodhouse.

Rest of State—John H. Daley, Gardiner; Maude E. Howard, Farmington; Mrs. Nora H. Knight, Bangor.

MICHIGAN

Detroit—Mrs. F. E. Bishire, Mrs. Jesse Button, Lillian A. Chassman, Emil N. Erum, Jules Fabian, Fredda Louise Gould, Mrs. A. J. Helm, Mrs. Emma Mary Hitchcock, Mrs. A. Roy, Ruth Sexton, Harold Shook, John F. Stacey, L. F. Watts.

Grand Rapids—Mrs. Sophia Hyland, Rhea A. Jonker.

Pontiac—Elena Bajari, Barbara Cornell, Elsie M. Hartingh, Mrs. Lorne Slack.

Rest of State—E. M. Bristol, Flint; John H. Buckberrough, Birmingham; George Cicen, Monroe; M. Dené, South Haven; Mrs. M. M. Lytell, Lansing; Mary K. Potter, Mount Pleasant; William Schafer, Norway; Mary Stauch, Hamtramck; Ruby Vernquist, Ishpeming.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia—Rose Marie Albert, Kate C. Barlow, C. G. Bauer, Jr., Estella S. Buckman, Dorothy M. Cortelyou, Ada S. Davis, Edward P. Dempsey,

Harriet W. De Turck, Charles E. Dietrich, Mrs. Lolita M. Geissler, S. Bruce Gilliard, Mary E. Gowen, Albert R. Graser, Mrs. Mollie Jacobs, Valeria D. Johnson, Harland O. Mearkle, George E. Miller, Bessie Rosenfeld, Estelle R. Semple, Frank L. Sheppard, Gertrude Sholdice, Mrs. Mollie G. Smolen, Mrs. Comly Hampton Stratton.

Pittsburgh—Stella L. Carden, Margaret Curtin, Ethel Goldman, William Taylor Harris, Mary E. Heizenroether, Hattie M. Henderson, Lucille Huff, G. A. Jacobs, R. J. Lawton, Grace W. Sankey.

Erie—Albert Johnston, Otis M. Wise.

Rest of State—Mrs. George D. B. Armstrong, Doylestown; Martha Berger, Canonsburg; Glenn Edmiston, State College; June Marie Estman, Grafton; Robert W. Ferrell, Jr., Picture Rocks; Evelyn A. Flemming, Allentown; Harry R. Flowers, Latrobe; M. Suzanne Graff, York; Catharine M. Hall, Drexel Hill; Madeline Harrison, Scottsdale; Syril B. Haugh, Brookville; Harold Holben, Allentown; Jos. R. Holliday, Wyomissing; James Lunny, Scranton; Mrs. Gilbert McCaully, Tacony; May McCormick, Corry; Florence E. Maloney, Washington; Walter F. Meixsell, Allentown; Roxy June Miller, Shamokin; Anna Doris Schampan, Harrisburg; Edwin S. Warner, Scranton; Mrs. Hamilton D. Wyckoff, Braddock.

TEXAS

San Antonio—Elise Molsa, Mrs. Henry T. Phelps, Edna Norma Spero.

Dallas—Donald Battle, James Hughes.

Houston—Florence M. Curtis, Ida Louise Duckett, C. E. Sandberg, Mrs. W. S. Wilson.

Fort Worth—Mrs. R. M. Coleman, Wilbur V. Hoelzel.

El Paso—Mrs. Felicia von Briesen Haggard, Frances Savage.

Rest of State—Marshall Freeman Crispen, San Benito; Doris Ruth Dodson, Malakoff; Fannie Marie Everhart, Marshall; Gertrude Girardeau, Galveston; Mrs. Arthur Karnegay, Malone; Mrs. Alma M. Kellerman, San Marcos; Floy Kidd, Sherman; Mrs. T. B. Lee, Beaumont; Mrs. I. E. McLeod, Yoakum; Mrs. A. L. Mitchell, Waco; Mrs. Alice E. Robison, Austin; Billie Shooter, Austin.

VIRGINIA

Richmond—Reuben M. Johnson, H. Day Lowry.

Norfolk—E. A. Bilisoly, Margaret Gordon.

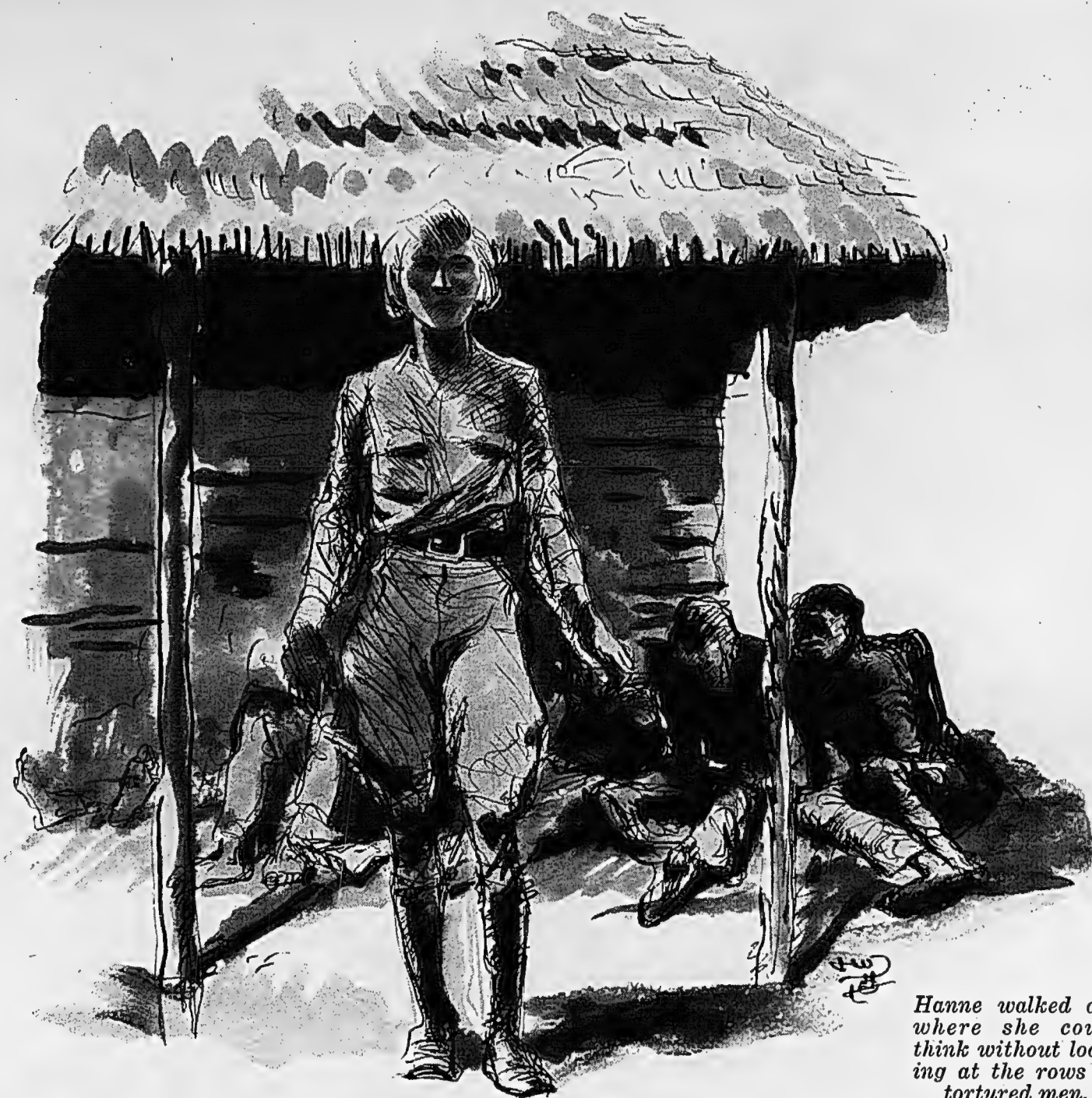
Rest of State—Virginia Cunningham, Roanoke; Lewis Harvey, Alexandria; Kenneth Gordon Heine, Winchester.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—Mrs. Leonard Burke, F. G. Ewers, Mrs. H. Fitzlaff, A. R. Fraser, Eleanor Granger, Mrs. Richard E. Holmes, A. E. Hoppe, Rev. Geo. P. Jentges, Lillian Kieren.

Rest of State—Mrs. F. L. Anderson, Hudson; John C. Beamish, Racine; Bertha Becker, Appleton; Mrs. Celia Czarnoski, Kenosha; Mitchell Friday, Fond Du Lac; Madora K. Helmus, Madison; Russell H. Landis, Menomonie; Mrs. Roy McDonald, Menomonie; Mrs. David H. Manion, Eau Claire; Arlene Mattison, Waukesha; Mrs. Willard D. Wisler, Racine.

Another List of Winners, Including the Winner of the \$1,000 Second Prize, Will Appear Next Week



Hanne walked out where she could think without looking at the rows of tortured men.

Born on an Iceberg

The Story of a Woman without Fear

HANNE BRYN was a Norwegian girl of Mandal, which is the little fishing haven behind Ryvingen Light, lying on your port hand as you come up from the Skagerrak to the southwest tip of Norway. The place is of the sea. Its houses are built on the seaward slopes of the mountains, and their windows overlook the deep, still harbor. Outside, there is always a wind whipping up the North Sea, and the shrill crying of the gulls on the foreshore never ceases at all.

The men of the region have followed blue water as far



By
CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

*who is author, illustrator, and, since he is a marine, soldier and sailor too. He won his captaincy in France in 1918. His *Fix Bayonets* was the sensation of its year. He is thirty-seven, married, and has one son.*

Pictures by THE AUTHOR

back as there is any record of them. They sailed with Harald Haarfager and his breed to the outermost coasts of the world, and left their long bones all the way from the Egyptian littoral—where some of them went with Rolf the Red—to Vinland, where they followed Lief Ericson. Today, with the dragon ships and long serpents gone from commission, they put out in Diesel cargo boats.

Their women are sturdy and of great serenity. In the old time, the annals affirm, they were content to stay on the beach and tend the

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steadings and the home gear while their men were roving, but it is not so now. In this day a Norwegian girl may follow any path she chooses, and public opinion insists that her parents limit their comment to coöperation.

Hanne, at twenty years, was a well grown woman, with hair the color of new gold kroner, and so agreeably shaped and tinted that all the young men wanted her. But she desired things outside of Mandal, and the thought of a narrow house, a steady man, and accumulating babies did not intrigue her. Her father was *Politi Mester* of Mandal—no mean official—and when she was through the local schools she induced him to send her up to Oslo, to Royal Fredriks University. She was going to study medicine and be a doctor.

At Oslo she had three years of medicine, being distinguished by a certain plodding perseverance in her classes rather than for any particular brilliancy of mind. Then the old *Politi Mester* died, leaving nothing but the pension for Hanne and her mother. And the pension provided for necessities, but it was emphatically not enough for Hanne's fourth year at the university. The neighbors, who were conservative and did not approve of woman doctors, considered that Hanne might reasonably abandon her fancies, make a selection from the really excellent crop of young men in Mandal, and settle down to raise a family.

But Hanne was own daughter, though a thousand years removed, to the sea wolves who so persistently harried the English coast that they are embalmed in the litany of the English Church to this day; and such people are not easily turned aside from any purpose they have. She went from the funeral up to Oslo to see what could be done. Nursing or hospital work—anything that would add to her experience and help her through her courses to her degree.

A friend on the faculty of Royal Fredriks, earnestly consulted, called to mind the notice received of an opening in Nicaragua, a place, he said, which was on the North American Continent. A Dr. Sanchez out there desired an assistant, qualified for nursing and office work. The salary would be so much. A year's employment, certain conditions being met, of course, was assured.

HANNE found Nicaragua in an atlas, and picked out Bluefields, where the doctor practiced. Her friends agreed that an experience in the North American tropics would be interesting and instructive, and doubtless afforded the very best opportunities to study those obscure and little known tropical diseases so attractive to the profession. Further, the salary (to be paid in gold) exchanged into an impressive number of kroner.

Hanne wrote to the Norwegian consul at Bluefields, and to Dr. Sanchez himself, and the answers were encouraging. She took passage on a leisurely and inexpensive freighter, which eventually set her ashore at El Bluff of Bluefields. The collector of customs in residence, who was Irish and entirely gallant, offered to marry her before her small trunks were sent off to the wharf. He was married already, but his wife was in the States on leave, and for the moment the cool blue light of Hanne's eyes drove that lady from his mind. It was, he explained afterwards with some embarrassment, just his way of paying his compliments and respects.

Her employer, Dr. Cesar Humberto Sanchez M., was a connection of the great house of Mena, important on the Mosquito Coast, and he was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He was a small, rabbit-faced gentleman of the pure Spanish stock, immaculate

and competent. He had been two years an interne in the New York Polyclinic, and Hanne found his equipment gratifyingly modern and complete. He considered that nothing added so much to a physician's establishment as a personable, starched attendant, who would sort out the patients and sterilize the tools and apply certain sanitary ideas which he had been trained to regard as essential.

When he set up in Bluefields he had imported an American nurse, who served for three weeks and departed by the first available transportation to New Orleans.

"She was disappointed in what the North Americans call the glamour of the tropics," explained Dr. Sanchez, taking his vermuth at the club. "She was annoyed because we had no moving pictures at Bluefields. I am much pleased that she is gone away."

But he found life too short to drill his methods into the local help, and it had been suggested to him that he publish his needs through professional channels in northern Europe, where women have more difficulty in placing themselves in the sciences and are not so critical of opportunity. Immediately it became evident to him that Hanne was an answer to prayer.

THE girl had enough English from her schooling to understand his simple directions and to read his medical books, and she picked up Spanish rapidly. The doctor quartered her with the sisters of the Moravian Hospital in Bluefields and wondered how he made out at all before she came. She was a glutton for work and a fanatic at sanitation, and she had no time for the unattached gentlemen of the coast, who drew to her charm like flies, and fell off one by one as they realized that she wasn't interested in hearts unless the stethoscope confirmed the alleged palpitations.

When the august *Coronel* Polycarpo Arguello told her, piteously, that his heart was burning—he was fresh from burying his third wife, and on the prowl—she gravely advised bicarbonate of soda; and to Mr. Ed Simms, mahogany agent, who described disturbing cardiac symptoms, she recommended *aquavit*, which would, she said, be better for him than the rum he used.

The practice of Dr. Sanchez increased immoderately, and patients came from as far north as Cape Gracias, and from San Juan del Norte, down the other way, and from all the settlements between.

This much of the story I have from my friend, the collector of customs; the rest is from some revolutionists I know, and from the marine officer who rode up into Matagalpa with the admiral's messages when General Miron came across the mountains and carried the war to the West Coast. I saw Hanne Bryn only once.

Our cruiser lay off Bluefields for a week, just before the revolution broke, and one morning, after quarters, the navigator—who is also commander, landing force—and I had permission to go ashore in the captain's gig. The old man was discussing matters of state with the American

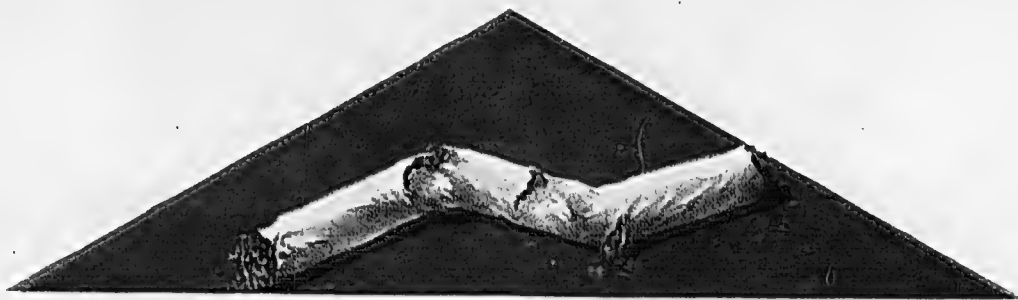


consul, and we were to look around with an eye to tactical dispositions while he transacted his business.

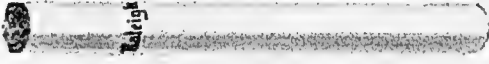
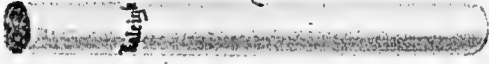
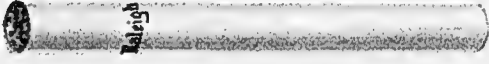
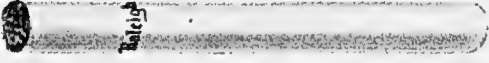
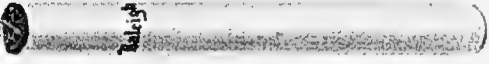
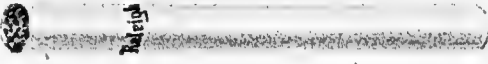
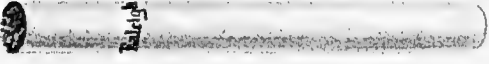
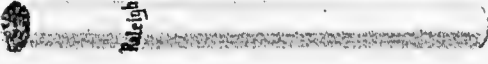
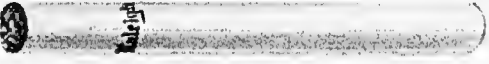
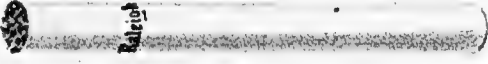
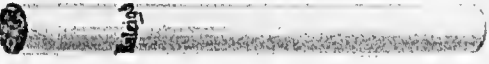
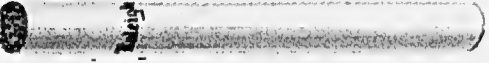
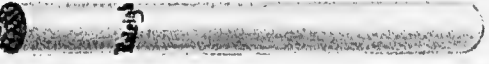
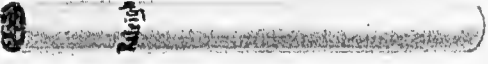
There is not much to see at Bluefields; the town straggles along a single street on the lagoon, and there is a litter of small boats, numerous drowsy pelicans, and a very bad smell when the tide is low. The matted, swampy jungle of the Mosquito Coast crowds into the back yards of the houses on the landward side, and perhaps two thousand people live there: the Moravian missionaries, a few Spaniards, a few foreigners, and a great many West Indian Negroes, Mosquito Indians, Chinese merchants, and the varicolored mixtures of them all.

We bought some alligator-hide *zapatas* and two salad

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]



*If a cigarette is only "fire-and-puff" to you,
you won't care about RALEIGH'S protection*

 But if you admit	 then you will admit
 that 31 fine grades	 that such a blend
 of excellent tobacco	 deserves a protective
 can be blended,	 package which keeps
 by a new process,	 each plump cylinder
 to make a perfect	 perfect . . . and you
 cylinder in which	 will understand why
 every single puff	 it is the foremost
 tastes identically good	 quality cigarette.
	

*It pays to pay
a trifle more for
Raleigh*



[PLAIN — OR TIPPED]

BROWN & WILLIAMSON
TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky

BORN ON AN ICEBERG
 [Continued from second page preceding]

sets—bowl, spoon, and fork of hand-wrought mahogany, very pleasing to your wife—and met the collector of customs as we came out of the shop. He said that he was going to the club, as was his habit at this hour every morning, and it would be a privilege to offer us such small refreshments as the place afforded. We thought that the captain was safe for an hour, at least, and we were presently seated on the veranda of the club, where we commanded the length of the street and could watch the consul's house for our skipper. Our skipper don't drink, and he never waited for anybody in all his life.

The collector of customs brightened visibly with his second rum swizzle, and laid out the region for us. The town—"named for the old Dutch pirate, Captain Blauvelt. He used to winter here; he'd send his ships up the Escondido River, which makes into the lagoon over yonder, and the British frigates couldn't get at him, because it's a bad lee shore at that time of the year. That was in Lord Nelson's day. Lord Nelson was a young lieutenant out here, and operated in these waters before anybody ever dreamed of Trafalgar and Lady Emma! Speaking of Lord Nelson—Hi! not so much ice in it, boy— Did you gentlemen know he was an Irishman? Well, he was, and I'll give you the proofs, which I have in some historical books and so forth in a box over at my house on the bluff. Now, Lord Nelson's father—" The collector of customs dropped Lord Nelson.

A tall girl passed along the street, in crisp starched white that rustled pleasantly as she walked. You noticed the little whispering sound, because in that climate, by midforenoon, people and things are habitually limp, and she was fresh as a mountain flower with the dew on it. She wore a white pith helmet, but we could see that under it was a great mass of honey-colored hair, coiled low on her neck. Her skin, where the sun got at it, was tanned golden to match her hair. A nurse's rig is no aid to beauty, but her body triumphed over the stiff linen. It was a thing of long, lovely lines, with roundness where there should be roundness, and not too much anywhere.

Our uniforms drew one glance from her, and her eyes were wide apart, blue as northern ice, and of astonishing clearness, like a child's. The collector of customs floundered to his feet and bowed, and she gave him a grave smile, and small words in a level voice. We remembered how white her teeth were, and the serenity in the set of her pointed chin. She passed like a cool wind off northern waters, astray in the damp heat of the Mosquito Gulf.

"Who's that? What's that?" we said together, for we had been much in the Latin Americas and expected to see no such vision. The collector of customs watched her out of sight, and then told us about her. But, he concluded, she was one of those cold northern women, born on an iceberg, as the saying is. Before he could go far into particulars our captain emerged from the consul's place, and we had to shove off.

NEXT day the cruiser went down to Panama, and we were in the Pacific when the Miron Revolution came to a head and ran like a brush fire along the Mosquito Coast. Another ship was sent up from the Zone to watch it.

There followed considerable fighting around Bluefields, which is the most important port on that side of Nicaragua, and the first objective of all well conducted revolutions. Tough old General Miron, who was the flame in the heart of the movement, swooped upon the town and captured it, and they reported that the Moravian Hospital was so full of wounded soldiers that their legs were sticking out of the windows. Dr. Sanchez had abundant opportunity to ply his mystery, and Hanne worked day and night. Later, our admiral, executing, no doubt, state instructions too deep for anybody to fathom, steamed up there and declared Bluefields a neutral zone, forbidden to all combatants. When the general, obedient to the force behind the gray ships lying off the bar, gathered his army and marched north along the coast, Dr. Sanchez rode with him, for the doctor, otherwise quite calm, took his politics with passion, and he had been commissioned surgeon-general to the Army of Liberation. And with the doctor went Hanne Bryn, that phoenix-bird of surgical

assistants, shifted from whites to khaki breeches and high-laced boots, with a brown sun helmet on her honey-colored hair.

The story goes that Dr. Sanchez, who was *caballero* to the ends of his small fingers, had protested furiously. She should go home—she should go to New Orleans—she should stay with the Moravian sisters and nurse the malaria and dysentery which the army had left behind—but she could never take the field with the soldiers. No white woman had ever done such a thing. It was unheard-of and without precedent, and might conceivably be dangerous.

BUT Hanne said, having listened courteously until the doctor screamed his voice hoarse, that fighting meant wounded men, and wounded men needed nursing, and she would go. It would be valuable experience toward her doctor's degree. She thought that the surgeon-general had better buy up all the quinine in Bluefields before they started. And bandages. She insisted on lots of bandages. In this also there was the steadfast blood of Harald's men. The general commandeered a pony for her.

The revolution prospered along the east coast, and Miron crushed one Federal garrison after another all the way up to Puerto Cabezas. But as soon as he took a town, our admiral came on the scene and neutralized it, landing sailors and marines to keep it neutral. The general gathered that the Colossus of the North did not want his Liberals to prosper. He was presently debarred from all the coast, which meant that his sources of supply, the customs receipts and the contributions in money and in kind from the fruit and lumber companies, were



lost to him. There was no Federal concentration left east of the mountains, but he was entirely deprived of the fruits of victory.

General Miron was a veteran. He had fought in every revolution since the one raised against Zelaya, back in the early nineteen-hundreds, and he had learned something from each appeal to arms. He knew that he could not fight the United States, and he wasted no time trying to understand its policy, which he considered to be beyond any reasonable man. But he realized that if he sat up one of the rivers, doing nothing, his army would become bored and go home, and his work would fall to pieces in his hands. The outbreak on the West Coast, timed with his efforts in the east, had languished, since the



They went on, and she worried about the next fight. She was the only medical person in the column now.

leaders around the capital were not men of capacity.

But if he could move his army, accustomed to victories, across the mountains, effect a combination, and take the capital in reverse—well, there were possibilities. No armed force in the history of the country had ever made the overland march and emerged fit for duty on the other side. There was a matter of two hundred miles, and no roads. Some Indian trails traversed doubtfully the wilderness of the mountains and the jungle, and nobody lived along them. There was no map.

He considered the problem for a day and decided to undertake it. He took his force up the Prinzapolka River to the first rapids, cut across the high savanna to El Gallo on the Rio Grande, impressed the few oxen and mules that he found among the banana plantations to carry his slender stores and the ammunition, and he disappeared from view in the thick country south of Tuma River.

The surgeon-general was almost the only person with whom he discussed his plan, and before they left Prinzapolka, Dr. Sanchez took Hanne aside and honorably discharged her from the medical service. She refused to be

discharged, although he ordered, threatened, and finally wept, for he had come to regard her as superior to most people on earth. No white woman, and very few white men, he pointed out, had ever made the overland march. Himself, he thought the general was crazy, but he could not in honor desert the cause. The idea of a white woman, a señorita, entering that desolation—*ah, Madre de Dios!* Hanne, who was a head taller and perfectly healthy, while the doctor shivered with fever, patted him on the shoulder and said that they must replenish the medical stores; they were nearly out of bandages. And that was that.

Nearly fifteen hundred men and half as many women and children—camp followers—marched out of El Gallo. These soldiers do not move without their women. Until they were west of the mountains there was nothing to be feared from the Federals, and the unhandy column straggled out for kilometers, making little more than its length in the course of a day. The rainy season was upon the land. The rice and beans and jerky went fast, and they ate the oxen as their loads were expended, and the mules. The country afforded almost nothing, and they

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BORN ON AN ICEBERG]
[Continued from page sixty-three]

grubbed for roots beside the trail. They began to die from fever and from exhaustion and from snake bites.

Two weeks out of El Gallo Dr. Sanchez was stricken with an illness which he couldn't himself account for. He had lived all his life in houses, and the trail would have killed him, anyway, he said. But his symptoms were entirely outside of his experience, and he directed Hanne, in his last husky whispers, to make exact notes of the case.

He died, and although Hanne had come to be regarded as some sort of a madonna by the simple Indians, she had great trouble in getting a shallow hole scooped for him and rocks piled over it. She took stock of the medical supplies on hand, and found that the quinine was finished, and that there were no bandages, no iodine, and nothing, in fact, but a few cans of ether and a cone.

They went on, and she worried about the next fight. Gunshot wounds she might manage, for they are mostly small and clean, but *machete* wounds would be a problem. She wished these people wouldn't use *machetes*: the long blades opened a man so.

She was the only medical person in the column now, and a childbirth by the trail, with assorted cases afterward, kept her mind occupied. It did not occur to her to wonder why she didn't get sick. She had never been sick. Her flesh disappeared, and her fine long bones showed everywhere, and only her eyes remained the same—blue as northern ice, and of an astonishing clearness, like a child's.

Her breeches and her shirt went distressingly to rags, and her weathered sun helmet had become a shapeless mass. She frequently admired her forethought in bringing out from Norway the strong elk-skin boots, made by the hunchbacked cobbler in Mandal. After her pony died and was eaten, she didn't see what she would have done without them.

Hanne lost count of days. But it seemed, after a distressing series of marches, when they were alternately drenched by rain in steaming valleys, and chilled by winds in places where eagles yelped at them, that they were going downhill. The old general closed up his column and began to whip into a semblance of organization the half-naked skeletons who still followed.

Most of them had clung to their rifles, and one day the ammunition was distributed and the animals that carried it killed and eaten. The column halted for a day and a night, while Miron's scouts went ahead, and Negroes and Indians and *mestizos* huddled miserably by very small fires and whispered strange things of their *doctorcita*: she was evidently of a race other than human. In this camp some of them died from pure weariness, with their eyes upon her, dumb as animals. She was conscious of a lessening tension, but her head had begun to ache continually from lack of food.

MIRON'S scouts came back with the report that a small Federal column, confident and unsuspecting, was no great way off. Miron went on and attacked it, and there was a brisk fight in a valley between two hills, where the country was so thick that shooting was ineffective, and the two forces ran at each other blind and settled the argument with *machetes*.

After it was over, fifty or sixty wounded were collected at a palm-thatched, ruinous shack in a little clearing, and Miron led every able man off on the heels of the fugitives. He inspired them with the tale that a splendid supply train had followed the Federals, and they were ready to storm the battlements of hell, at that moment, for a bellyful.

He told Hanne that he would send back for her when he could, and meantime she must do what she found possible and let it go at that. His only hope lay in striking quick and hard, before they could concentrate against him, and he must not be cumbered by wounded. Hanne agreed that his judgment was entirely sound. He dismounted from

the mule which the late Federal commander had ridden, and took formal leave of her.

They looked each other in the eyes. Both were tall, and the general had been fat at El Gallo. Now he was incredibly emaciated, and the shirt of the late Federal commander hung in folds from his shoulders. Hanne, just as lean in her torn breeches, had nothing womanly about her except her eyes. But the general bowed over her hand as a great gentleman of Spain would bow, and all his words stuck crosswise in his throat, and he rode away. She took stock of the situation.

A few women, who had survived the trail but were too weak to travel further, lay about the shack, as stupid and as useless as cows. The wounded sprawled along in rows. Hanne did not despair for the gunshot wounded. But twenty-odd were slashed and hacked, and needed stitches. She had a few inches of catgut and a single needle, which she used on one man. With the last stitch the needle broke on the fellow's thick hide. It didn't matter, because there was no more gut.



SHE found a kettle and boiled water, and cleaned up as well as she could. There was a little, very little, food. She set the women, and the men who could sit up, to fighting off the flies. But it was soon evident that only under her eye were the flies molested. Flies were something you put up with: the *doctorcita* was just a little gone in the head—with reason, God knows!

The first night several men died—the ones who would have died anyway—and she dragged their thin bodies off into the brush. If she had bandages—clothes to tear up, anything to cover the wounds, though she could not close them—the others would get well. As it was, she had nothing. . . . And the flies were busy.

That day they heard rifles, kilometers away to the southwest, and afterward, nothing at all. She didn't know where she was, or how far it was to a town, and the men with her were strange to the Matagalpa highland, and could tell her nothing. . . . Miron was stamping triumphantly down through the coffee plantations to the capital, and in Hanne's camp the buzzards shouldered each other along the sagging ridgepole of the shack, waiting patiently. . . . It was the third day, and there were twenty-four men being eaten alive by maggots. . . . The steady, industrious hum of the breeding swarms made an underchord to every other noise.

Hanne walked out a little way, where she could think without looking at the rows of tortured men. She went to her saddlebags, which had belonged to Dr. Sanchez, and got the cans of ether. With a steady hand, making sure that no case would awaken, she put them all under.

Next day the marine officer who told me the last part of this story rode in with an orderly and a guide. He was carrying dispatches from the admiral to Miron, the flagship having come around from the Mosquito Gulf to be on hand when the war reached the Pacific. Nobody knew where Miron was, and the marine had been launched at venture with his orders and a mule.

He had stumbled on this place through following the usual rumors. He says that he will remember Hanne Bryn and her camp of dead after he has forgotten the dressing station in the Vierzy ravine on the second day of the Soissons fight. He says nobody but one of those cold northern women, born on an iceberg, could have gone through with it. Much impressed, he escorted her down to salt water, and turned her over to the Norwegian consul.

Hanne went back to Norway. The best opinion she could get indicated that the country would continue in an unsettled condition for some time, and she concluded to try elsewhere for professional experience and the tuition money against her fourth year at Royal Fredriks. Just where she is, or what she is doing, is not at present known in Nicaragua. But it is said that General Miron has her name down for a monument when he gets around to his program of public works.

THE END

GLAMOUR

By

EILEEN BOURNE



GLAMOUR! That, my sisters in one beauty struggle after another, is what confronts us now.

Not wasted—the lean fasts, the wrinkle campaigns, the calisthenic tactics, the strategy of color, dress, and make-up! But *not enough!*

For *man* prescribes that this year of our Lord and continued beauty travail shall be—for him—a glamorous one. No longer just the pretty face, the neatly rounded form, the smile without a film,

the chin without a double! These and other assets you may have are quite all right in their place. But one learns from a well known interpreter of his sex that woman now must cast over physical perfection the spell “through which an object or person appears delusively magnified or glorified.” So, with the help of Mr. Webster, we learn the meaning of this thing called glamour.

As did we poor, distraught females who listened eagerly to the male authority on matters pulchritudinous, you too may ask: “Where, oh, where, may we find this magic potion?” All we were told was that this glamour that woman is asked to acquire has one strong root in emotional appeal, and that it is best described by the word “feminine.”

From coiffure to shoe buckle, be your sex. Be it in the way you talk, in the way you walk, in the way you play, in the way you laugh. Be it in dress and in every accessory thereof.

The age through which we have just passed was not a glamorous one—for men. Outside of a few depraved palates, men had no relish for the emancipated female's dress, manner, or indelicate conversation. Always he wanted to feel that woman was of finer fiber than himself. Glamour, to man, consists mainly in woman's wit to resemble him as little as possible in dress, in speech, and in behavior. With the introduction of the new and distinctly feminine type of dress, his repressions seem to have been loosed on the wings of hope.

I am not hitting wide of the beauty mark in introducing man's point of view, for who is all the cheek and lip tinting for, the figure banting and the cheek stroking for, if not for sweet love's sake?

Well, dress is with her in her new feminine rôle. Coiffures are daily deserting barber shops for more feminized hairdressing centers. The curved waistline is well launched. It is no longer imperative to demonstrate that one can handle a cocktail glass; nor is it necessary to pose behind a cigarette holder. However, there is little danger of women becoming sickly-sweetish feminine.

For emotional appeal and seductive charm, what about a delicate perfume? And there are jewels—costume and real—for all purses. There are dozens of purely feminine fripperies that lend a hand in fashioning this creature of enchantment: a chiffon hanky, a hand bag opening on a scene of beauty and order, a powder puff of feathery whiteness, a voice, a grace of movement, a sweetness of manner. Ask a man if these are not what make the creature glamorous.

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A NATIONAL TRAVEL SYSTEM

FISH Novelties

By ETHEL SOMERS

NOW that the Lenten season is well along, many may possibly have grown tired of the plainer fish servings. Herewith we present some of the more unusual recipes. We have tried not to include anything complicated, but to provide something a little different from the common baked, boiled, or steamed fish.

Oyster Chop Suey

2 tablespoons butter 4 tablespoons Chi-
1 cup chopped Chinese sauce
onions
1½ cups sliced } or 3 cups celery
celery
1½ cups mushrooms }
2 cups bean sprouts, if desired

1 pint oysters

MELT the butter, add the onions, and cook until savory and brown. Take care not to scorch them or to brown them crisp. Add the diced celery, mushrooms, and bean sprouts if used. Then add the Chinese sauce. This is a commercially prepared sauce made from imported products, but easily obtained from any grocer who handles chop suey supplies. Cook until the celery is tender. Add the oysters and cook until their edges curl. Serve hot with boiled rice as a border.

Creamed Fish with Variations

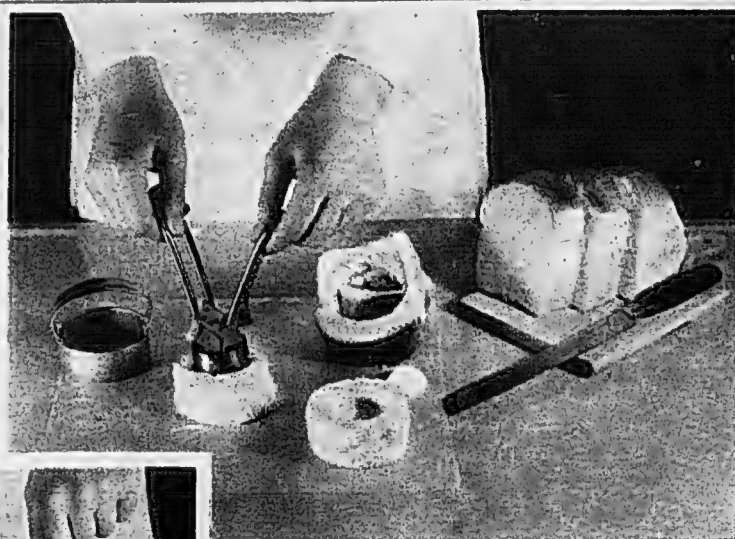
2 cups left-over or ¼ cup chopped pars-
canned fish flakes ley, if desired
2 cups medium thick ¼ cup chili sauce, if
white sauce desired
2 tablespoons shred- ½ cup hard-cooked
ded green pepper egg, sliced or cubed
½ cup sliced celery ½ cup mushrooms
1 egg yolk, if desired sautéed in 2 table-
¼ cup shredded pi- spoons butter,
miento, if desired if desired
¼ teaspoon pepper 1 teaspoon salt

FLAKE the cooked fish into the white sauce. Cook the shredded green pepper and sliced celery for five minutes in a covered kettle, using as little water as possible. Then add with the other ingredients to the fish sauce. Keep hot over boiling water. Serve on hot toast, in hot timbale cases, in a hot potato or rice ring, or place in ramekins or scallop shells. In the latter case, cover with buttered crumbs and if desired also a sprinkling of grated cheese, then brown in a hot oven (425° F.). A fish Newburg may be made by adding two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce and two egg yolks slightly beaten to the hot creamed fish. This may be served in toast rings.

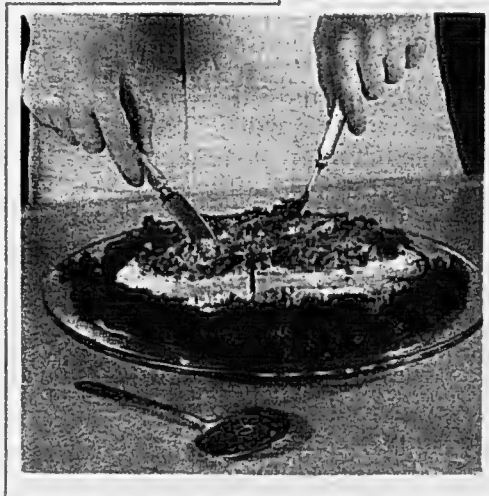
Toast Rings

Bread sliced 1½ inches thick

CUT as many circles from the thick slices of bread as there are persons to be served. Using a cutter about an inch smaller or a large grapefruit corer, cut out the centers. Brown the rings thus prepared either in a toaster, under



Toast rings make attractive cases for creamed-fish service.



Be sure to use a silver or stainless steel carver for fish.

a broiler flame, or in a pan containing hot butter or substitute.

Salmon on the Half Shell

8 ounces canned salmon or left-over cooked salmon 6 medium or 3 large potatoes, baked
½ to 1 cup rich milk or cream, heated (the exact amount depends upon the size of the potatoes used) 1 well beaten egg
½ onion; chopped fine and cooked in milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup buttered bread crumbs

IF large potatoes are used, slice lengthwise after baking; otherwise remove a small oval of the skin from the top,

OTHER tasty fish recipes that will preserve the appeal of Lenten menus will be found in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Baked fish stuffed with savory dressing, and fish croquettes are among the many easy-to-prepare suggestions in these booklets that will keep appetites active and satisfied. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. When ordering them, please use the coupon.

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scoop out the baked potato, and mash over hot water, beating in the other ingredients. The finished product should be moist enough to allow for some drying during the baking. The exact amount of milk depends upon the size and dryness of the potatoes used. Return this mixture of fish, onion, and potato to the potato shells which have been kept hot. Sprinkle with the buttered crumbs. Place in a hot oven (400° F.) for about ten minutes to brown, or brown more quickly under the broiler flame. Serve hot with savory cream sauce and parsley to garnish.

Savory Cream Sauce

1½ cups rich milk, 3 tablespoons butter
evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons flour
or cream 1 teaspoon salt
½ cup finely sliced ½ teaspoon pepper
celery

POUR the milk on to the celery and cook in the top of a double boiler at least twenty-five minutes, or until the celery is tender. Melt the butter. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour, salt, and pepper. Pour in the hot milk and celery, stirring so as to produce a smooth mixture. Return to the double boiler and stir constantly until the mixture thickens (about five minutes). Continue to cook at least ten minutes longer, in order that the flour may be thoroughly cooked. Pimientos or parsley may be added. Serve piping hot with fish.

Fish Molds

2 cups left-over 1 teaspoon chopped
cooked fish onion
½ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon salt
undiluted ½ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, unbeaten ¼ cup pimiento or
peas or both

ADD the cream, unbeaten eggs, onion, salt, and pepper to the flaked fish, and beat the mixture until thoroughly blended. Then add the pimiento and peas, if used, and press into a greased mold. Either fish or ring molds may be used. Set the molds in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) until the mixture is set. Test by inserting a silver knife in the center. When set the knife will come out clean. The cooking will take about forty to fifty minutes, depending upon the thickness of the mixture. Serve with potato balls and plain or savory cream sauce, or a richer sauce, such as tartare or hollandaise.

'Way Down South in FASHION

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

THE Fashion Follies of 1930, under the direction of Paris & Women, are having a successful run 'way down South. They are being tried out and revised for presentation up North, when some of the cast will be paid off and left without en-



Schiaparelli's sports suit of white flannel features a chic bright double scarf of twisted crêpe.

gagement. The star part in the show is ably played by Informality, who is sure to be retained for the metropolitan production. Trailing Garments isn't even an extra. That lively stepper Ankle-Length Evening Gown is a riotous success and a perfect understudy for Informality. Short Sleeves and Bare Arms do a popular sister act.

HATS appear in bigger and floppier settings for the fashionable face. Shoes, not slippers, are the newest thing. Perugia designs them, molding them either to the top or the base of the ankle with one single piece of leather, held trimly close by a leather bracelet. Clogs and sandals and pumps step out bravely. Natural-toned stockings cover up unburned legs. Fashionable necking is done by lacy, jeweled collars of Peter Pan and other persuasion.

Many coats have been reduced to bolero size to accompany the "more skirt and less waist" frocks. Capes have shrunk to almost the same proportion, and are worn with one-piece dresses of bright or pastel tweeds.

Blouses are having a big comeback along with the popular tailored suits. Paris dresses up the blouse in flattering printed materials, makes 'em of lace, linen,



Two sashes dodge the waistline on this Lucile ivory satin frock.



Patou revives satin-striped voile for this Southern ensemble.

hole through which the double twisted scarf is knotted. It is fitted around the hips by gored seams, and has three plaits near the bottom in front.

A great Southern favorite is the Patou ensemble shown in our large photograph. It is made of satin-striped silk voile printed with a lily-of-the-valley pattern. The knee-length coat is covered with hand-run tucks, and so is the dress, with its brief bloused waist and its skirt fifteen inches from the floor.

In the evening gown of ivory satin, shown in our second photograph, Lucile cleverly dodges the waistline problem by furnishing two sashes, one beginning very high and the other very low at the left side of the dress, and tying on the right side.

Dance dresses at the Southern resorts are reverting to self-material trimming interest, as in the blue-green chiffon frock shown in our last photograph. This dress has a ruffled capelet at the back of the shoulders and ruffles placed around big oval-shaped pieces on the skirt.

* * *

Before-the-minute dispatches say that elaborate after-noon ensembles are an important spring feature.

Worth is launching short-sleeved jackets to be worn with the new long gloves.



Ruffles cleverly arranged make this blue-green chiffon frock by Philippe et Gaston.

voile, and satin, tricked out with hand-wrought details.

Premet's Roman-striped inner jackets are enjoying marked favor in the South, as are the white suit and bright colored scarfs, particularly Schiaparelli's twisted crêpe de chine scarf in two brilliant tones, shown in our first photograph.

Snapshots at History

A Scoop at Versailles, and Some Other Exploits of a News Photographer's Career

AS TOLD TO JOHN S. LOPEZ

By CAPTAIN EDWARD N. JACKSON

Photographs by CAPTAIN JACKSON

I AM pretty sure that the public has not the slightest idea of the large amounts of money and energy expended to get pictures of an important occurrence. The stranding of the German flyers on the Bremen on Greenely Island, Labrador, in April, 1928, gives a fair illustration. It happened that I was the first news photographer to reach the disabled plane, although, when it is all summed up, "happened" isn't the word. Quick planning and doing, but in especial big spending, all played their parts—in addition, naturally, to sheer good luck.

The assignment to get pictures of the stranded flyers came unexpectedly, as is almost always the case.

I was practically done for the day, idling in the news room and trying to decide which theater I would take in that evening. Then over the wires came news of the plight of the flyers. Within ten minutes I was under assignment to get to that plane and make pictures, and was hustling off to catch a train for Quebec. Arrangements had been made to give me further instructions by phone after my arrival there. When I reached Murray Bay, the nearest logical point from which to make a jump by plane to Greenely, the little place was overcrowded with correspondents and news photographers only too eager to be off. There wasn't available a seat in any plane of a sort that could make the flight in the face of the prevailing weather.

Then entered luck. On the trip up by train I had struck up an acquaintance with a railroad conductor who was an amateur camera fiend. And he came to me with a tip. He had it from a friend, a telegrapher. The



President Wilson leaving the White House with President-elect Harding on March 4, 1921.

I assumed a demeanor of acute distrust of everyone, equal to theirs. Ostensibly I set off for the telegraph office for advices from my paper, and thus I managed to ease myself out of the picture. Halfway between there and the hotel I made my disappearance.

By devious routes and methods I finally got to St. Agnes and presently found Romeo Vachan, Canadian pilot and a daring flyer, who was to make the flight with the relief plane.



Captain Jackson with the Bremen flyers on Greenely Island. He is the man in the middle. At the right is Baron von Huenefeld; at the left, Captain Koehl.

Canadian Transcontinental Airways, Ltd., it seemed, was going to try and get a plane through to Greenely Island from St. Agnes, near Murray Bay, provided there was the least let-up in the weather.

The correspondents and photographers were spending most of their time grumbling at fate and watching each other, desperately determined to forestall any attempt by anyone to make a scoop. So, in order to arouse no suspicion,



One of Captain Jackson's photographs of the transatlantic plane Bremen in its icebound landing place. He was the first cameraman to get there.

To cut the story short, I assumed all risks and paid \$2,500 for my seat in the plane. It would have been cheap at ten times the price. In many respects this was the most picturesque news event of the year.

That trip of more than 700 miles over arctic wastes in below-zero weather, exposed in a plane and without adequate garb, has won me to the theory that Hades is really located in the arctic regions. Labrador was a cake of ice, although it was April 18. It seemed to me as we landed that the most desirable thing in the world would be to crawl into an oven for a sleep of a month or so.

BUT there was not a moment of time to be wasted. Another day and a flock of planes might be in and then my scoop would go up in smoke.

I shot pictures of Captain Koehl and Baron von Huenefeld, took several of the damaged plane, and finished up with views of the desolate spot and portraits of some of its inhabitants. Then, practically without rest, we were off again, aimed now at civilization. There was another breath-taking flight over the frozen land, and then, after being lost in the clouds for several hours, our pilot got his bearings and we finally landed on Governors Island, New York, on the afternoon of Friday, April 20.

That very night special editions of my newspaper

A flashlight of President Wilson at Carlisle, with Thomas Watson, who could recall the President's grandfather.



showed the pictures I had brought back, and immediately thereafter started to clean up financially on the venture. I believe it to be a moderate estimate that altogether the newspapers of America spent at least a quarter of a million dollars for pictures of the disabled plane and its crew.

Looking through my collection of unpublished photographs for illustrations for this article, I came across a snap of Junius Spencer Morgan, grandson of J. Pierpont Morgan, the most famous of international bankers. It shows him, pants rolled up, sluicing down the deck of the U. S. S. Maine, just like any other gob. I got it while we were both enrolled as seamen on the naval training cruise for civilians, a war preparation measure pulled off in 1916.

Young Morgan was always against being photographed. In fact, he was almost hysterical about it. Discovering that I was aboard ship partly for the purpose of shooting pictures for the papers, he kept unremitting watch on me. He was very friendly, however.

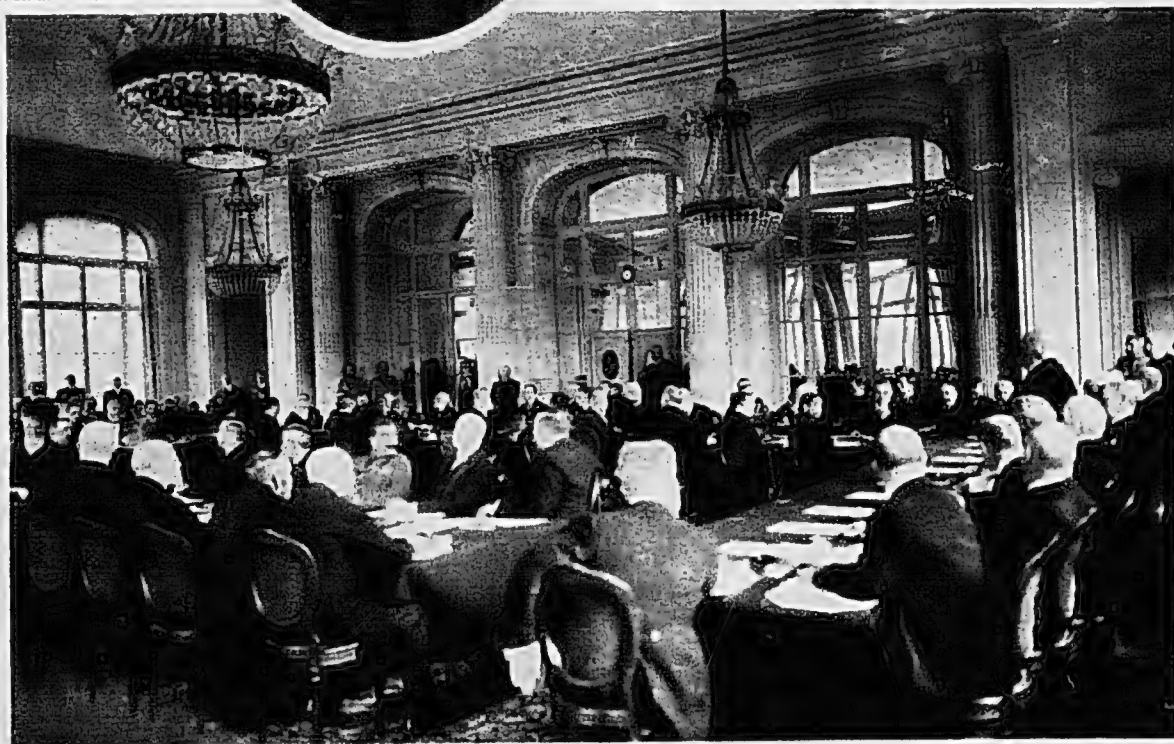
But the day on which this picture was made I caught him unawares. He was really upset about it. He appealed to me as a shipmate to withhold the photo from publication.

HE was a good fellow and I was willing to oblige him in a measure.

"For how long?" I asked.

"Oh, ten years," he replied—that no doubt seeming ages ahead. Well, the time limit is long past and my promise kept; and to tell the truth, I had entirely forgotten the incident until I stumbled upon the old print.

It served to remind me that the whole Morgan family—at least, in the male line—has always had an implacable hatred of being photographed.



Clemenceau laying down the terms of peace to the German delegates at Versailles on May 7, 1919, at 3:15 P. M. This very famous "stolen" picture was Captain Jackson's supreme achievement, and is probably the biggest scoop ever made with a camera. The Germans, at the far end of the hall, sit facing "the Tiger."

Having photographed three generations of them, I feel that I know. I shall never forget the first time I tried to get a snap of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, famous head of the house of Morgan and favorite target of all the opprobrium of that trust-distrusting age. It was on an Easter Sunday morning, and as the banker emerged from St. George's Church, in New York City, where the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SNAPSHOTS AT HISTORY]
[Continued from page sixty-nine]

family worshiped, I stepped confidently forward and prepared to pull the trigger. Friends with him jumped in front of my camera, and I narrowly escaped having my head smashed by the cane of the irate financier himself. He retreated back into the church and would not come forth until the sexton had summoned a policeman to drive me off.

There used to be an amusing story current among the photographers about what was said to have been the first and only time the old gentleman ever consented to pose for a news picture. I cannot vouch for its authenticity. But it is so exactly what would have happened!

At the time, a certain syndicate was preparing a series of sketches of famous Americans, among them Mr. Morgan, and through the use of much influence his permission was won to have a photograph of him made to illustrate the article.

When the appointed time arrived for the sitting, Mr. Morgan stalked into his private office and glowered at the photographer, a young chap. Then, so the story goes, the banker pulled out his big watch, slammed it down on his desk, then jabbed venomously at it and then at the cameraman with his forefinger.

"Five minutes!" he thundered, annihilation in his looks. "Then out you go! I was a fool to agree to this, but—I promised. Five minutes, understand!"

The young photographer hurried through his work and was done and out in four minutes to the dot. He hurried to his office jubilant. Soon he and all the big shots of the syndicate were watching eagerly while the plate was developed. Imagine their feelings when nothing "came up." In his nervousness, the young man had overlooked the necessary detail of uncovering the plate.

The manager immediately got the Morgan office on the phone. He explained to the operator that the call concerned the photograph of Mr. Morgan. In a moment a gruff voice got on the wire, announcing that it was Mr. Morgan himself. The manager explained.

"AND he didn't get it at all?" inquired the gruff voice. "You are sure?—positive?" Then, being positively assured, "Ha! ha! ha!" in sardonic glee. Click! and the telephone was cut off. I never heard what happened to the young photographer.

In a large degree the history of the World War, unlike that of any other war, was recorded as much in photographs, still and moving, as in written description.

The World War pictures in a large measure are responsible for the changed attitude of the public toward news pictures in general. People learned then to depend on photographs to give them real news—not merely supplementing the written news, but equally important, and, in contrast to the latter, always authentic.

Just the other day a man who is supposed to be well informed said, "Well, the photographers certainly had the best of it in one way. They always went in after the fighting was over, didn't they?—escaping the danger of death and mutilation that menaced the soldiers of the line."

He is not alone in that idea. I've heard it expressed often. And I always smile grimly to myself and think of my citation, running in part: "His courage under fire

was favorably reported on by myself to the C. S. O. [Chief Signal Officer], A. E. F. . . ."

It was this citation that bucked me up. Recognition! Balm to the heart of any news photographer! Immediately all the ugly experiences seemed worth while.

Then right on top of the rebirth of my enthusiasm came the opportunity to make use of it. This was my commission as a captain, and with it an order to report to

Photographic Headquarters at Vincennes, Paris. There I learned that I was appointed official photographer to President Wilson and his overseas party, before and during attendance at the peace negotiations. The big assignment of my life had come.

FROM the day—December 13, 1918—when the American party arrived in France, I accompanied the President as his photographic historian.

I could always discern two distinct Woodrow Wilsons—one the dignified, private gentleman with a keen dislike for anything that smacked of ostentation—the other the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson.

who, conscious that his great office forced him into the limelight, faced the lens of necessity as cheerfully as he could, yet always sensitively unwilling.

One thing he never did become reconciled to. That was being made what we call the "bull's-eye" in every photograph. He did not want to be placed in the foreground in a way that would make him stand out as the most important figure in the picture. It was his idea that the historic background or the other people in the group were just as important as he, or more so.

I can recall only two occasions when Mr. Wilson took the initiative and expressed a personal desire that pictures be made of him.

It was in Carlisle, England, the birthplace of the President's mother, that this occurred for the first time. We had made a special trip there, and at the earnest solicitation of Lord Mayor Carr, Mr. Wilson held a public reception at the Crown Hotel.

It started off exactly as all such affairs do, the President greeting the various persons presented to him in that agreeable, impersonal way of his, which told those who knew him that he would be very glad when it was all over.

Presently a little old man, very tottery and fragile but with eager blue eyes, was brought forward. He was introduced as Mr. Watson, the only living member of the Sunday school conducted eighty years before by the Rev. Thomas Woodrow, the President's grandfather.

Immediately the President was all interest.

"Well, well," he said warmly, "I'm indeed glad to meet you, Mr. Watson. And how old are you?"

"Ninety just past, sir," replied the old man brightly.

"And you still remember my grandfather?" asked the President.

"Faintly, sir, rather faintly to be strictly truthful. It was very, very long ago, and I was but a wee lad. But I do remember him, sir."

There was a pleased smile in the President's eyes. "Mr. Watson," he said, "I would very much like to be photographed with you—then we would each have a souvenir of this pleasant meeting."

"Oh, sir!" The little old man blinked ecstatically and tears welled in his eyes. "If you really could, sir, I would be so very happy!"



One of Captain Jackson's photographs of the "Big Four" of the peace conference: premiers Lloyd George, Orlando and Clemenceau, and President Wilson.

It was dark and I had to use the flash lamp. I noticed that the old gentleman jumped. Then he leaned against the President's shoulder. "Please, sir, could we have that done again? I closed my eyes when that went off—and I'm so anxious for a good picture—"

I started to explain to Mr. Watson that when the flash comes there isn't a chance for anyone to move fast enough to beat it. But the President gave me a significant look. "Certainly, Mr. Watson," he said. "We both want a good picture."

So I let go again, and, as Mr. Watson assured me afterward, he took good care to keep his eyes open.

Many famous persons came under my camera on that mission, persons of birth and great importance in every field of achievement. But among them all there was no figure more impressive than that of the American President, tall, graceful, poised with simple dignity.

This photographic personality of President Wilson's was never more evident than in the historic picture of the Big Four—Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau, Wilson—posed together.

I well remember the day I got that photograph. It was during the President's second visit to Europe. I had long been trying to arrange for such a group, and finally I took it up with Admiral Grayson, urging him to do what he could. The best he could do, he explained, was to tip me that the Big Four were to hold a "little private meeting" at the Paris "White House" the following morning.

I had no trouble in getting into the White House, and presently made my way into the salon where the council was to be held. There was no difficulty identifying the place because of the heavy details of guards posted about. The room was empty. I had brought with me Lieutenant Victor Kubes, who shot the movies, and we were figuring where to set up, if we got the chance, when I heard approaching steps which I recognized. It brought us to attention with a snap. The President walked in with a mass of papers, and looked his surprise at finding me there.

"What is this, Jackson?"—the suggestion of a smile in his eyes. "Arranging a little ambush for our guests?"

I explained that the official photographers of all the Allies were asking for a group of the Council of Four; that, judging from the insistent clamor of correspondents from every country, there was no picture that the people of every country desired more to see.

"Well," said the President, "I can't promise anything. I can't even urge the matter. It will rest entirely on your powers of persuasion—but, seeing that your ancestors came from the land of the Blarney Stone, I am not without confidence of the results."

FIFTEEN minutes later Clemenceau, Orlando, and Lloyd George arrived. I stood at attention. Lloyd George saw me and waved his hand. "Good morning, captain," he said.

I had met him once before under circumstances which seemed to have made a pleasing impression. I explained what I wanted, without arousing any visible enthusiasm. There was an embarrassing silence. President Wilson began to say that there probably wasn't sufficient light in the room to get a picture anyway. He did this with his eyes upon M. Clemenceau. The latter's face expressed anything but willingness, his shaggy brows and set face showing how little he relished the intrusion.

Suddenly Lloyd George came to my rescue: "I'm sure the captain can get the picture." Orlando was smiling by now, and the President relaxed. So without debating the matter I arranged four chairs in a row. Lloyd George

taking the initiative, the others now followed to their places, Clemenceau making no audible demur.

I made two shots.

Then, emboldened, I suggested that they all step through the French window to the rose garden where the movie camera was set up.

Clemenceau positively glared, the President smiled doubtfully, Orlando seemed to let his decision wait on the others. But the little Welsh statesman again came to my aid. And a moment later the four famous men were standing outside. "And now," said the British premier, "I don't think any of us know anything about movie acting. So Jackson will have to instruct us."

They fell into the spirit of the thing happily, all but "the Tiger." It seemed to me that he suffered acute stage fright. At any rate, while the others followed suggestions and fell into easy conversation, Clemenceau became "frozen," in camera vernacular. He stood stock-still, paying no attention to what Wilson was saying to him, square-footed, dazed, glaring directly into the lens. The picture reproduced shows what I mean.

TO my mind, of all the pictures made during the trip, the most important was that of the German delegation listening to the terms of peace being dictated by M. Clemenceau.

It was a "stolen" picture, made in my camera, and it came unexpectedly, after the official announcement that there should be no such picture.

The Big Four had given much consideration to this very matter. And finally, it being decided that the Germans must not be subjected to unnecessary embarrassment, the council had determined to spare them this pictorial humiliation.

Correspondents and Allied and American photographers therefore were notified that it would be useless for them to seek permission to photograph the scene. But though no such permission was ever granted,

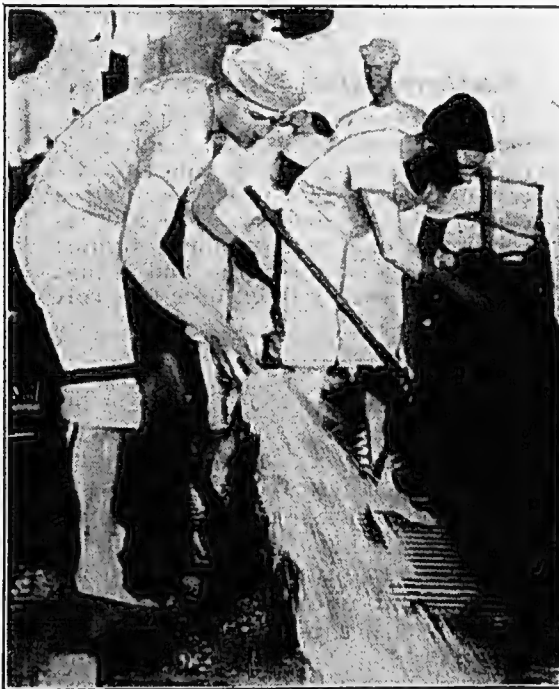
neither was there ever issued an actual order of prohibition. This was the loophole through which I determined to crawl, if possible. I took no unfair advantage. The official photographers of the Allies had an equal opportunity to do exactly as I did.

I had been photographing for weeks about Versailles, and as the important date drew near I began to concentrate on the Trianon Palace, where the meeting to discuss terms was to be held. I studied the hall for a possible vantage point in case I should be fortunate enough to get in, finally deciding upon a niche to one side in which stood a marble statue. I could rest my camera on that figure and command a wide view of the room, and my actions would be partly covered as my back would be to most of the audience. It all depended on whether I could smuggle in my camera, and that outlook was far from rosy. No matter who entered any of the various meetings, he was closely scrutinized, because the air was filled with talk of bombs and assassination.

The morning of May 7 arriving without bringing any feasible plan, I decided to take a chance and try and bluff my way through. So I procured some of the official White House stationery, and in my capacity of official American photographer I wrote an order directing myself to attend the conference and make photographs. When I had decorated the order with official stamps, O. K.'s, and notations, it certainly was an impressive-looking document.

With this in my pocket I stepped jauntily to the entrance to the Trianon, a half hour before the proceedings were to begin. The guards stopped me and summoned a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Junius Spencer Morgan sluicing down the deck of the U. S. S. Maine, on a training cruise in 1916. He is the volunteer gob nearest the camera.

[SNAPSHOTS AT HISTORY]
[Continued from page seventy-one]

French officer with whom I had taken care to become well acquainted during my photographing about the palace. He demanded my camera. "No pictures today, m'sieu'," he announced.

I smiled and assured him there was an exception in my case, producing the document I had prepared. He examined it with much perplexity, but was not convinced.

He silenced my arguments by saying he would submit the document to the commandant. Naturally, I couldn't run that risk. So I told him he might keep possession of my camera for the time being, and that we would settle the matter when President Wilson arrived. I watched the officer through a window and saw him park the camera behind a pillar near the inner entrance. It gave me an idea—a very thin idea.

When the American delegation arrived, I stepped into line just as President Wilson passed, keeping at his side a trifle to the rear. Then as we proceeded, my heart in my throat, I kept up a pretense of being in earnest conversation with the President, though not a sound escaped my lips.

Just as we passed the French officer, the President turned, saw me, and smiled. It seemed exactly as though he were approving something I had said.

The officer looked undecided for a moment, but he was too long in making up his mind. For I was inside now, and as I passed the pillar I stepped over, grabbed my camera, and then hurried to the place I had picked, taking a seat near by.

I waited until Clemenceau had announced that he was ready to dictate the terms and the German delegates had settled to attention.

IT was a tense moment, the very air electrical. I waited until I thought everyone's attention would be concentrated on the scene. Then I set the camera for a time exposure, counted one—two—three to myself, and shot the picture.

A glance about showed me that no one was paying the slightest attention, so I decided to take another picture. Turning into the niche I reversed the plate holder, then swung around. A man had moved in front of me, blocking the view. I touched him on the shoulder and whispered to him to step aside. As he turned I saw to my dismay that it was a very prominent French official, one who knew me and who was entirely conversant with the photographic embargo.

"You can't do that," he snapped. "You know better." It seemed evident to me he didn't know I had already exposed a plate.

"Very well, sir," I said, saluting. "Just as you say."

He eyed me and my camera suspiciously. Persons seated near by were looking at us curiously and beginning to grumble at the distraction from the big scene. Among them was a prominent member of the American party, a vacant seat by his side.

"I'll turn my camera over to you, so there will be no question," I said. The French official bowed and accepted it.

But for that incident, I am afraid I should have failed after all my trouble. For the French officer I had outwitted was on watch at the door for me, ready to seize my camera. But the officer who had assumed charge was too lofty a person to be challenged.

In July, 1919, we were homeward bound aboard the

George Washington. As we came into the upper bay, I was up on the bridge with the Presidential party, my camera ready to get some last shots of the voyage. The guns of the forts and the warships were booming their salutes, the whistles of the river craft shrieking their welcome, the din spreading to the city and echoing back, a mighty clamor that vibrated in the air.

Wilson stood by the rail, a comfortable cap pulled down over misty eyes, his face thoughtful and grave.

As we were passing the Bartholdi statue, Wilson turned to Admiral Grayson. "There stands the symbol of liberty for most people," said he, "but not for me." He gestured toward the flock of approaching boats, their decks jammed with notables and civic dignitaries, all of them arrayed in the traditional frock coats and top hats of the usual welcoming delegations.

Then he added whimsically: "Now I've got to get back into my high hat, too."

ADMIRAL GRAYSON had anticipated this. The formal headgear was immediately forthcoming. The President doffed his comfortable cap and put on the high hat. "Well, here I am," he said grimly, "all dressed up again and ready to go to work."

From then on until we landed he leaned against the rail whistling softly to himself a favorite tune, Till We Meet Again.

It was March 4, 1921, the last day of Wilson's term in office, and I was in Washington to make pictures of the inauguration of President Harding.

Two hundred cameramen, still and movie, were gathered about the White House to photograph the retiring President, Mr. Wilson, setting forth to join the new incumbent, Mr. Harding, for the ceremonies.

Because I had been a member of Wilson's official family, no doubt, someone brought a message to me that it would be greatly appreciated if none of the photographers made a picture of the President until he was seated in the automobile.

A moment later we all knew the reason for the unusual request when President Wilson dragged his shaking body across the portico toward President-elect Harding's car.

The photographers stood at attention, silenced by the sight. Every man of them knew well the news value of such a picture, in view of the wide speculation there had been regarding the President's health. But not a man of them pressed a bulb. Many a head was down and many an eye wet.

The President recognized me in the group. He paused for a moment. His face was drawn and greatly aged, but his nod was hearty and his smile warm. "Why, hello, Jackson," he said, with a chuckle. Then he moved painfully on.

A moment later, after he was comfortably seated beside President-elect Harding, I clicked the trigger of my camera on him for the last time.

If it were not that newspapers are able to sell to other newspapers the right to publish pictures, the world would never see illustrations of some of the most important and interesting occurrences. For no one paper could possibly afford the tremendous expense entailed in covering big stories of floods, shipwrecks, tornadoes, cataclysms of any sort.

In most local rooms of newspapers which go in for photographs one finds displayed an admonition like this: "A good picture is better than a column of words."

THE END

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

A Chicago Fantasy

A Short Short Story

HE wanted to go where he could see something of Chicago's famous underworld, and the taxi driver left him in front of a rather dingy-looking place and told him to go through a door and down a flight of stairs.

"Will they let me in without knowing me?" he asked.

"Them guys will let anybody in with the price of a drink," was the answer, and he rattled away, leaving his fare standing on the sidewalk.

Andrew Farrell watched the disappearing taxi and scratched his nose a trifle dubiously. It was two o'clock in the morning and the thought of his comfortable room in the hotel stole over him alluringly. However, he was leaving for San Francisco the following day and this was his only chance, so he pushed open the door and walked in.

Before him stretched a dimly lighted hall, and from somewhere in the distance came the faint tinkle of a piano. He walked down a flight of stairs and entered a room. The air was thick as soup and foul with smoke. In a corner a nickel-in-the-slot piano thumped and whanged, while a perspiring bartender in a filthy apron carried slopping drinks around on a tray.

An extremely pretty girl was sitting at one of the tables, while beside her sprawled a man apparently asleep, his head on his outstretched arms. Catching the girl's eye, he walked over and joined her. As he did so, a woman near by snickered, and, in thinking it over afterward, he seemed to remember some sort of change taking place in the atmosphere of the room—nothing definable; just a rustling, and possibly a slight alteration in the pitch of the murmuring voices.

Andy called the waiter. "Have a drink?" he asked. As he spoke he glanced at the inert figure beside her. The man's head still lay on his outstretched arms, but the eyes were no longer closed. They were wide open and glaring steadily into his.

ANDREW FARRELL was no coward, but there was a look in those malevolent eyes that made his skin creep. It was as though he were being watched by a corpse. The man swayed unsteadily to his feet, and before Andy could say anything he turned to the girl and shook her roughly by the shoulders. "Did you call this rat over here?" he roared.

At the word Andy let fly the contents of his glass into the man's face and made a lunge at him. In a moment the place was in an uproar. Tables and chairs were upset, there was a scurrying of feet, a voice yelled, "Look out! He's going to shoot!" And the next moment someone turned out the lights.

Andy felt himself gripped by a powerful hand and dragged across the floor, while almost simultaneously a pistol shot flashed over the spot where he had been. Someone had saved his life. "Come quick," whispered a voice, and, still guided by the same strong hand, he was half pulled, half pushed up the stairway and in another moment was out on the sidewalk. He turned to thank the man who had rescued him, a rough-looking fellow, big and powerful. "Look here," said Andy breathlessly. "You saved my life, and—"

"Don't waste time thanking me," said the other, "but beat it quick. He'll be up here in a minute. Don't



By
NED TOMLINSON

The author of this story about Chicago is a New Yorker of the third generation. He has always been in business—oil, most of the time. Though he has written some of his company's advertising, fiction is entirely new to him.

walk—run," and he started back through the door.

"Wait," called Andy, "wait. What's the name? I—"

"Big Mike," came the answer, as he disappeared in the hallway.

While his dignity would not permit him to run, it is doubtful if anyone ever walked between the door of that dive and a taxi stand half a mile away any faster than Andy did that night. And once safe within the solid masonry of his hotel, he gave thanks that he was still alive.

The following morning he was on his way to the far west and, in the stress of business, the incident gradually faded from his mind.

One day, however, a few months later, he ran across an item in his newspaper that made him start. It read:

Big Mike, a Chicago gangster, who recently shot a man in a gang war, has been indicted for first-degree murder. The district attorney is determined to send him to the chair.

NOW, Andy never forgot a friend, and within an hour he had sent a wire to a man he knew in Chicago, asking for further information.

He received an answer saying that Big Mike had no money, but that a lawyer had offered to take his case for a thousand dollars.

While Andy had the money, a thousand dollars was a lot of dollars. On the other hand, if Big Mike had not helped him that night—

"Draw on me for a thousand," was Andy's reply. After that he searched the papers for news of the trial, and when Big Mike was finally acquitted, he gave a sigh. "There's a debt paid in full," he said to himself.

Andy had no desire to hide his light under a bushel, and when, shortly afterward, he was called east, he stopped off in Chicago for the express purpose of finding Big Mike and revealing himself as his benefactor. But men of this stamp are not easy to locate, and he had about given up in despair when he walked into him face to face on Michigan Avenue.

Andy stopped him. "Don't you remember me?" he asked.

"Sure," was the ready response. "You're the fellow I yanked out of Joe's speakeasy that night. How are you?" and he held out his hand.

Andy shook it heartily. "Fine," he said, "fine." He cleared his throat. "Do you know," he began, a touch of

dramatic emphasis in his voice, "that I am the man who retained the lawyer who defended you? That I am the man who saved you from the chair?" and he made a little bow.

A look of complete bewilderment crossed the man's face. "What in hell are you talking about?" he said.

There was a moment's silence, and then a terrible premonition suddenly crossed Andy's mind. He moistened his lips. "Look here," he said in a weak voice. "Your name is Big Mike, isn't it?"

"Me, Big Mike? Lord, no!" laughed the other. "Big Mike is the man who tried to shoot you that night. He was drunk, of course. My name is Wilkins. I'm a newspaper reporter. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Andy. "Nothing at all." And, turning quickly, he disappeared down the street.

THE END





Vox

Well, It's a Nice Statue

MONTREAL, CAN.—I have just finished reading a smutty and sarcastic letter to Vox Pop, written by some egg who signs himself, "One who lived there and is gladder than glad to be back here."

Who says Canada wants to annex the United States? In Montreal you can get anything on Sunday; even beer; you can't do that in Detroit. Supposing the United States and Canada did join, what would happen? Does anyone think that large concerns in the States would still build factories in Canada? I know they wouldn't. There would be no tariff and Canada would just be a warehouse for goods manufactured in the States.

I have lived in other cities before Montreal: Toronto, Windsor, and for a short time in Cleveland. Contrary to the Detroit boy's letter, one was able to buy ice cream in all of these cities on Sundays—and one still can do it.

He asks why so many former Canadians are living in the States. I might answer that in every country there are a number of half-wits, who are likely to do anything.

The sane people who live in the States are hockey players who are making a nice pile of "jack" from the shrewd American business man; but these fellows come home to Canada after the hockey season closes. A few players who do this are: Lionel Conacher, Billy Burch, Shrimp MacPherson, Eddie Shore, and I could mention more.

In Canada we don't have to smuggle liquor under our coats like the people in Detroit do, or in boats, across the river. As a last remark I would like to say that the United States has the statue, and Canada has the liberty. Which is the best? I ask you.—*Frank Oneill.*

So There!

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO—I would like to comment as a Protestant and as a missionary's granddaughter on your recent article concerning Christian missionaries in China.

Mr. Palmer's article was very interesting, which I cannot say for Naval Officer's letter of criticism.

"Educated Incompetents," eh? Well, let me tell him that it was God-fearing Christian missionaries who opened up trade with China, and not the army and navy.—*College Woman.*

Sorry; We Pick 'Em by Merit, Not Geography

CHICAGO, ILL.—I was intending to submit an entry in your recent contest, but I was told that it would do no good because I wouldn't win anyway. I asked why. The reply was that Chicagoans very seldom won anything from Liberty.

I checked it up on former contests and much to my surprise I found it to be true

and those few that were listed as winners were always under the smallest prize given.

If you don't pick the best in contests, I certainly have little hope that you pick the best stories and articles. I'm off of magazines that fall under that class.—*John Burgess.*

You See, It's Just—

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Although I am not in the habit of writing to magazines on their editorials, yours entitled "More About the Philippines" makes me say this:

Having lived in the realm of the cherry blossom for several years and knowing the people intimately, I must profess that I do not agree with you.

In my travels I have known intimately a number of your foreign correspondents. I know they all agree with me.

I want to ask this: What has any nation to fear from Japan? I mean by that, any first-class power. As late as 1923, if all the foreign instructors in flying, shipbuilding, etc., had been withdrawn, Japan's whole program would have collapsed like a slit balloon. As a matter of fact, they are so busy trying to keep the country from going Bolshevik that it's a wonder they have time to attend the Naval Conference.

No, we have nothing to fear from Japan. What I would like to see is Liberty with an honest opinion of the question.—*Henry Miller.*

—a Nefarious Plot

AUGUSTA, GA.—We would like to know, Mr. Editor, just how much Japan is paying you to write the editorials on the Philippine question. You are not writing these editorials for nothing. What nationality are you, anyway? You are not an American. We wouldn't claim you!

You poor effeminate excuse for a man! What kind of pants do you wear? Real Americans are able to hold what they own. You ought to be tarred and feathered for the "bloody money" you are getting from Japan.—*Three Honest to God Americans: Lizzie, Nezzie, Maggie.*

Better Knock Wood

HOUSTON, TEX.—Just want you to know that I appreciate your new list to enable readers to keep track of the three- and four-star pictures, as previously reviewed. I'm particularly strong for your movie reviews and had this year determined to keep a list of your four-star pictures. I had actually started such a list on January 1.

Your own list, however, will enable me to discontinue my list and I assure you this new list is good stuff.

I make it a point to see all of your four-star pictures and most of the three-star ones as well, and haven't been disappointed yet.—*A Flour Salesman.*

Oh So Kind of You to Tell Us

CRISTOBAL, C. Z.—Reading Eugene B. Block's article, "The Man Who Makes Murder Out," one is apt to believe what the author says: ". . . Edward Oscar Heinrich, master of a new science, pioneer in a field of scientific criminal investigation." Probably the author has never read of the doings of the European sleuths. That which Heinrich is now doing has been in practice for, oh so long ago, in Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, etc. There are well established laboratories attached to the investigation bureaus of these cities. Mr. Heinrich is one of the latest, and perhaps the only disciple in America of this system of ferreting crimes.

I wonder if Mr. Block ever heard of Bertillon and the French system of working on crimes, as well as the methods used by Scotland Yard. Don't make a wonder-man of Mr. Heinrich. He may be a rare bird in the States but in Europe there are dozens, aye hundreds, and his system has been in use oh so many years ago!—*J. S. Barriteau.*

We'll Print This, but You'll Have to Be Funnier Next Time

CHICAGO, ILL.—All I wanna say is—I mean, all I got to say is—Now, don't get me wrong—Well, as I was saying, all I wanna say—Aw, what I mean is this. Your short short stories are a couple of pages too long.—*Cracked Nut.*

While There's Hope There's Hope, Eh? Heh, heh

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I just finished reading "The Shades of Night," by Edward Hope. It is one of the best stories Liberty has given us in a long time. If you keep this up Liberty will not be altogether condemned.—*O'Shea.*

This One Was All Swelled Up Because It Was in a Story

DENVER, COLO.—"En Route," by Agnes Boulton, was not so bad as a story. However, as a regular customer, several times a year, on the Century between New York and Chicago, I am no little surprised to learn that there is such a number as section twenty-two.

The largest Pullman I ever rode in or heard of had fourteen sections, plus drawing-room and rest rooms.—*L. F. D.*

We're Speechless

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—For a quarter Liberty would be wonderful! For fifteen cents it would be extraordinary! For a dime it would be marvelous! But for a nickel—Well, you say it.—*W.A.H.*

He's Got It

OAKDALE, TENN.—If Patrick Henry could see what was published under the name "Liberty" he would not choose an alternative, but merely take death.—*Louis R. Schubert.*

P o p



Attention, Mr. Gallico

VICTORIA, CAN.—Paul Gallico's article, "But This Isn't England," was not quite fair to England. No country gives more opportunity to everybody to play games than she does—which is not so in America or Canada. Apparently, only those who show special ability in these countries are encouraged to play. That makes the results of the game overshadow the benefit of just playing—in fact, making a business of it.

In England, all kinds play in the amateur golf championship, which refutes P. G.'s assertion that the poor man has no chance there. Polo is a rich man's game in the States as it is in England—but all other games are played at all ages and by all classes.

There are a number of lesser colleges in England where men are earning their way as they go, so that if America boasts her men can do it by prowess in games, remember there are other ways of doing it.

Talk about exclusiveness—what is more exclusive and proud of lineage than the exclusive American? No one. That's often forgotten about the U. S. A.

It is not what is done but the way it is done that matters. In spite of all the criticism of British slackness, to play a game keenly and yet as a game—not to gloat when victorious, not to grouse when losing—makes the best type to meet in life as a comrade and pal.—*Fair Play.*

KINGWOOD, W. VA.—Please, for the sake of a good sports writer, quite evidently "gone magazine," discourage Paul Gallico from any further extravaganzas.

The discrepancies and unsupported assertions throughout his article about Jack Sharkey reveal all too sadly Gallico's laborious straining to build up the picture of a coming heavyweight champion out of the threadbare material of "the terrible Sharkey man's" mediocre and inconsistent past performances.

Compare the author's statement, "give him a reason for winning . . . and he becomes the most devastating instrument in the ring," with the fact that he has been beaten by both Dempsey and Heeney and held to a draw by Risko when a win in either of these battles would have given him his crack at the championship. The author's naïve concluding statement that it takes just one good punch on the chin to keep him from the heavyweight championship suggests only the comment that, so far, he has always managed, just in time, to be on the receiving end of that one necessary sock.—*L. T. Browning.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Although I've seen Jack Sharkey fight, and think he's a good battler, I never knew what made him tick till I read "Heavyweight," by Paul

Gallico. Boy, Gallico can get the "feel" of a man, and then put it on paper! Yes, sir.

If some of the articles I've read about the "old masters" of the past had been as good as Gallico's I'd know more than I do about John L. Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, and what have you.—*Pete.*

Ouch!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The next time that fresh little Smithers kid pulls a fast one on Ulysses, why don't you let Leslie Thrasher?—*Mal.*

Rose, with Thorn

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—As long as you publish but one good story a week why not let Warwick Deeping write it? I enjoyed "Two Men" very much.—*E. F. S. Chamberlain.*

Trouble Is, Some People Like Conferences and Don't Like Beer

CHICAGO, ILL.—A recent article by General Henry J. Reilly, "In the Next War—Battleships or Airplanes?" was interesting, to say the least, and recalls to my mind an issue that was paramount in the minds of the American people shortly before the late World War.

For the past ten years—in fact, since hostilities ceased—the public has been bombarded with the details of many international conferences in an effort to promote world peace. To my way of thinking, such conferences are an absolute waste of good time and money, for, after all is said and done, there will be war and rumors of war, and when war comes, which it will, just as sure as death and taxes, the various treaties and agreements will have as much value as the Imperial German Government placed on their treaty with Belgium. They will not be worth the paper they are written on.

There is little doubt in my mind but what wars would be few and far between if we were to spend the money we are now spending to enforce prohibition on strengthening our national defenses to a point where we could lay down the law to the balance of the world. At least, it would retrieve one great liberty we lost during the last struggle—that of enjoying a cold glass of beer occasionally, even though it did not stop the next war.—*Preparedness.*

From Our Loving Friends

RENO, NEV.—You called "Continental Express" a short short story. I'll admit it's a short short something, but contradict the editor for saying "story."—*The Girl Critic.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Honestly, Mr. Editor, why did you publish "En Route," by Agnes Boulton? Did you have to, or did you merely have a prejudice against Agnes?—*Curious.*

Why, Blaine!

GRAHAM, TEX.—Time! Permit me a smack at that Frank Starr who Vox Popped in the March 1 issue.

Bless your virgin soul, Frank, you slay me! And so "us Nordics are weary and disgusted to read of almost nothing but sex, cigarette smoking, whisky-drinking, and loose-moraled girl heroines," eh?

Nope, Frankie, it's the old sex and whoopee-water that make Liberty. Take these away and you've no magazine of universal appeal, and the editors know it. Look for more of it. It's bread in their mouth.

And it's what we want, says I. Come on, Liberty, let's get real low down.—*Blaine Divine.*

Hit—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am reading "The Diamond Eye," and I think it is very exciting and the most gripping story that I have ever read. I hold my breath in anticipation for the next issue.

More of Edward Doherty's work!—*June O. Miller.*

—Run—

RANDOLPH, MASS.—I would like to say that I hope Edward Doherty's "The Diamond Eye" runs for about 100 more issues.—*Geo. R. Sullivan.*

—Error

GUTTENBERG, N. J.—Of all the inane stories I have ever read, Edward Doherty's "The Diamond Eye" caps the climax.

Those ridiculous happenings going on aboard ship remind me more of an outbreak in a penitentiary. The captain seems to be the only one aboard ship who shows any honest traits, outside the hero and heroine, and he would be hung for incompetence in real life.

The story is too complicated for a moron reader to understand and too ridiculous for one of intelligence.—*Chas. M. Weideriman.*

Isn't Once Enough?

WEWOKA, OKLA.—I always said you would, some day!

Now you've gone and done it!

Published a masterpiece, written by Jim Tully, called "His Father's Wagon." Jim did more on one page than many writers do in a full-length novel.

More! More!—*W. R. Sugg.*

Them's Harsh Words, Tim

LEESBURG, FLA.—Give Jim Tully a big hand for "His Father's Wagon." Send a copy of it to every mother's son connected with our "Persecutin'" Prohibition Department.

God help the "revenooers" if another war comes. Uncle Sam may call on them to shoot enemies in the front instead of their own flesh and blood in the back.—*Tim M. Sellar, a Florida Legionnaire.*

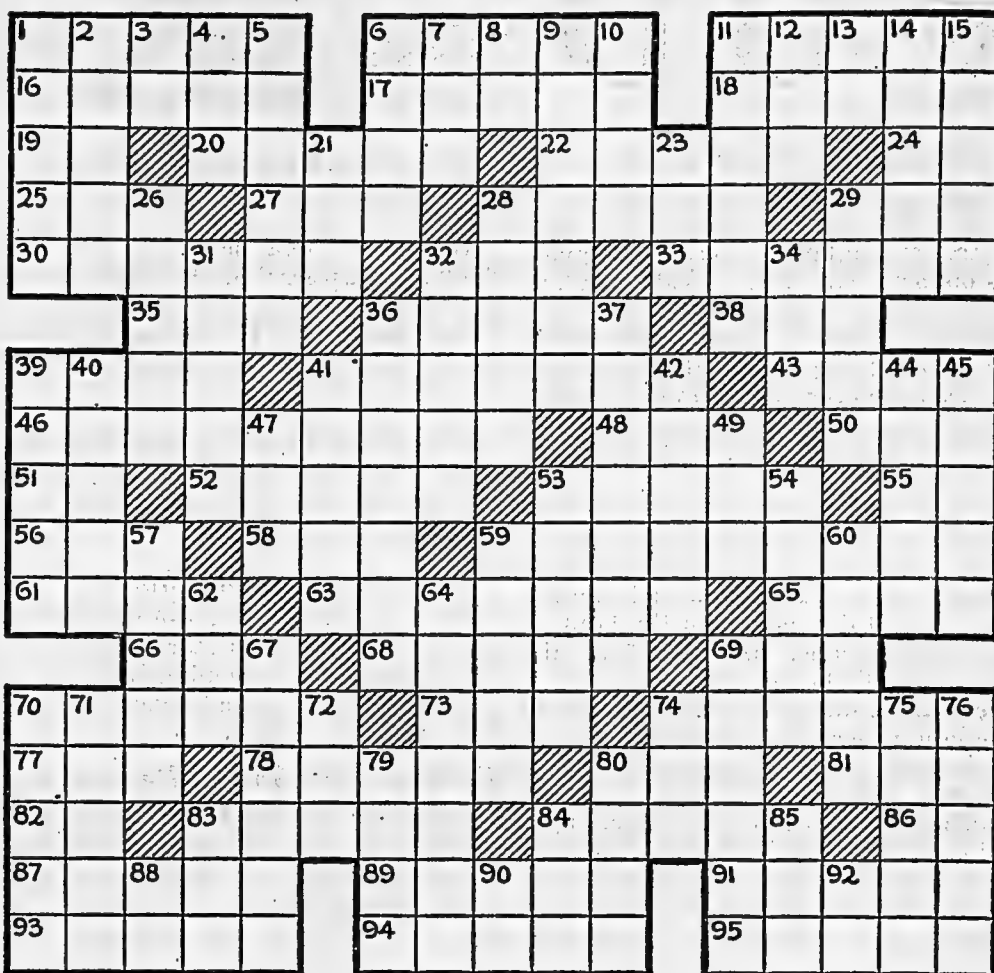
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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee
impossibility of omission or error in
the above Index.

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Interprets (poetic)
6 Boats
11 Garden implement
16 Single
17 Thin metal disk
18 Peels
19 Note of the scale
20 Women of station
22 Pertaining to birth
24 First note in Guido's scale
25 Peer Gynt's mother
27 Authoritative rule
28 A kind of beer
29 Frosting
30 Trimmer
32 Perch
33 Seiner
35 Go about idly
36 Bathes
38 Large wave
39 Prophet
41 Unclothes
43 European mountains
46 Custodian
48 Tear
50 Nevertheless
51 Like
52 Gluts; surfeits
53 Ceremonies
55 Scoriated lava
56 Couch
58 To write
59 Individually
61 Draw out and twist, as slivers of wool
63 Kind of sofa (pl.)
65 Go by
66 Prefix: amiss; wrong
68 Clock face (pl.)
69 Relatives
70 Country in Africa
73 It is
74 Passengers
77 Aëiform fluid

- 78 Clean by friction
80 Human beings in general
81 Comprehend
82 By
83 Go stealthily
84 Obeys
86 One indefinitely
87 Annoy
89 Wise men
91 Loans
93 Man's name
94 River in England
95 Irregularly notched

VERTICAL

- 1 Portion of a palm stem (variant)
2 Woman's name
3 Perform
4 Termination
5 Made fast
6 Vomit
7 Owns
8 Pronoun
9 Gods of the household (Roman religion)
10 Rough broken branch
11 Shows mercy
12 Comrade
13 Measure of area
14 Playing card
15 Ethereal salt
21 Disfigure
23 Cardinal number
26 Keenly desirous
28 Organ of the body
29 Country in Europe
31 Weeds
32 Rescues
34 A beverage
36 Compared
37 Endeavors earnestly
39 Incrustations
40 A stand
41 A fruit (plural)
42 Locations
44 Rings
45 Delays; detains
47 Strike lightly
49 By
53 Staggers
54 Possessing flavor
57 French novelist
59 A stage in a flight of steps
60 Country roads
62 Part of an apron
64 Of a title
67 A relative
69 Ignite
70 A size of type
71 Animal of the badger kind
72 Playing card
74 Hurried
75 Peruses
76 Meaning; import
79 A kiln
80 Fog
83 Compass point
84 Pieces used in chess
85 East Indian weight
88 Exist
90 Eldest born of Chaos (Greek mythology)
92 Not



Answer to last week's
puzzle

WHY BALD?

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Scalp Ailments and stops falling hair, like Whyte-Fox No. 2 knocks piles, head colds and skin irritations. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. A toilet necessity. Valuable booklet free on request. At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.



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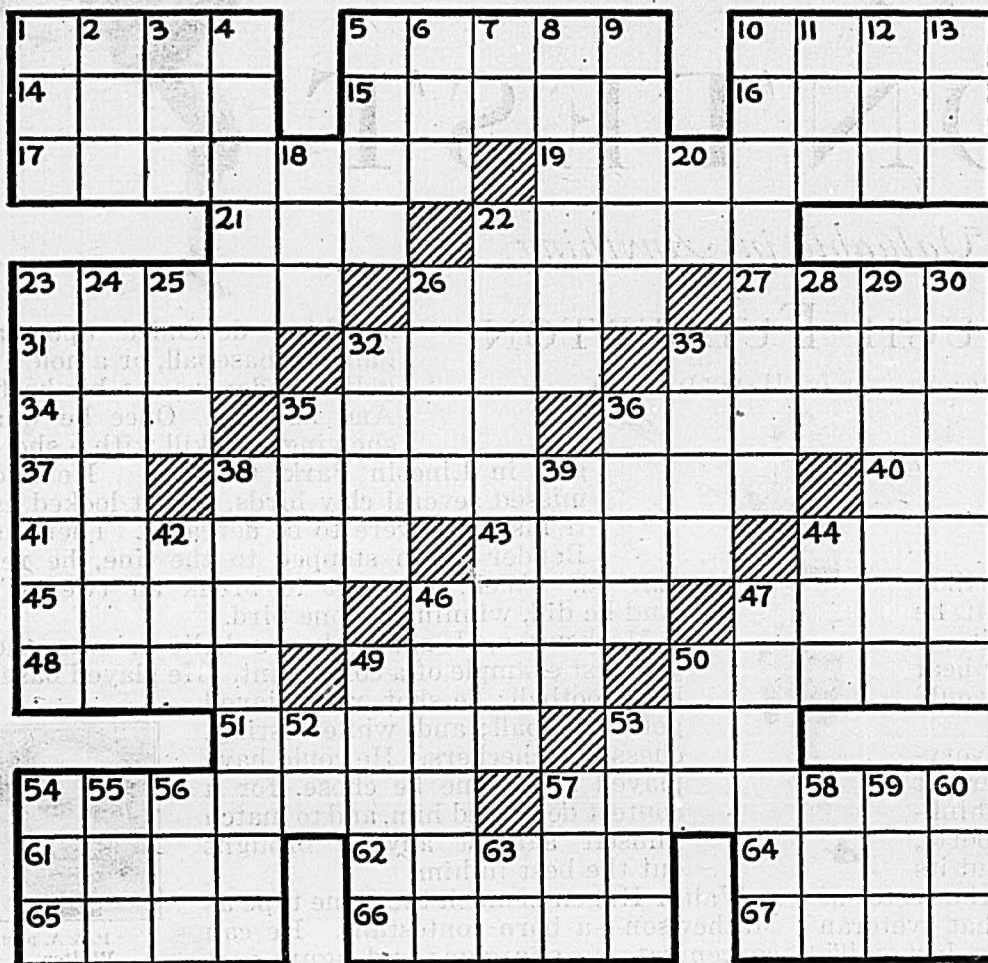
Heefner ARCH SUPPORT

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET



Heefner Arch Support Co., 46 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Rush about wildly or excitedly
- 5 To respond to a stimulus
- 10 Without dignity of sentiment; ignoble
- 14 A Roman road or highway
- 15 Old-womanish
- 16 At any period or point of time
- 17 Units of resistance (electricity)
- 19 Oriental
- 21 Encore!
- 22 The victim of Charlotte Corday
- 23 An eager desire or longing
- 26 Embrowns, as by exposure to the sun
- 27 Amend and revise
- 31 Gold-mining district in South Africa
- 32 Silkworms
- 33 Threefold
- 34 Equine quadruped
- 35 City in Arabia
- 36 Race or variety of animals (plural)
- 37 Not
- 38 Splashed with a wet substance
- 40 A pronoun
- 41 A dealer in cloths
- 43 Aside; in another direction
- 44 Indian of a Shoshonean tribe
- 45 One who fishes for lampreys
- 46 Air; manner
- 47 State
- 48 A town in Italy
- 49 Sties

- 50 Nails
- 51 The European dace (plural)
- 53 Pertaining to the chief linguistic stock of Indo-China
- 54 Troller
- 57 Small crown
- 61 Invisible effluvium
- 62 Man's name
- 64 Hindu woman's principal garment
- 65 Yield obedience
- 66 Division of a play
- 67 Urges on; incites

VERTICAL

- 1 Border or margin
- 2 Character in Spenser's Faerie Queene
- 3 Diminutive of Margaret
- 4 Examined thoroughly
- 5 Strikes against violently
- 6 Printer's measures
- 7 A sloth
- 8 Cleanses
- 9 Rips
- 10 Improved the condition of
- 11 A salutation
- 12 East Indian weight
- 13 Bird of prey
- 18 Secreted
- 20 The symbol for an element
- 22 Keeps in any particular state
- 23 Spanish nobleman of the first rank
- 24 An abandoned order of birds
- 25 Being, in the most abstract sense
- 26 Allowance for waste
- 28 Cease to have being
- 29 Composed; wrote
- 30 Canopy over a bed (plural)
- 32 Biblical land (Genesis xxxv)
- 33 Playing card
- 35 Imitator
- 36 Coarse part of ground grain
- 38 Course on which speeding is allowed
- 39 Sheep
- 42 High in the scale
- 44 Pulpy fruit
- 46 Of a meter
- 47 Characterized by melody
- 49 Exert pressure
- 50 Metal rod
- 52 Indian mulberry
- 53 Character of sound
- 54 One of the Philippine peasant class
- 55 Chafe with friction
- 56 Exist
- 57 Regard studiously
- 58 Horse
- 59 Measure of work
- 60 It is
- 63 Pronoun

PICT AM ICE BAA
LORETO RANDANS
UNA OTI INROADS
GAY TARN TALL
PARSONAGE HE
GOALS ATE PEA
SAILS NOMAD LAG
MILE PORES PAVE
ONE CAVES SANER
TED ARE SORES
ED OPALESQUE
CLAP HOUR ASP
SCRAPED LIFE LAI
EREMITE ERRATIC
EYE ESE SE RODE

Answer to last week's puzzle

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ACADONA BOIL POULTICE quickly heads a boil, almost instantly stops pain, prevents re-infection and scars, and looks neat. ACADONA is the modern, scientific method of treating boils. 50c at your drug-gist (60c in Canada)—or from Poloris Co., 79 East 130th Street, New York



Insist on

ACADONA

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The new auto-cost recorder makes auto-cost keeping a delight. Adds just like expensive adding machines. Records quarts of oil, gallons of gas and cost in a wink, and totals automatically. Helps you to save money. Vest pocket size can be placed on dash or kept in pocket of car. Finest workmanship; beautiful Fabrikoid-leather binding.

Special price complete \$2.95

Sent C.O.D. plus a few pennies postage; or prepaid if cash accompanies order. . . . An ideal premium for service stations, garages or any business—an ideal possession for any motorist. Write Reliable Systems Co., 303 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Big money for agents—a sensation everywhere—sells on sight. Ask for proposition



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Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

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With K-V Shoe Racks



The Spirit of CONTEST

It's Valuable in Anything

By HUGH FULLERTON

Decorations by HAROLD LUND



NAMES for it are legion. The fighting heart, the competitive instinct, the will to win, the spirit of the money player, are familiar ones; and when it shows itself in a directly competitive sport, like boxing, you hear it called the killer instinct. It is the most admired attribute a contender in sports, or in anything else, can have. It is likewise the greatest assurance of success that he could pray for. Without a fair degree of it, no skill will avail him. With plenty of it, he may beat opponents whose mere skill would flash rings around his.



N. Y. World photo
Adrian C.
("Cap") Anson

Its manifestations appear everywhere in life, and everywhere it stamps the victor. But I am thinking now particularly of sports, where not a year passes without its making glorious additions to the roster of fame. Howard Ehmke, that veteran pitcher, coming back to win last fall's world's series opener; "Jimmie" Johnston, a golfer long noted for possession of it, cashing in (figuratively) at last on the thirty-third green at Pebble Beach; Densmore Shute, the young "dark horse" of golf, now dark no longer but recognized and feared—these are three recent instances.

Bobby Jones is a perennial one. The past few years are studded with them: Dempsey and Bennie Leonard; Chris Cagle; Tilden and Johnston and Helen Wills and Mary K. Browne in tennis—the last-named also, and equally, in golf; Ty Cobb; Devereux Milburn on the polo field—a list could be spun out interminably.

Going back a generation, we come upon an all-around magnate of the will to win.

Captain Adrian C. Anson had the contest spirit strongly developed. He was perhaps the greatest of players of many games. He played baseball, handball, soccer, billiards, golf; he was one of the finest shots in the country and at one time a great distance runner; he rowed on a crack crew in Philadelphia, won one race as a bicycle rider, was a fair cricketer and an excellent horseman.

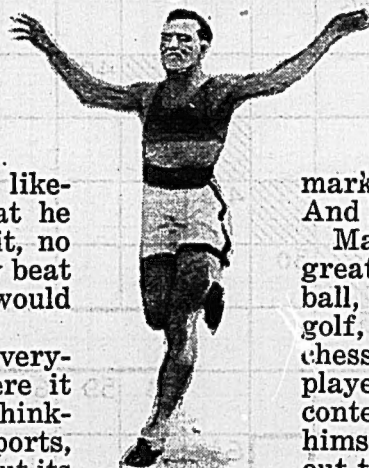
HE had a strange peculiarity, which was that he always handicapped himself, giving every opponent an advantage. He appeared to perform better when handicapped. He never lost confidence and never quit. His declaration that, if every player on his team ran out every play to the limit all season, that team would always be a winner, is accepted as true in baseball.



P. & A. photo
Christy
Mathewson

Chief Bender, the famous pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, was another athlete who could play any game involving a contest. A great pitcher, he was also one of the best shots in the country, besides being a fine billiard player—and becoming an excellent golfer.

Bender was what was known among his fellows as a money player—which was their way of saying that he possessed the spirit of contest. Players said whenever



Int. photo
C. A. ("Chief")
Bender



P. & A. photo
Johnny
Kling

Walter Hagen is much the same type as Mathewson—a born contestant. He can concentrate on any game and figure just what must be done to win.

It is remarkable how often men who are champions in one line excel at other contests. John L. Sullivan, before he became champion heavyweight, was a remarkably good ball player. Johnny Kling, one of the greatest catchers of all time, was a foot-racer, a champion pool player, a great billiard player, and a remarkably good football man.

RABBIT MARANVILLE, besides excelling in baseball, is one of the best of basketball players and a good handball player. Everett Scott, the former Yankee, is rated as a great basketball player; moreover, he is a skillful card player and a winner at almost any game.

Evidently it is not entirely skill, or practice, or any special physical endowment that makes athletic champions. And it is the same with teams. You have seen baseball teams that "refused to be stopped." When the old Chicago Cubs were at their best, the warning cry of all opponents was, "Don't let them get started!" The same cry goes up now when the New York Giants play. They are not especially dangerous to look at, but "Don't let them get a start!" If they do, nothing will stop them. It is their contest spirit.

Down in the clubhouse at Princeton there is a placard: "The team that will not be beaten cannot be beaten." Rightly understood, that reiterates for emphasis the same thing. Perhaps you have seen a football team overmatched, outweighed, outplayed. Then, suddenly, something comes over it—a break of luck, a sudden opportunity—and that team cannot be stopped. The spirit of contest and of conquest inspires it. Princeton had such a team in 1922, and it reached the height of its attainment in the famous game against Chicago. The Chicago team that day was, by at least four touchdowns, the better team, but the Tigers were "the team that wouldn't be beaten."

THE END

anything depended upon a game of baseball, or a hole at golf, Bender was at his best. And he was. Once he was showing his skill with a shotgun in Lincoln Park, Chicago. He had missed several clay birds, and it looked as if his team were to be defeated. Then, as Bender again stepped to the line, he remarked, "Well, I've got to break all twenty." And he did, winning by one bird.

Mathewson, I shall always believe, was the greatest example of a contestant. He played baseball, football; he shot, ran; played golf, handball; and, while resting, chess and checkers. He could have played any game he chose, for a contest delighted him, and to match himself against anyone brought out the best in him.

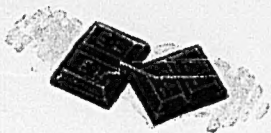


P. & A. photo
Walter
Hagen



P. & A. photo
W. J. ("Rabbit")
Maranville

".... take it
myself"
said the
Doctor



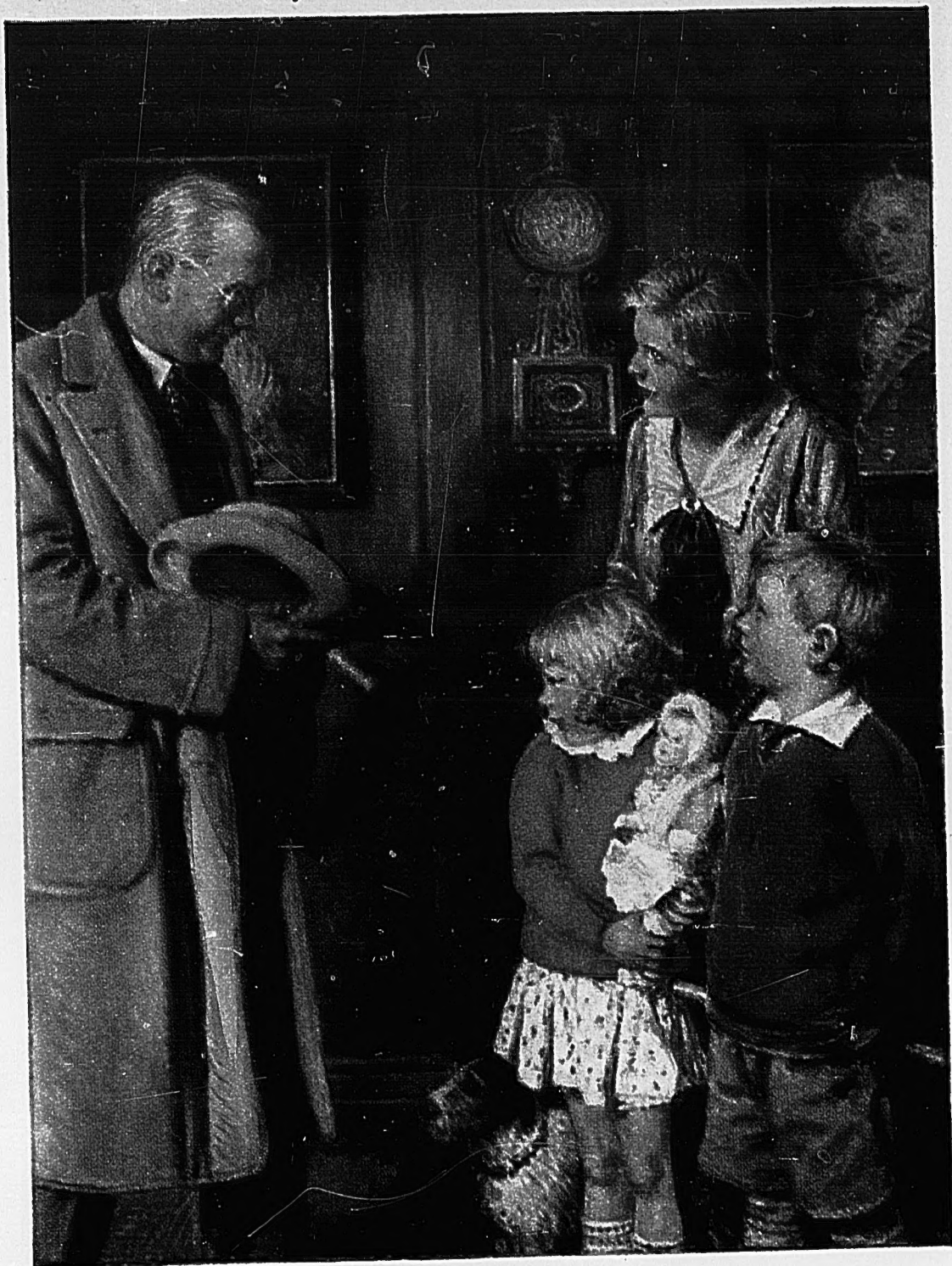
AN ALARMED mother had called the doctor. She knew that the danger might be only a shadow of her own imagination. But little bodies are so tender—and mothers don't like to take chances.

"Nothing serious here," said the smiling, kindly medical man. And the mother's confidence quickly rose to par again.

"All this little lady needs," continued the doctor, "is a good laxative—and her little blue eyes will be sparkling in no time."

"Shall I telephone for something, doctor?" asked the mother. "I have Ex-Lax in the house."

"Ex-Lax? Why, that's fine for little girls who don't like castor oil," he said. And then, with a twinkle in his eye—"take it myself," he confided, "I don't like to swallow bitter doses, either."



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cast their shadows before"**

(Thomas Campbell 1777-1844)

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FUTURE SHADOW**

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When Tempted
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LUCKY**
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